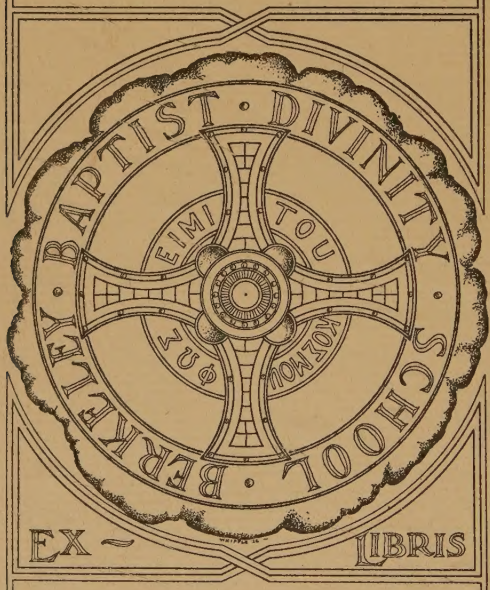
Melodies of Salvation

Gift of

Mr. George W. Hill



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Melodies of Salvation.

A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS, HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

For Use in All Church and Evangelistic Services, Prayer Meetings, Sunday Schools, Young People's Meetings, Family Worship.

Editors:

JOHN R. SWENEY,

HUGH E. SMITH, FRANK E. ROBINSON.

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PREFACE.

The name and plan of "Melodies of Salvation" was suggested while reading Ephesians 5: 19. This scripture is used as the title page of the Hymn division of our book. Many months of prayerful work have been spent in composing, collecting and arranging these "Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs." We believe that each selection can be used by any audience.

Psalms.

Jesus, with his disciples, at the institution of the Lord's Supper, is supposed to have sung Psalms 113 to 118 inclusive. What better method of teaching the truths of salvation than the frequent singing of Psalms in our service. Many of these sacred Poems are here clothed with modern and attractive music.

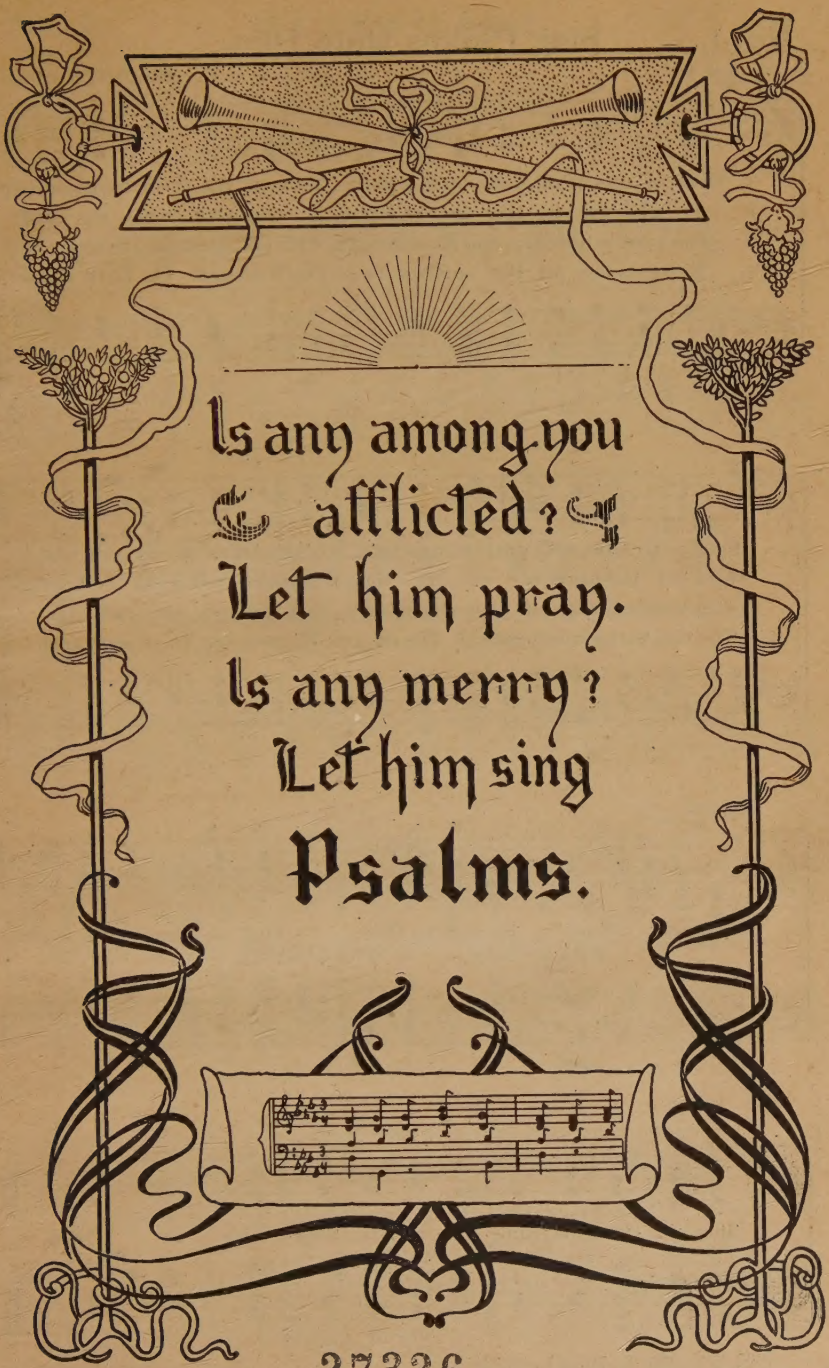
Hymns.

A call for a larger number of Standard Hymns is heard on every hand. Our book supplies the need. A desirable feature is, no words are found without the music.

Songs.

We are glad to present the best Songs of such a large number of favorite composers.

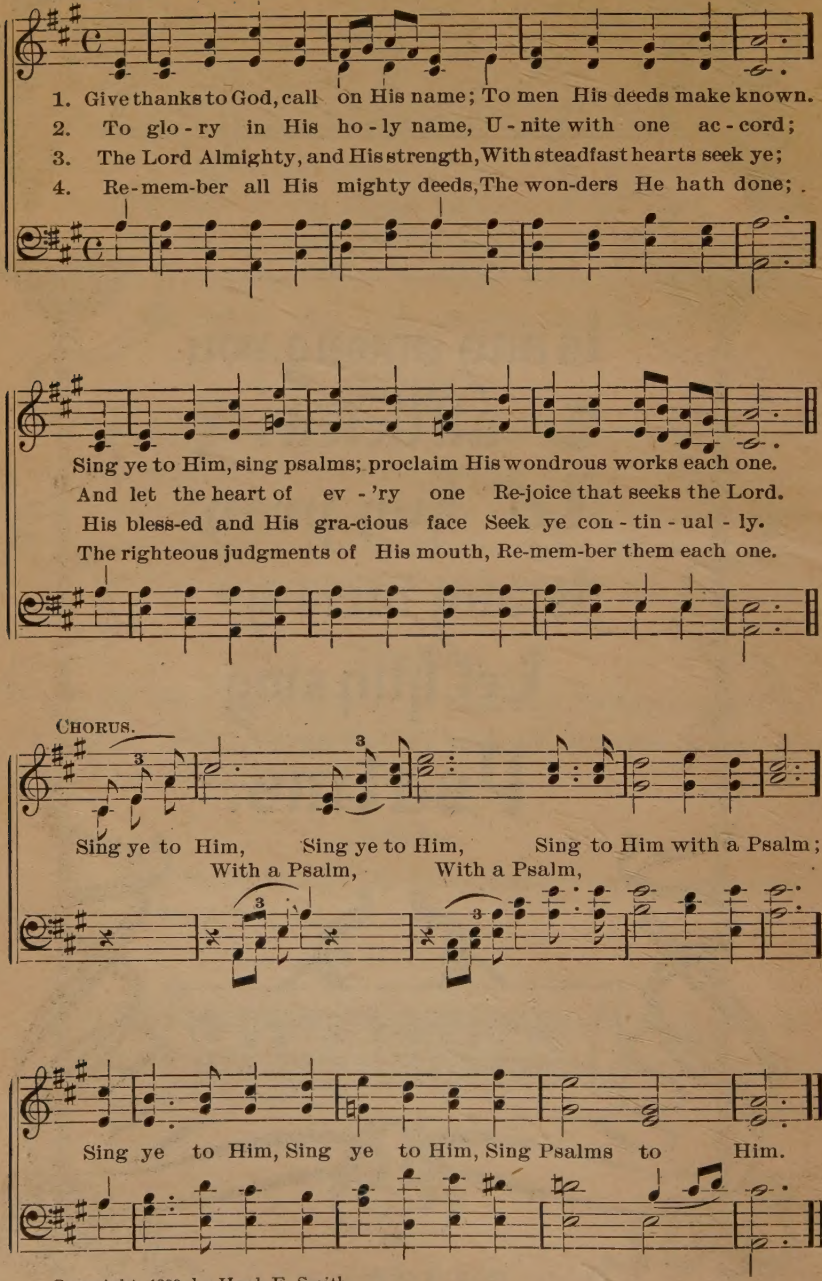
"Be filled with the spirit: speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing and making melody chynr doaiurt 'or' .eotLht


Is any among you
afflicted?
Let him pray.
Is any merry?
Let him sing
Psalms.

27326

No. 1. Sing Psalms Unto Him.

PSALM 105. HUGH E. SMITH.


1. Give thanks to God, call on His name; To men His deeds make known.
2. To glo - ry in His ho - ly name, U - nite with one ac - cord;
3. The Lord Almighty, and His strength, With steadfast hearts seek ye;
4. Re - mem-ber all His mighty deeds, The won-ders He hath done;
Sing ye to Him, sing psalms; proclaim His wondrous works each one.
And let the heart of ev - 'ry one Re-joice that seeks the Lord.
His bless-ed and His gra-cious face Seek ye con - tin - ual - ly.
The righteous judgments of His mouth, Re-mem-ber them each one.
CHORUS.
Sing ye to Him, Sing ye to Him, Sing to Him with a Psalm;
With a Psalm, With a Psalm,
Sing ye to Him, Sing ye to Him, Sing Psalms to Him.

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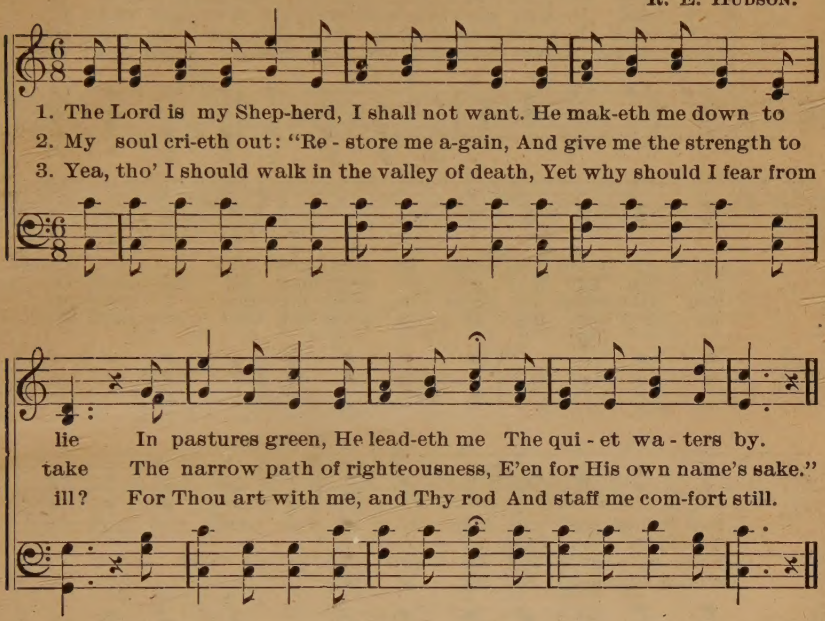
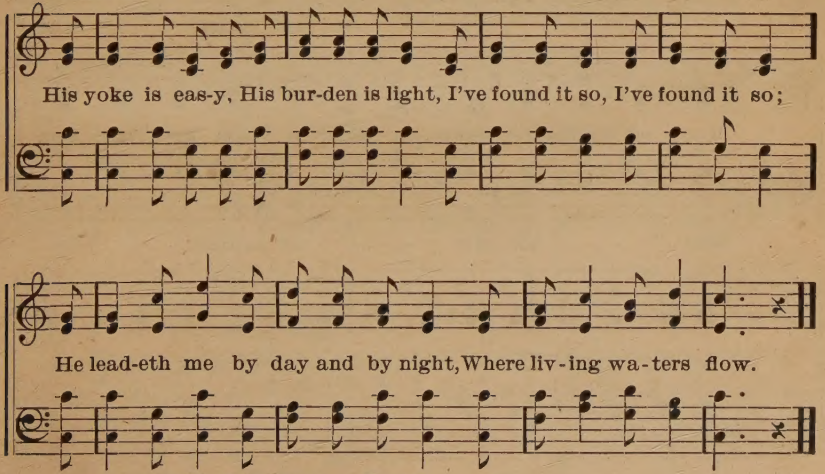
No. 2. His Yoke is Easy.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."—Psa. 23.

R. E. HUDSON.


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want. He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re - store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from
lie In pastures green, He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
take The narrow path of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake."
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

CHORUS.


His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

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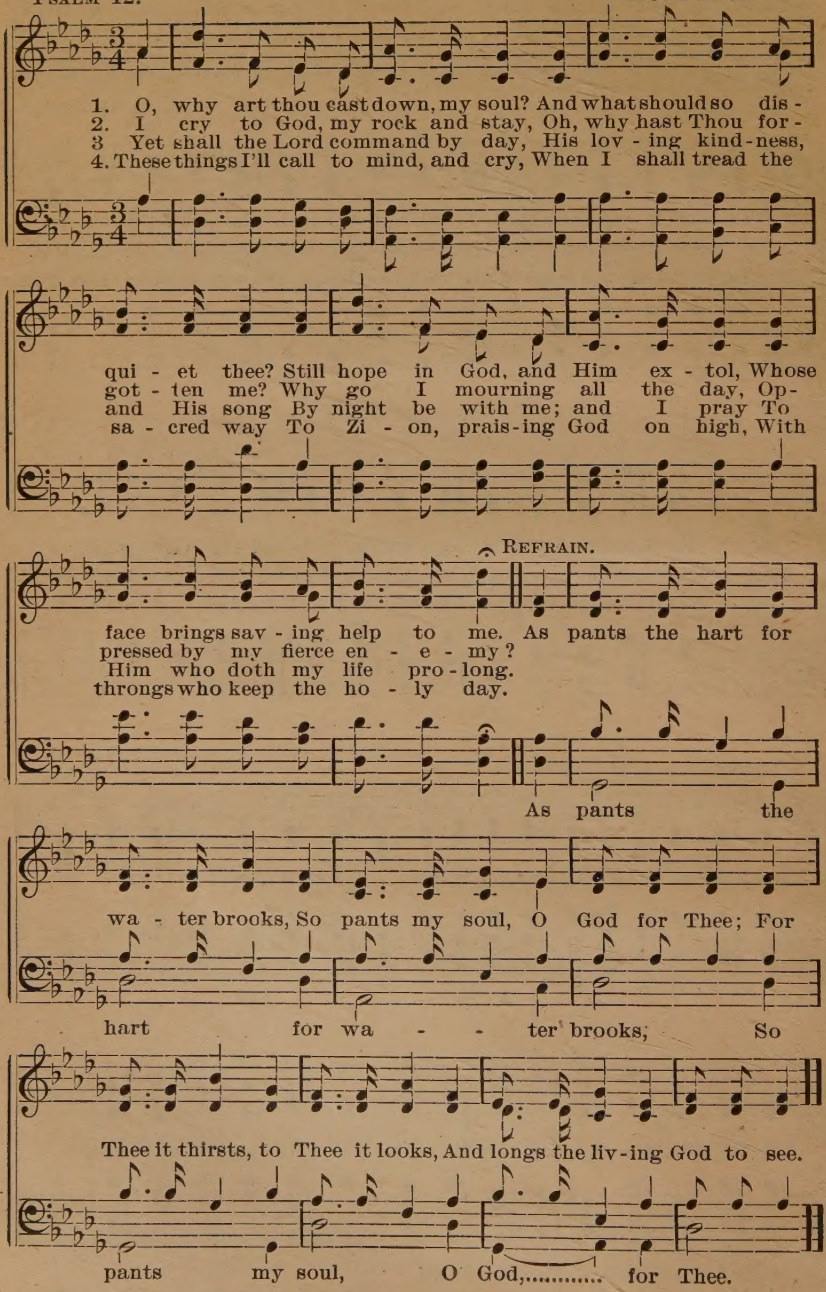
No. 3. As Pants the Hart.

PSALM 42. HUGH E. SMITH.

1. O, why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so dis-
2. I cry to God, my rock and stay, Oh, why hast Thou for-
3 Yet shall the Lord command by day, His lov-ing kind-ness,
4. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the
qui-et thee? Still hope in God, and Him ex-tol, Whose
got-ten me? Why go I mourning all the day, Op-
and His song By night be with me; and I pray To
sa-cred way To Zi-on, prais-ing God on high, With
REFRAIN.
face brings sav-ing help to me. As pants the hart for
pressed by my fierce en-e-my?
Him who doth my life pro-long.
throngs who keep the ho-ly day.
As pants the
wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul, O God for Thee; For
hart for wa-ter brooks; So
Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the liv-ing God to see.
pants my soul, O God,..... for Thee.

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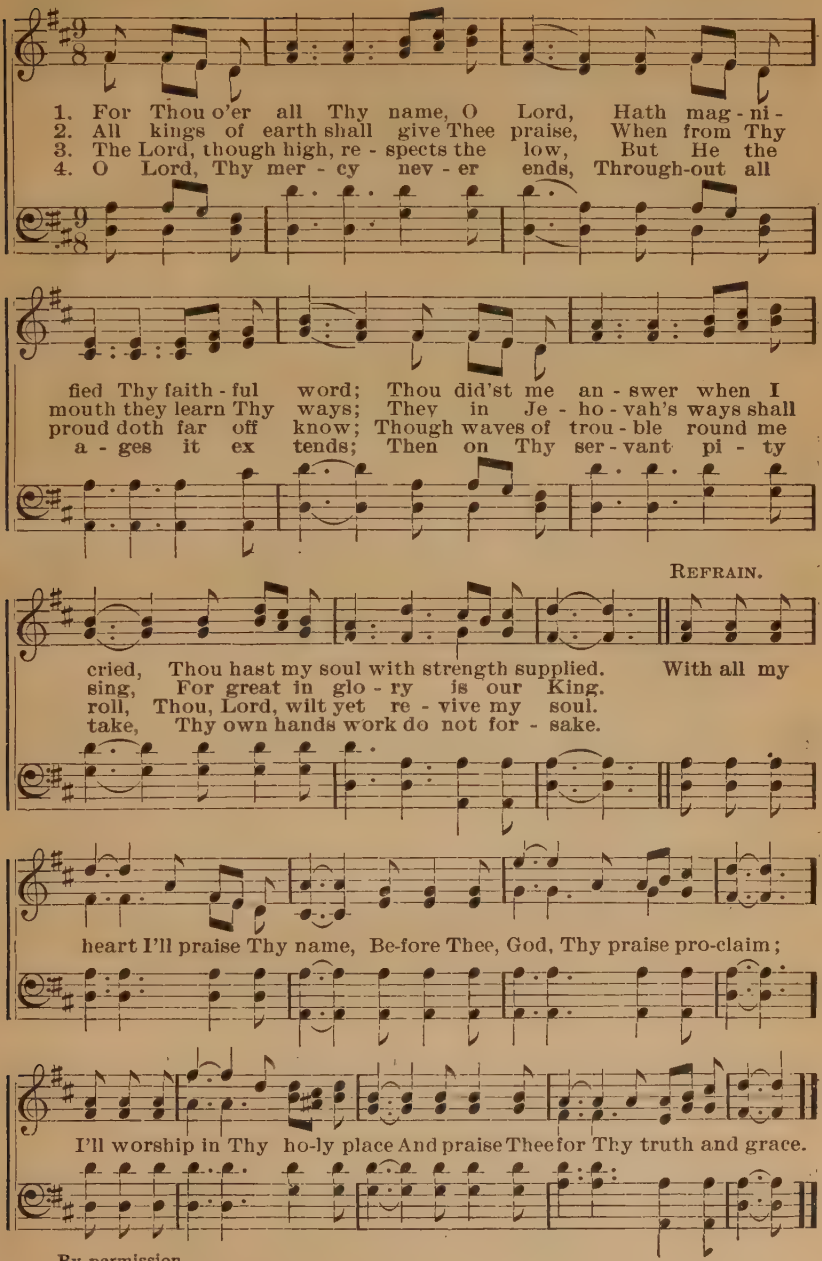
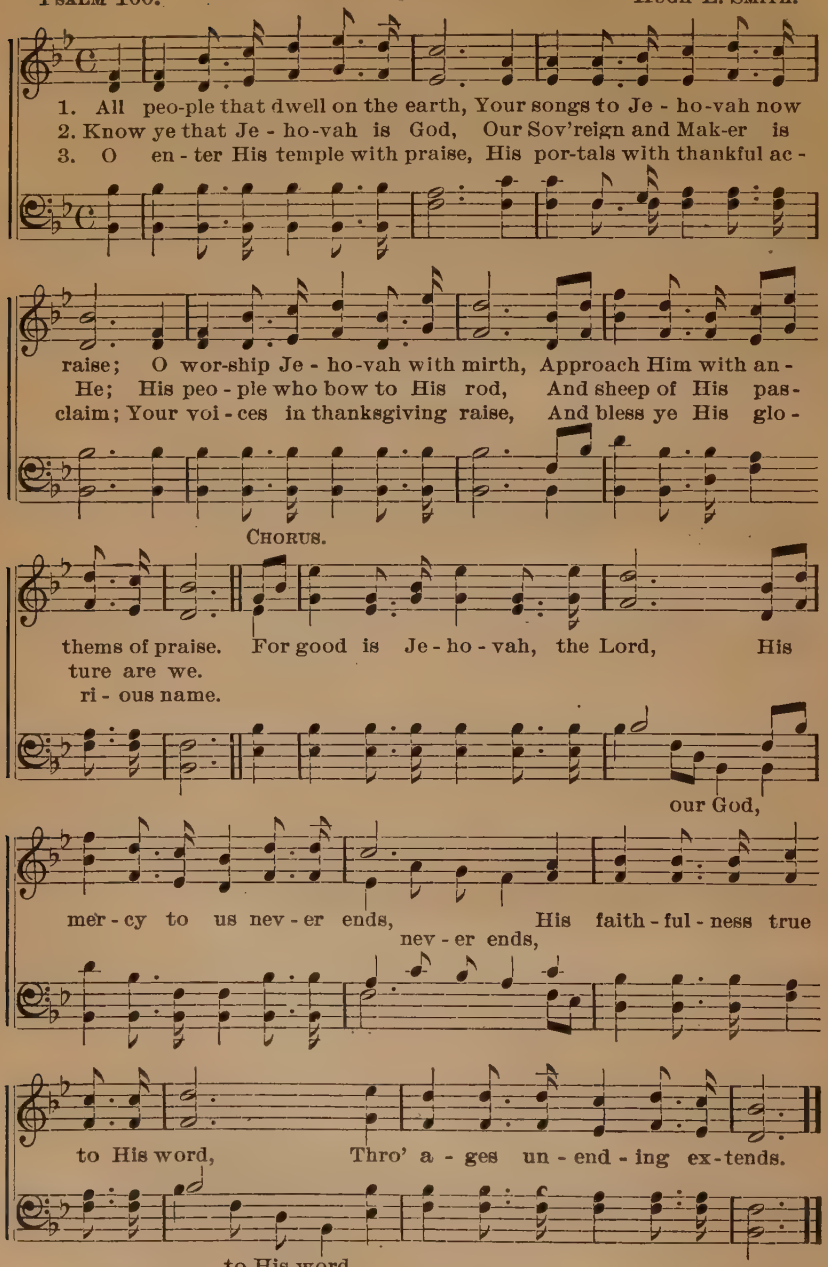
No. 4. I'll Praise Thy Name.

PSALM 138. E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. For Thou o'er all Thy name, O Lord, Hath mag - ni -
2. All kings of earth shall give Thee praise, When from Thy
3. The Lord, though high, re - spects the low, But He the
4. O Lord, Thy mer - cy nev - er ends, Through-out all
fied Thy faith - ful word; Thou did'st me an - swer when I
mouth they learn Thy ways; They in Je - ho - vah's ways shall
proud doth far off know; Though waves of trou - ble round me
a - ges it ex tends; Then on Thy ser - vant pi - ty
REFRAIN.
cried, Thou hast my soul with strength supplied. With all my
sing, For great in glo - ry is our King.
roll, Thou, Lord, wilt yet re - vive my soul.
take, Thy own hands work do not for - sake.
heart I'll praise Thy name, Be-fore Thee, God, Thy praise pro-claim;
I'll worship in Thy ho-ly place And praise Thee for Thy truth and grace.

By permission,

No. 5. Good is Jehovah, the Lord.

PSALM 100. HUGH E. SMITH.

1. All peo-ple that dwell on the earth, Your songs to Je - ho-vah now
2. Know ye that Je - ho-vah is God, Our Sov'reign and Mak-er is
3. O en - ter His temple with praise, His por-tals with thankful ac -
raise; O wor-ship Je - ho-vah with mirth, Approach Him with an -
He; His peo - ple who bow to His rod, And sheep of His pas -
claim; Your voi - ces in thanksgiving raise, And bless ye His glo -
CHORUS.
thems of praise. For good is Je - ho - vah, the Lord, His
ture are we.
ri - ous name.
our God,
mer - cy to us nev - er ends, His faith - ful - ness true
nev - er ends,
to His word, Thro' a - ges un - end - ing ex - tends.
to His word,

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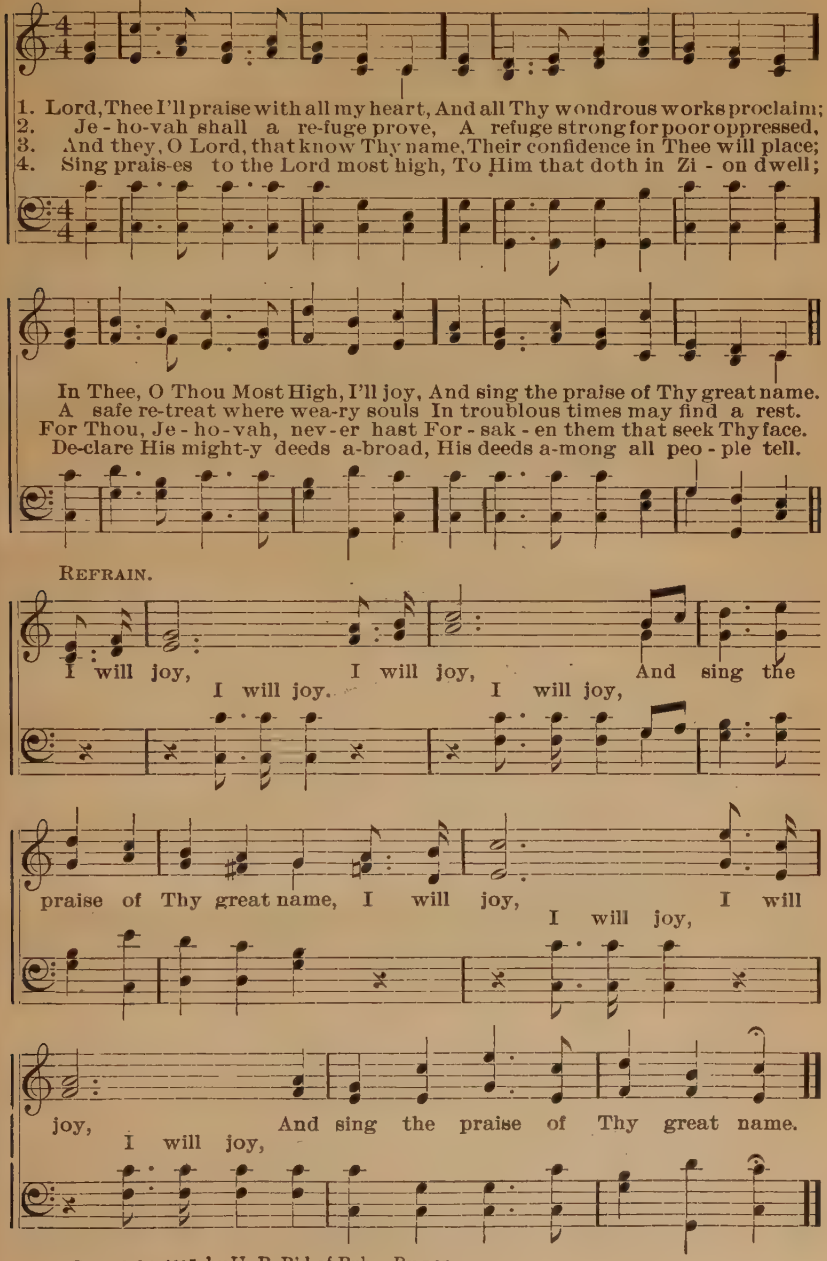
No. 6. I Will Joy.

PSALM 9. L. S. LEASON.

1. Lord, Thee I'll praise with all my heart, And all Thy wondrous works proclaim;
2. Je - ho-vah shall a re-fuge prove, A refuge strong for poor oppressed,
3. And they, O Lord, that know Thy name, Their confidence in Thee will place;
4. Sing prais-es to the Lord most high, To Him that doth in Zi - on dwell;
In Thee, O Thou Most High, I'll joy, And sing the praise of Thy great name.
A safe re-treat where wea-ry souls In troublous times may find a rest.
For Thou, Je - ho-vah, nev-er hast For - sak - en them that seek Thy face.
De-clare His might-y deeds a-broad, His deeds a-mong all peo - ple tell.
REFRAIN.
I will joy, I will joy, I will joy, And sing the
praise of Thy great name, I will joy, I will
joy, I will joy, And sing the praise of Thy great name.
I will joy, I will joy, I will joy,

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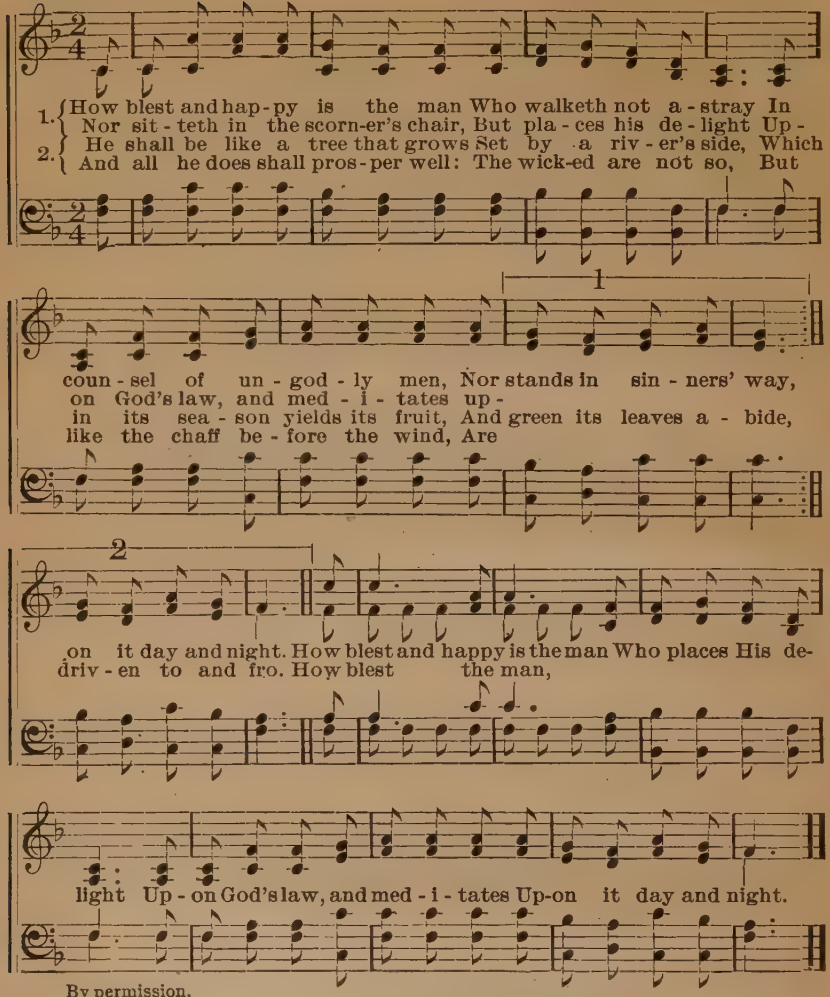
No. 7. How Blest and Happy.

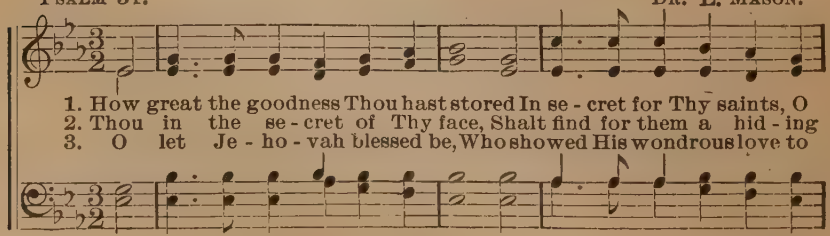
PSALM 1. G. E. HENDERSON.


1. How blest and hap-py is the man Who walketh not a-stray In
Nor sit-teth in the scorn-er's chair, But pla-ces his de-light Up-
2. He shall be like a tree that grows Set by a riv-er's side, Which
And all he does shall pros-per well: The wick-ed are not so, But
coun-sel of un-god-ly men, Nor stands in sin-ners' way,
on God's law, and med-i-tates up-
in its sea-son yields its fruit, And green its leaves a-bide,
like the chaff be-fore the wind, Are
on it day and night. How blest and happy is the man Who places His de-
driv-en to and fro. How blest the man,
light Up-on God's law, and med-i-tates Up-on it day and night.

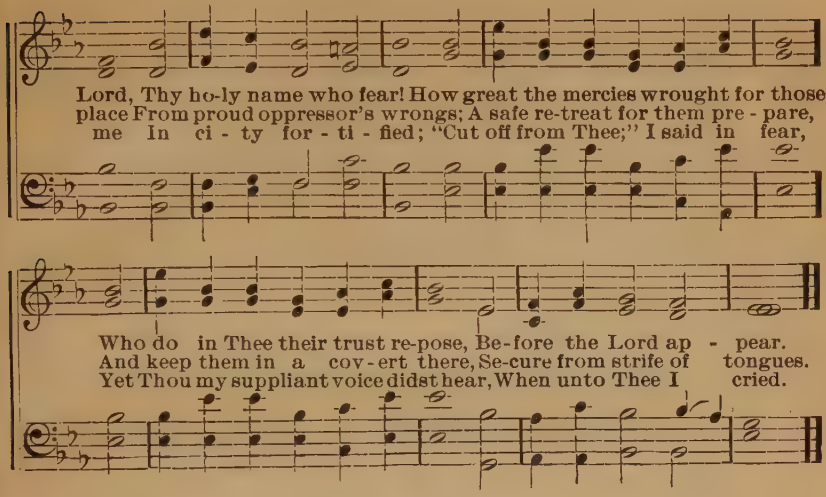
By permission,

No. 8. How Great Thy Goodness.

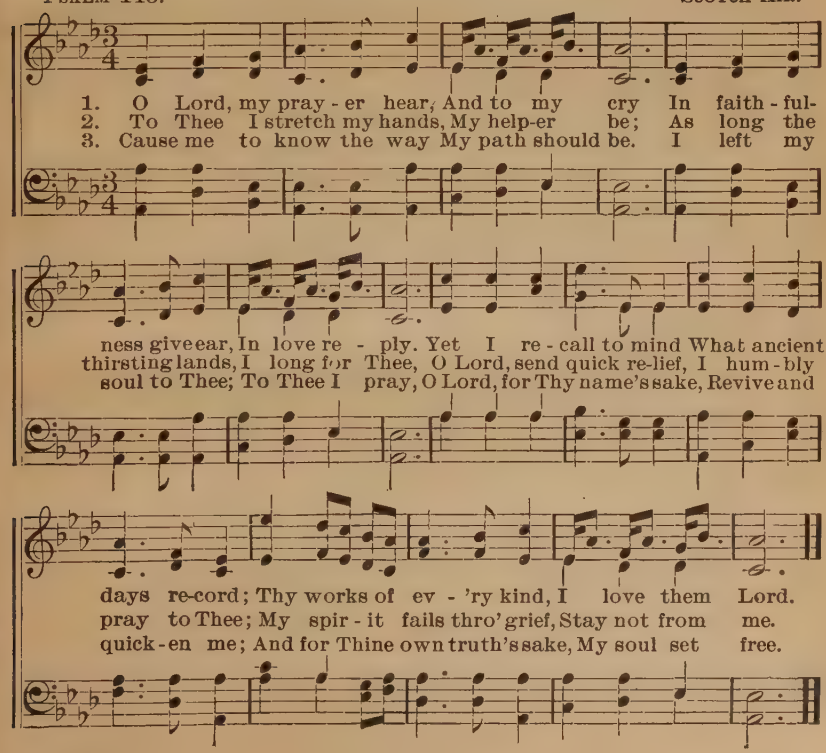
PSALM 31. DR. L. MASON.


1. How great the goodness Thou hast stored In se-cret for Thy saints, O
2. Thou in the se-cret of Thy face, Shalt find for them a hid-ing
3. O let Je-ho-vah blessed be, Who showed His wondrous love to

How Great Thy Goodness. Concluded.


Lord, Thy ho-ly name who fear! How great the mercies wrought for those
place From proud oppressor's wrongs; A safe re-treat for them pre - pare,
me In ci - ty for - ti - fied; "Cut off from Thee;" I said in fear,
Who do in Thee their trust re-pose, Be-fore the Lord ap - pear.
And keep them in a cov-ert there, Se-cure from strife of tongues.
Yet Thou my suppliant voice didst hear, When unto Thee I cried.

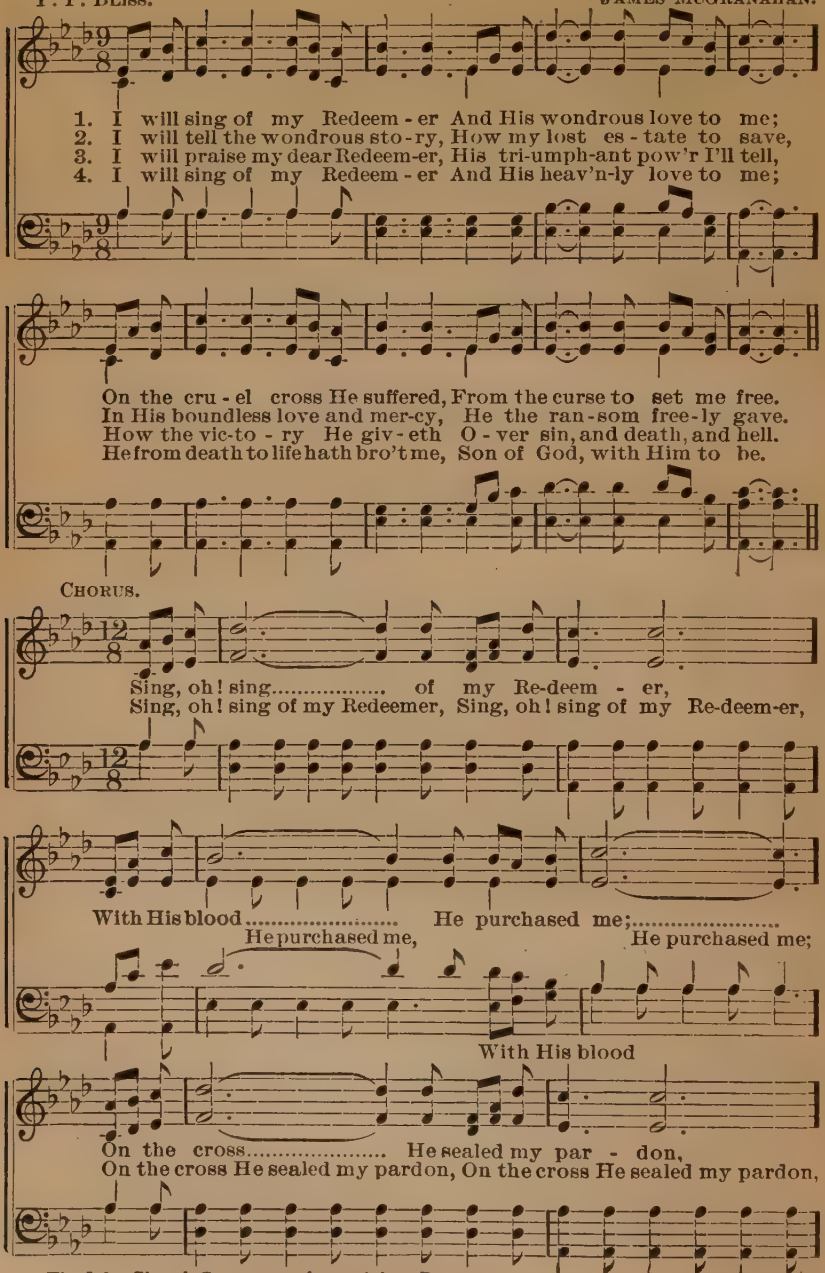
No. 9. My Prayer.

PSALM 143. SCOTCH AIR.

1. O Lord, my pray - er hear, And to my cry In faith - ful-
2. To Thee I stretch my hands, My help-er be; As long the
3. Cause me to know the way My path should be. I left my
ness give ear, In love re - ply. Yet I re - call to mind What ancient
thirsting lands, I long for Thee, O Lord, send quick re-lief, I hum-bly
soul to Thee; To Thee I pray, O Lord, for Thy name's sake, Revive and
days re-cord; Thy works of ev - 'ry kind, I love them Lord.
pray to Thee; My spir - it fails thro' grief, Stay not from me.
quick-en me; And for Thine own truth's sake, My soul set free.

No. 10. My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.


1. I will sing of my Redeem - er And His wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeem-er, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeem - er And His heav'n-ly love to me;
On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.
Chorus.
Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re-deem - er,
Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er,
With His blood..... He purchased me;.....
He purchased me, He purchased me;
With His blood
On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon,

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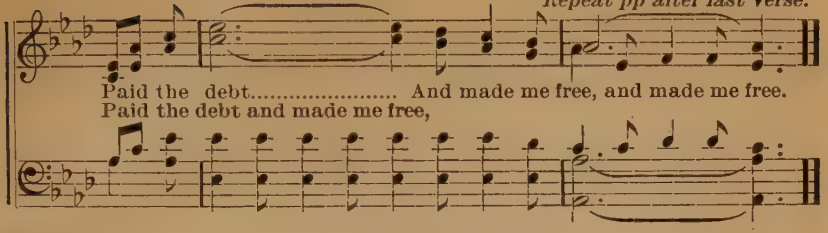
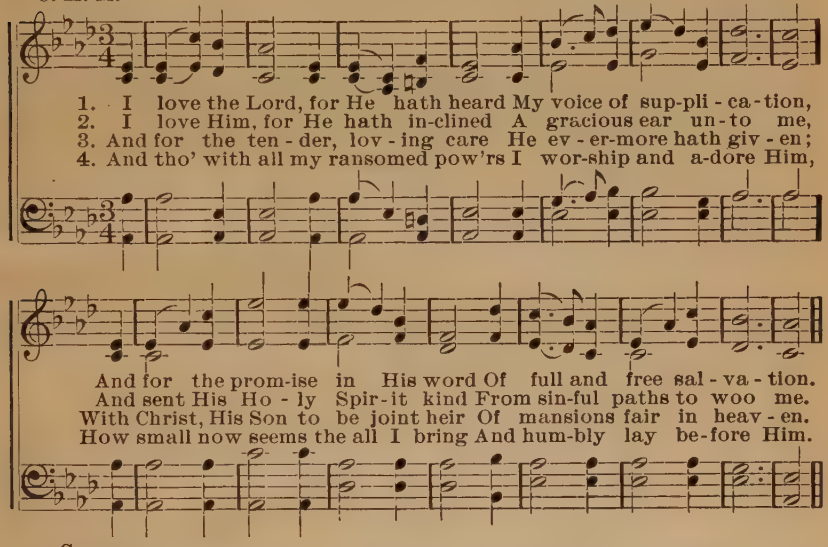
Repeat pp after last verse.

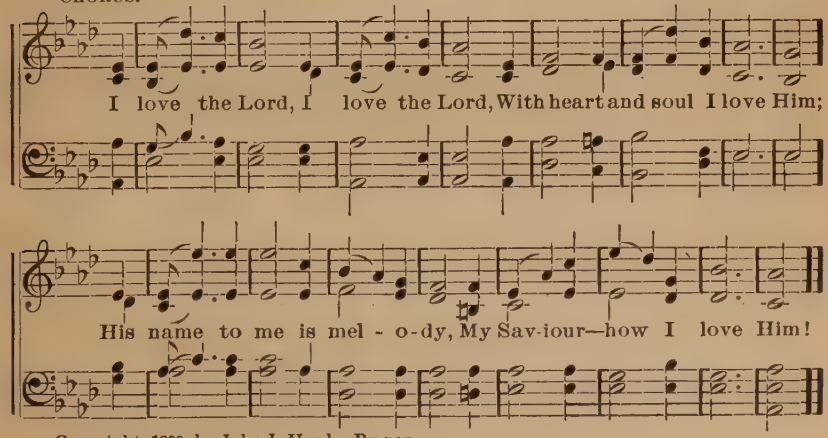


No. 11. I Love the Lord.

Psalm cxvi: 1, 2.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. I love the Lord, for He hath heard My voice of sup-pli-ca-tion,
2. I love Him, for He hath in-clined A gracious ear un-to me,
3. And for the ten-der, lov-ing care He ev-er-more hath giv-en;
4. And tho' with all my ransomed pow'rs I wor-ship and a-dore Him,
And for the prom-ise in His word Of full and free sal-va-tion.
And sent His Ho-ly Spir-it kind From sin-ful paths to woo me.
With Christ, His Son to be joint heir Of mansions fair in heav-en.
How small now seems the all I bring And hum-bly lay be-fore Him.

CHORUS.

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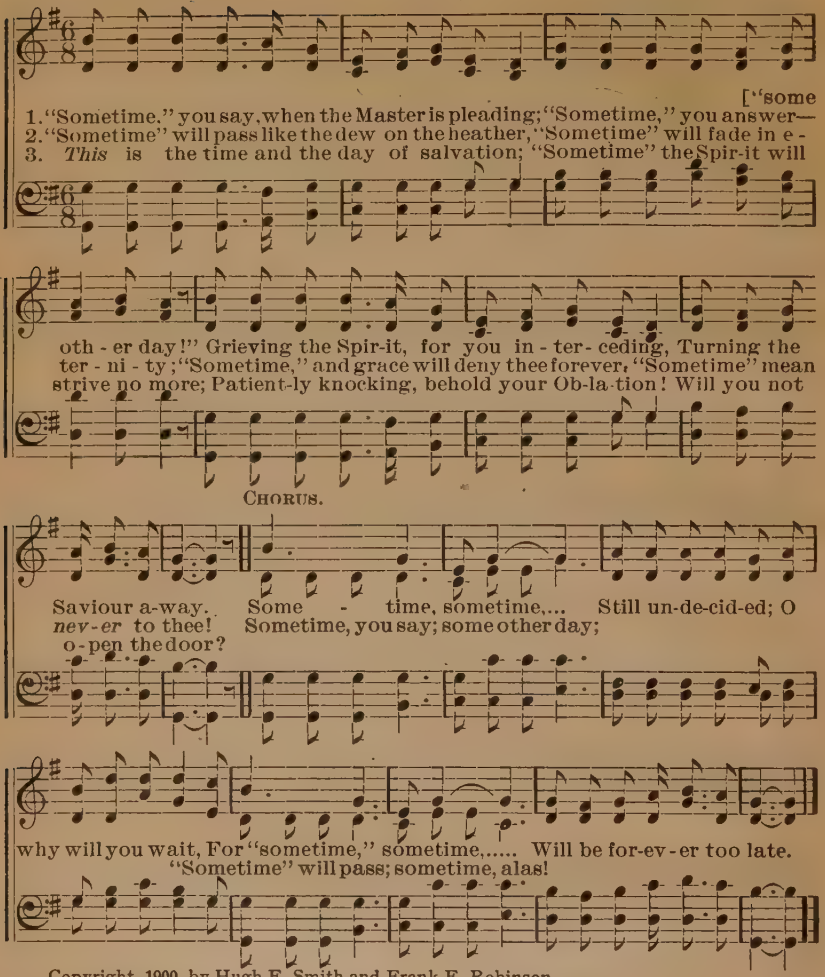
No. 12. Sometime.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


["some
1. "Sometime," you say, when the Master is pleading; "Sometime," you answer—
2. "Sometime" will pass like the dew on the heather, "Sometime" will fade in e-
3. *This* is the time and the day of salvation; "Sometime" the Spir-it will
oth-er day!" Grieving the Spir-it, for you in-ter-ceding, Turning the
ter-ni-ty; "Sometime," and grace will deny thee forever, "Sometime" mean
strive no more; Patient-ly knocking, behold your Ob-la-tion! Will you not
CHORUS.
Saviour a-way. Some - time, sometime,... Still un-de-cid-ed; O
nev-er to thee! Sometime, you say; some other day;
o-pen the door?
why will you wait, For "sometime," sometime,..... Will be for-ev-er too late.
"Sometime" will pass; sometime, alas!

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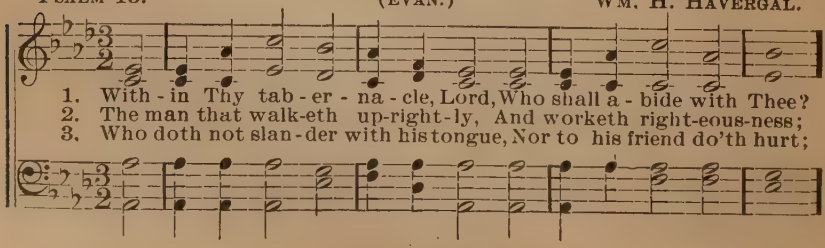
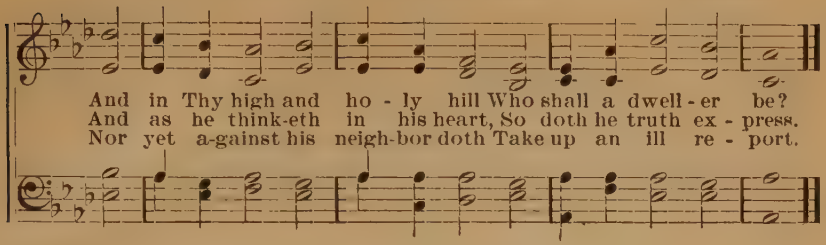
No. 13. Who Shall Abide With Thee?

PSALM 15. (EVAN.) WM. H. HAVERGAL.

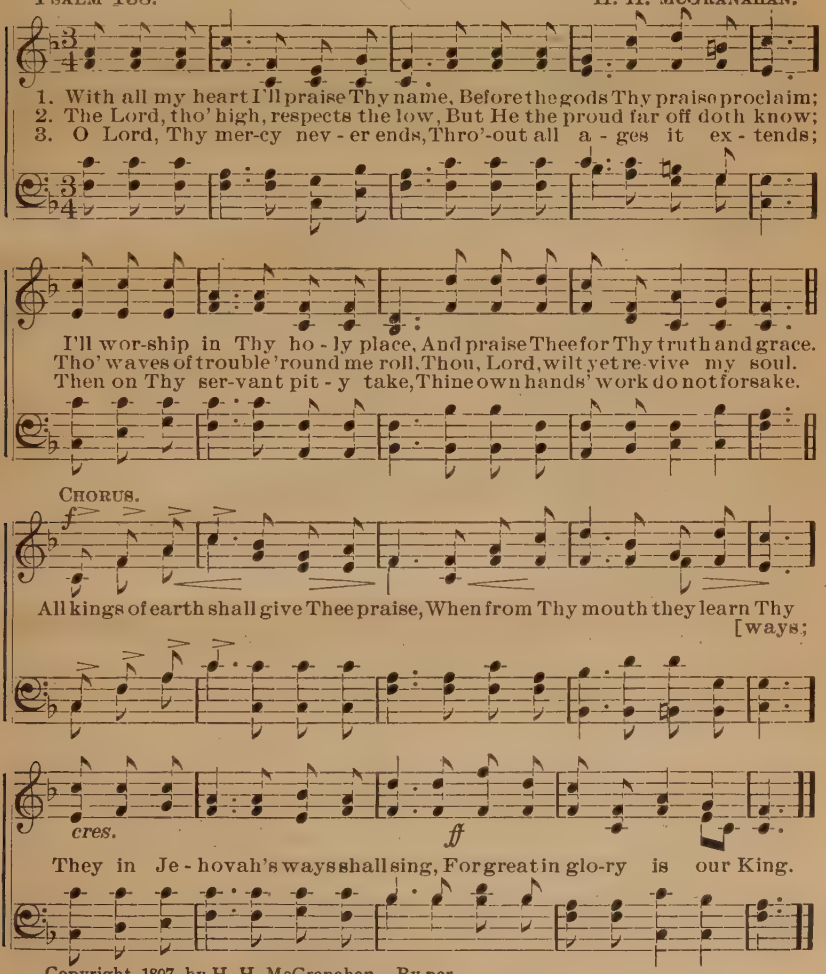

1. With-in Thy tab-er-na-cle, Lord, Who shall a-bide with Thee?
2. The man that walk-eth up-right-ly, And worketh right-eous-ness;
3. Who doth not slan-der with his tongue, Nor to his friend do'th hurt;

Who Shall Abide With Thee? Concluded.


And in Thy high and ho - ly hill Who shall a dwell - er be?
And as he think-eth in his heart, So doth he truth ex - press.
Nor yet a-gainst his neigh-bor doth Take up an ill re - port.

No. 14. Great in Glory is Our King.

PSALM 138. H. H. McGRANAHAN.


1. With all my heart I'll praise Thy name, Before the gods Thy praise proclaim;
2. The Lord, tho' high, respects the low, But He the proud far off doth know;
3. O Lord, Thy mer-cy nev - er ends, Thro'-out all a - ges it ex - tends;
I'll wor-ship in Thy ho - ly place, And praise Thee for Thy truth and grace.
Tho' waves of trouble 'round me roll, Thou, Lord, wilt yet re-vive my soul.
Then on Thy ser-vant pit - y take, Thine own hands' work do not forsake.
CHORUS.
f
All kings of earth shall give Thee praise, When from Thy mouth they learn Thy [ways;
cres.
ff
They in Je - hovah's ways shall sing, For great in glo-ry is our King.

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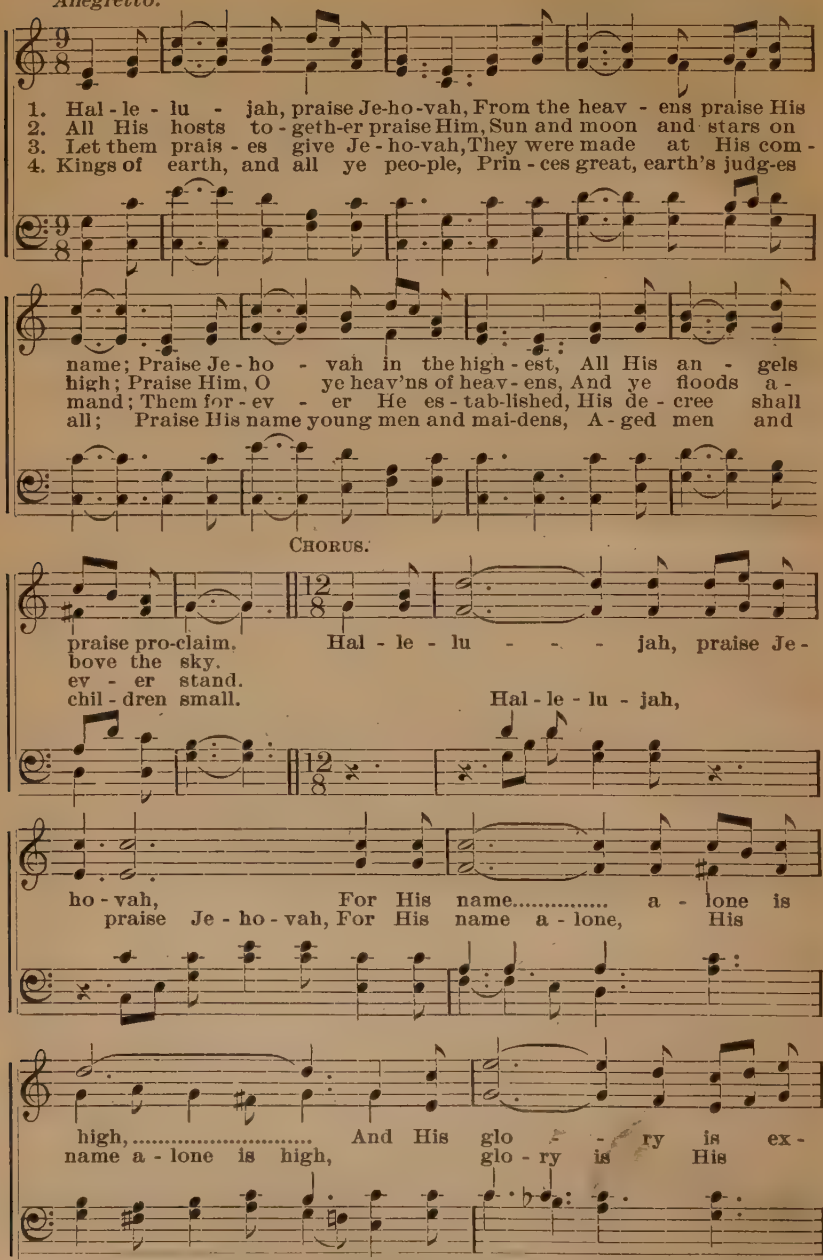
No. 15. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah.

PSALM 148. H. H. McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.


1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je-ho-vah, From the heav - ens praise His name; Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an - gels
2. All His hosts to - geth-er praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on high; Praise Him, O ye heav'ns of heav - ens, And ye floods a -
3. Let them prais - es give Je - ho-vah, They were made at His com - mand; Them for - ev - er He es - tab-lished, His de - cree shall
4. Kings of earth, and all ye peo-ple, Prin - ces great, earth's judg-es all; Praise His name young men and mai-dens, A - ged men and
CHORUS.
praise pro-claim. Hal - le - lu - - - - jah, praise Je -
bove the sky.
ev - er stand.
chil - dren small. Hal - le - lu - jah,
ho - vah, For His name..... a - lone is
praise Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone, His
high,..... And His glo - - ry is ex -
name a - lone is high, glo - ry is His

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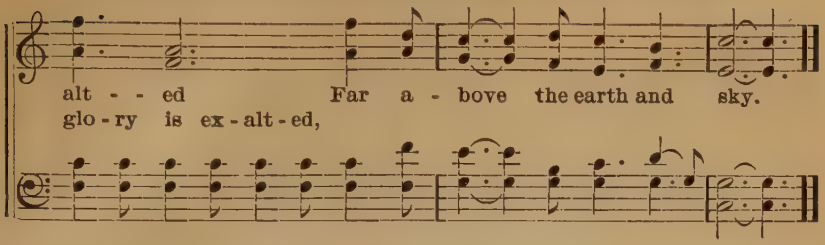
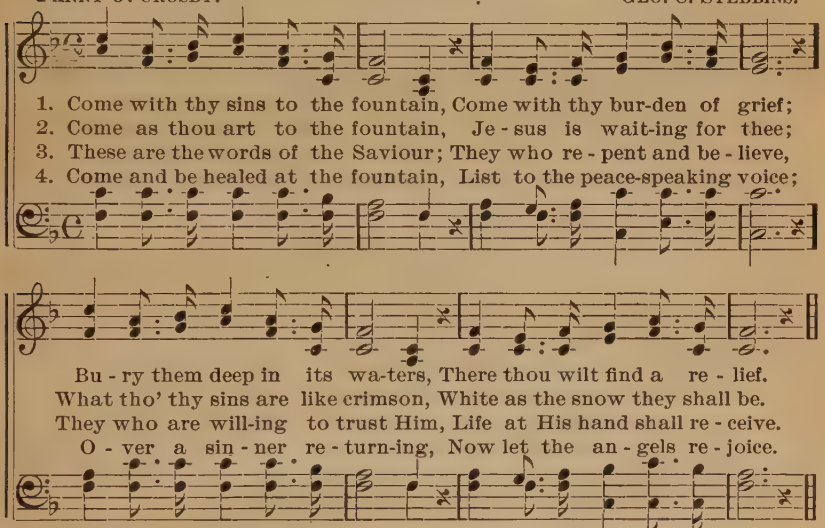


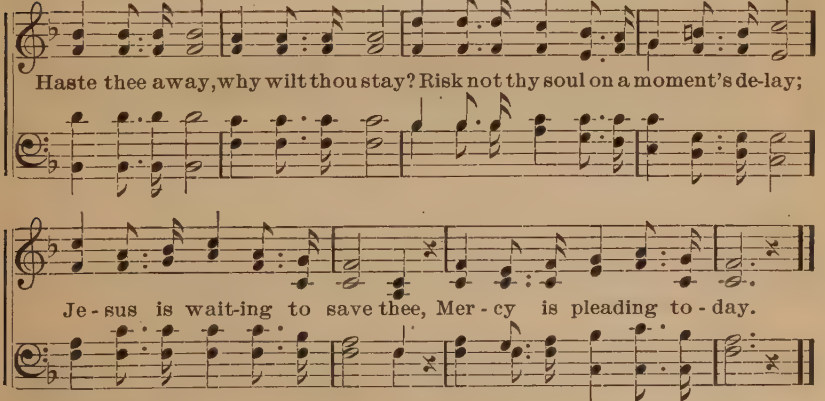
No. 16. Come to the Fountain.

"For with Thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy bur-den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Saviour; They who re - pent and be - lieve,
4. Come and be healed at the fountain, List to the peace-speaking voice;
Bu - ry them deep in its wa-ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.
What tho' thy sins are like crimson, White as the snow they shall be.
They who are will-ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re - ceive.
O - ver a sin - ner re - turn-ing, Now let the an - gels re - joice.

CHORUS.


Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a moment's de-lay;
Je - sus is wait-ing to save thee, Mer - cy is pleading to - day.

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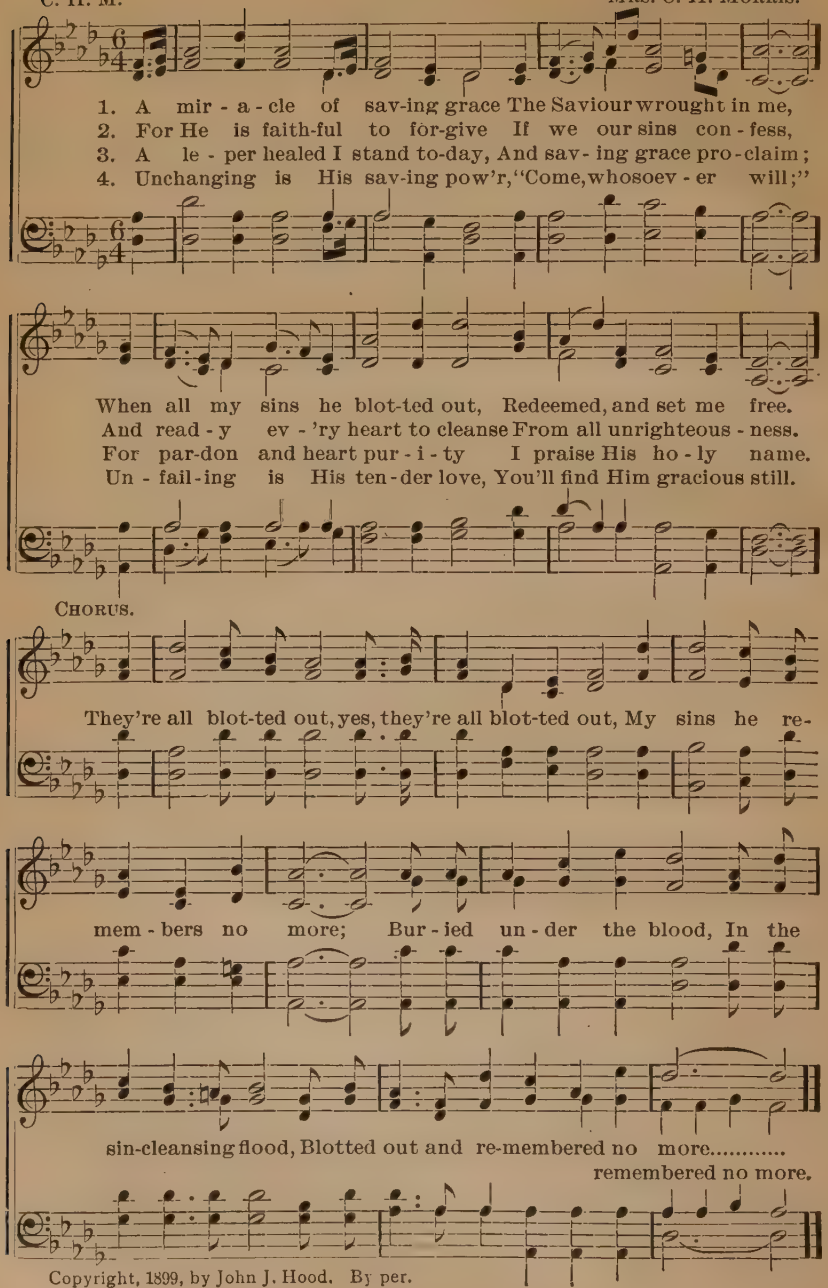
No. 17. They're All Blotted Out.

Isaiah xliii: 25; xliv: 22.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. A mir - a - cle of sav-ing grace The Saviour wrought in me,
2. For He is faith-ful to for-give If we our sins con - fess,
3. A le - per healed I stand to-day, And sav - ing grace pro - claim;
4. Unchanging is His sav-ing pow'r, "Come, whosoev - er will;"
When all my sins he blot-ted out, Redeemed, and set me free.
And read - y ev - 'ry heart to cleanse From all unrighteous - ness.
For par-don and heart pur - i - ty I praise His ho - ly name.
Un - fail-ing is His ten-der love, You'll find Him gracious still.
CHORUS.
They're all blot-ted out, yes, they're all blot-ted out, My sins he re-
mem - bers no more; Bur - ied un - der the blood, In the
sin-cleansing flood, Blotted out and re-membered no more.....
remembered no more.

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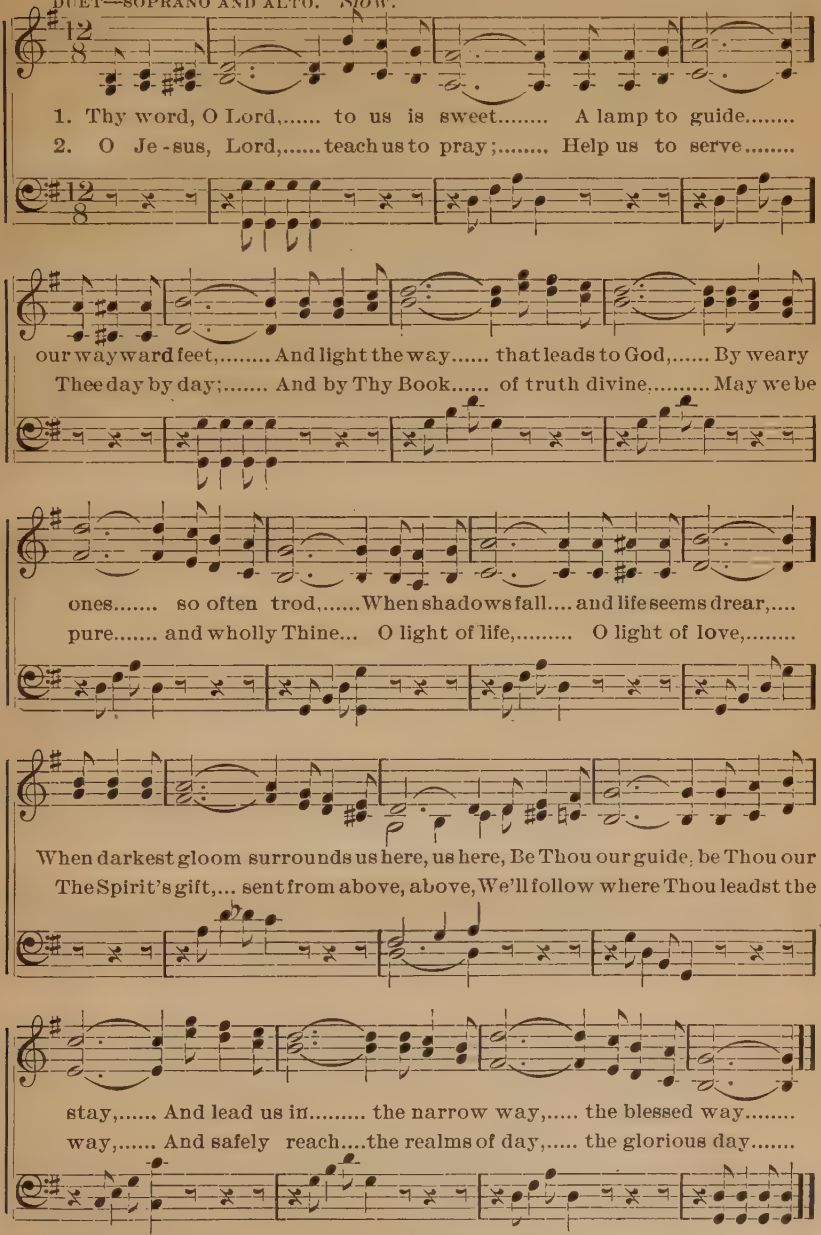
No. 18. Thy Word, O Lord.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Ps. 119: 105.

HERBERT E. GUY. A. F. MYERS.

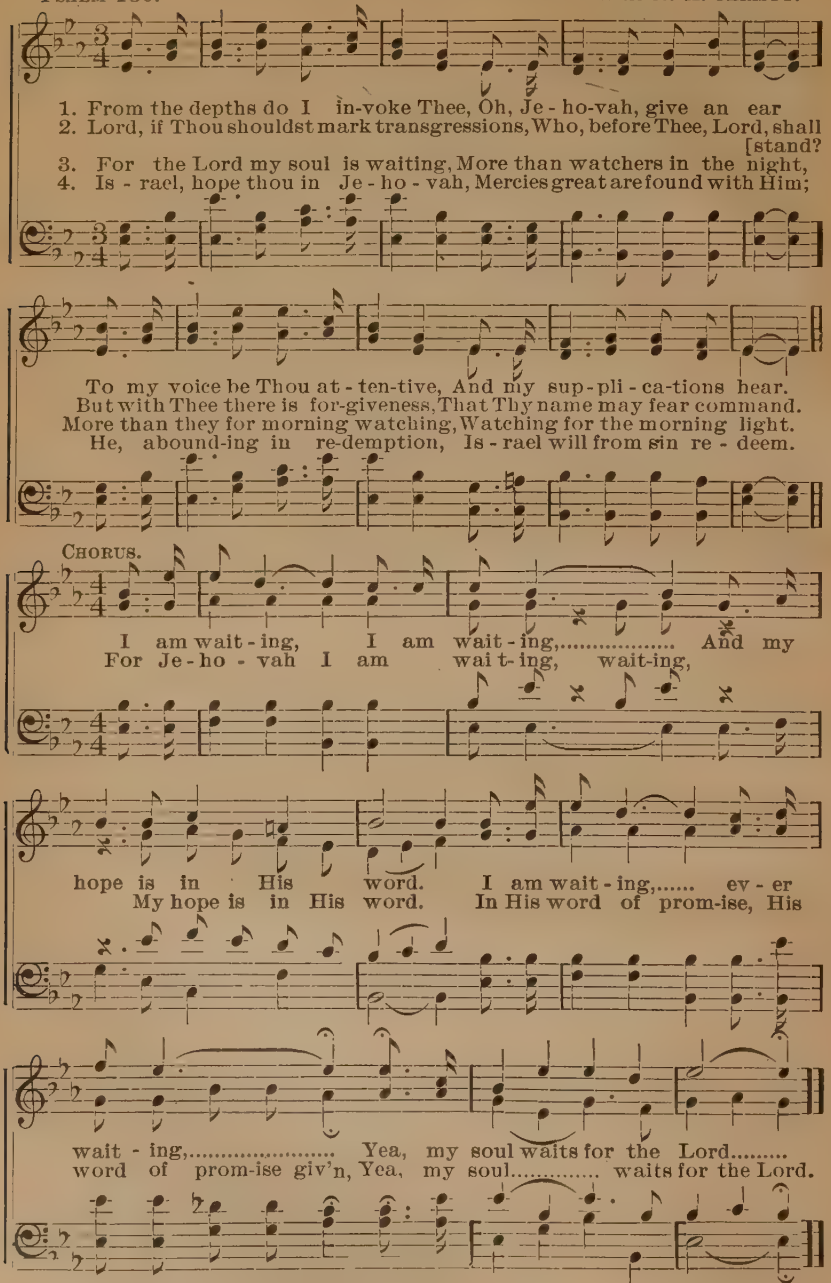
DUET—SOPRANO AND ALTO. *Slow.*


1. Thy word, O Lord,..... to us is sweet..... A lamp to guide.....
2. O Je-sus, Lord,.....teach us to pray;..... Help us to serve.....
our way ward feet,..... And light the way..... that leads to God,..... By weary
Thee day by day;..... And by Thy Book..... of truth divine,..... May we be
ones..... so often trod,.....When shadows fall.... and life seems drear,....
pure..... and wholly Thine... O light of life,..... O light of love,.....
When darkest gloom surrounds us here, us here, Be Thou our guide, be Thou our
The Spirit's gift,... sent from above, above, We'll follow where Thou leadst the
stay,..... And lead us in..... the narrow way,..... the blessed way.....
way,..... And safely reach....the realms of day,..... the glorious day.....

By permission.

No. 19. For Jehovah I Am Waiting.

PSALM 130. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.


1. From the depths do I in-voke Thee, Oh, Je - ho-vah, give an ear
2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who, before Thee, Lord, shall [stand?
3. For the Lord my soul is waiting, More than watchers in the night,
4. Is - rael, hope thou in Je - ho - vah, Mercies great are found with Him;
To my voice be Thou at - ten-tive, And my sup - pli - ca-tions hear.
But with Thee there is for-giveness, That Thy name may fear command.
More than they for morning watching, Watching for the morning light.
He, abound-ing in re-demption, Is - rael will from sin re - deem.
CHORUS.
I am wait - ing, I am wait - ing,..... And my
For Je - ho - vah I am wai t - ing, wait-ing,
hope is in His word. I am wait - ing,..... ev - er
My hope is in His word. In His word of prom-ise, His
wait - ing,..... Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.....
word of prom-ise giv'n, Yea, my soul..... waits for the Lord.

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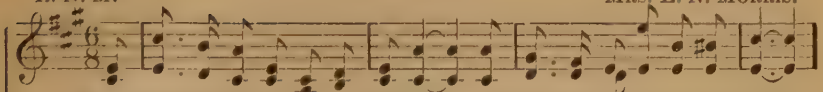
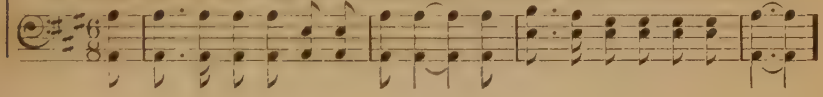
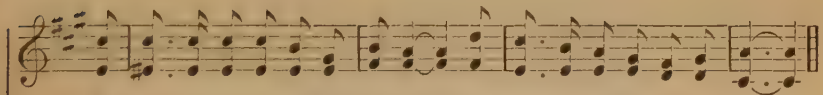
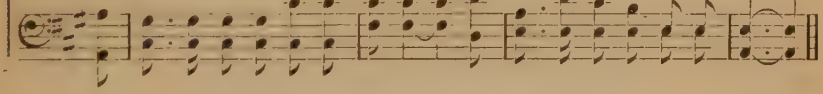
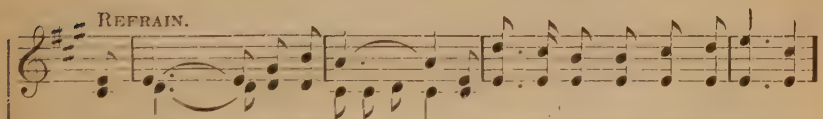
No. 20. He Feedeth His Flock

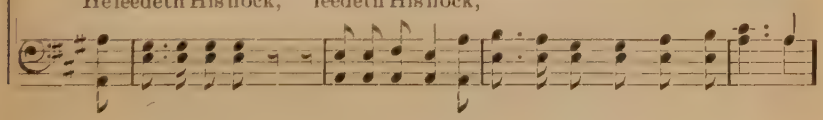
Isaiah xl: 11.

L. N. M. MRS. L. N. MORRIS.



1. He feedeth his flock like a shepherd, And gathers the young lambs with care;
2. He calleth His sheep and they follow, The voice of the Shepherd they know;
3. But some are lost out on the mountains, The cold, barren mountains of sin;
4. Are you of the wand'ring and lost ones? Are you sick and hungry and cold?



He carries them safe in His bosom, And shelters them tenderly there.
He leadeth them into green pastures, And down where the still waters flow.
And Jesus, the Shepherd so ten-der, Is seek-ing to gather them in.
Or, are you to-day of the saved ones The Shepherd has safe in the fold?

REFRAIN.

He feed - - eth His flock,..... He feedeth His flock like a shepherd;
He feedeth His flock, feedeth His flock,



And gathers the lambs with His arms, And gathers the lambs with His arms
With His arms,

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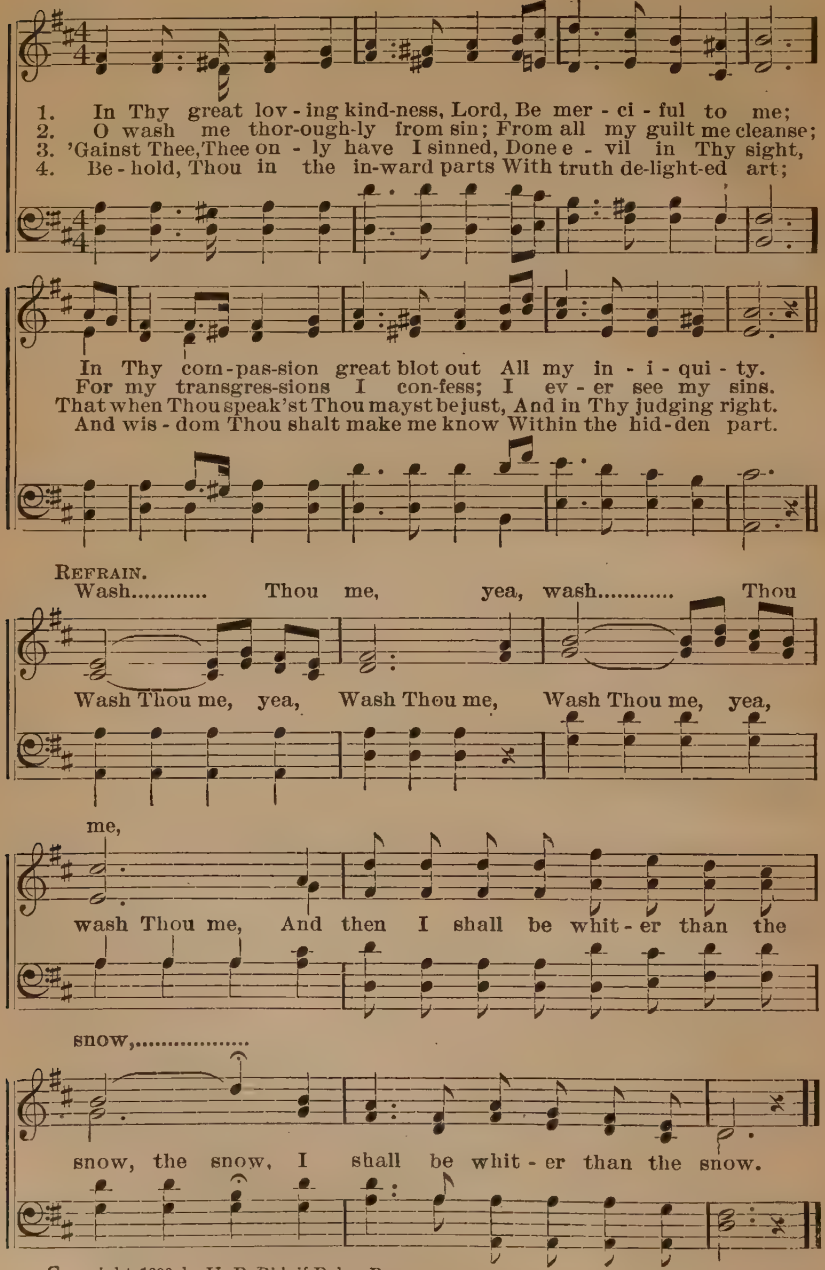
No. 21. Whiter Than Snow.

PSALM 51. DR J. B. HERBERT.

1. In Thy great lov - ing kind-ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;
2. O wash me thor-ough-ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on - ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight,
4. Be - hold, Thou in the in-ward parts With truth de-light-ed art;
In Thy com-pas-sion great blot out All my in - i - qui - ty.
For my transgres-sions I con-fess; I ev - er see my sins.
That when Thou speak'st Thou mayst be just, And in Thy judging right.
And wis - dom Thou shalt make me know Within the hid-den part.
REFRAIN.
Wash..... Thou me, yea, wash..... Thou
Wash Thou me, yea, Wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea,
me,
wash Thou me, And then I shall be whit - er than the
snow,.....
snow, the snow, I shall be whit - er than the snow.

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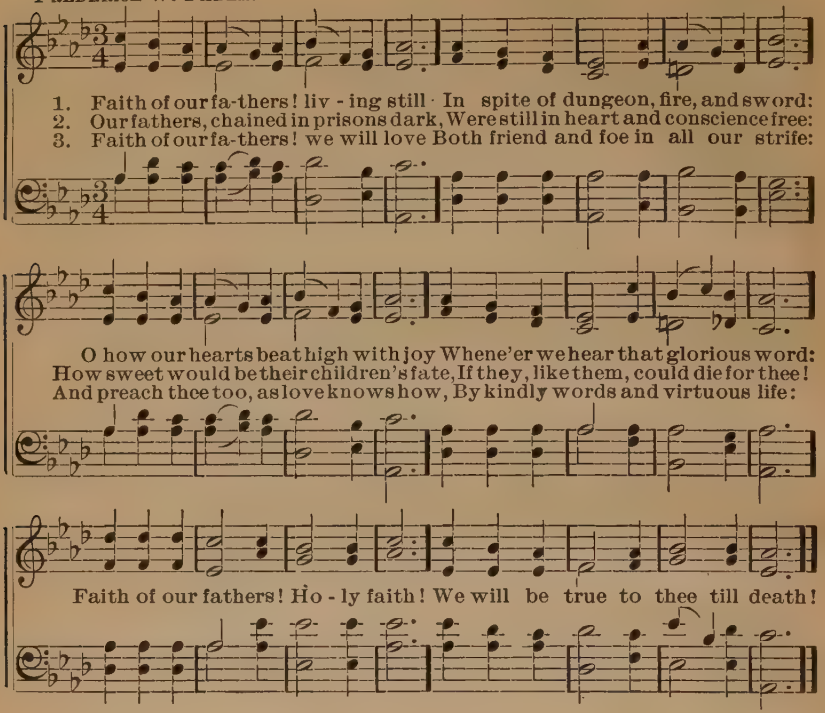
Be filled with the Spirit, Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and **Hymns** and Spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.

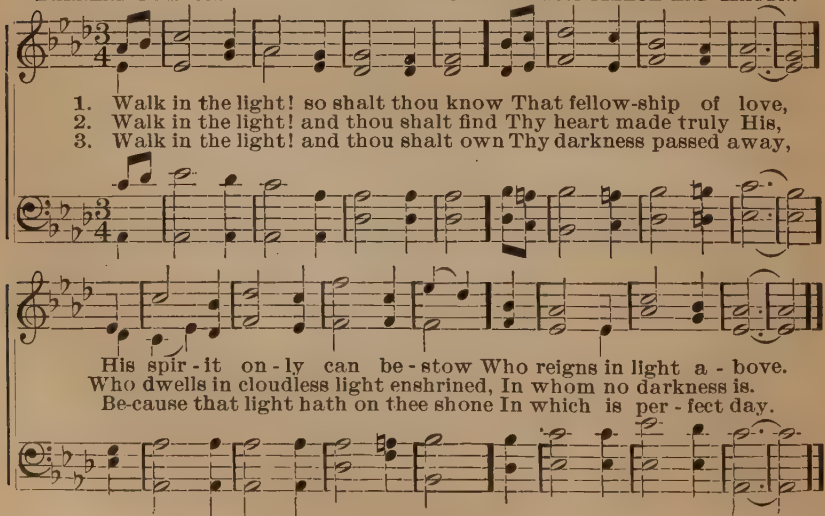
No. 22. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. ST. CATHERINE.—J. G. WALTON.


1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

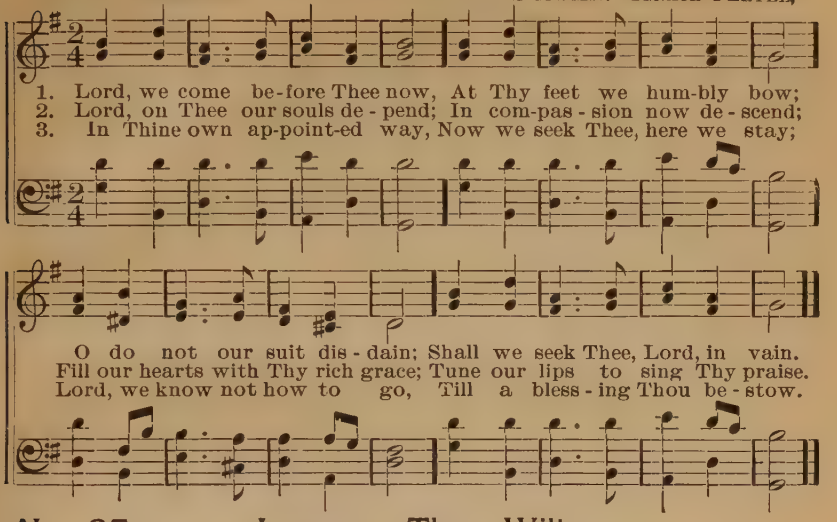
No. 23. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. MANOAH.—FROM MEHUL AND HAYDN.


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellow-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away,
His spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.

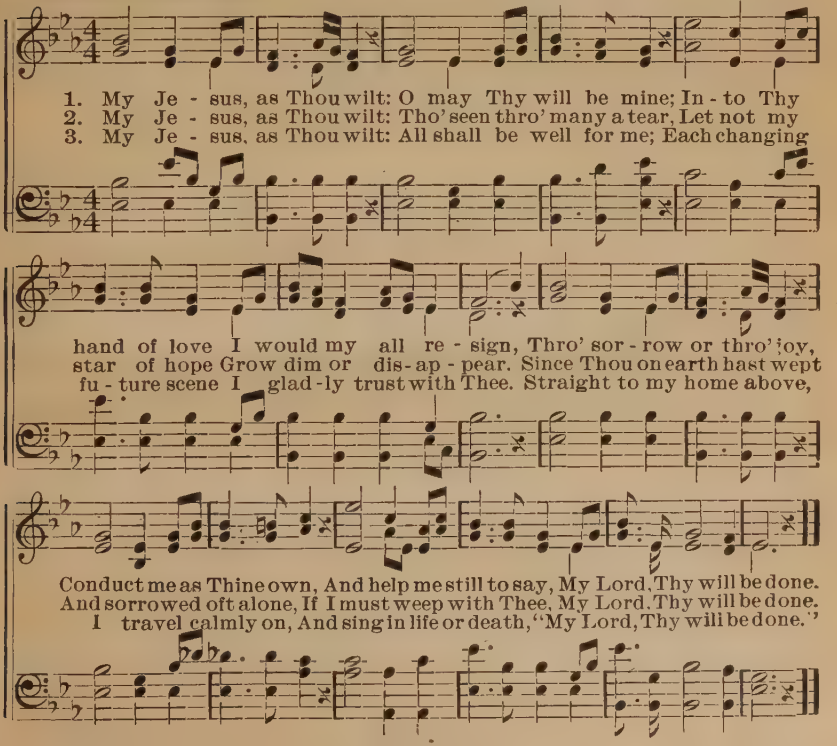
No. 24. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. PLEYEL'S HYMN.—IGNACE PLEYEL.

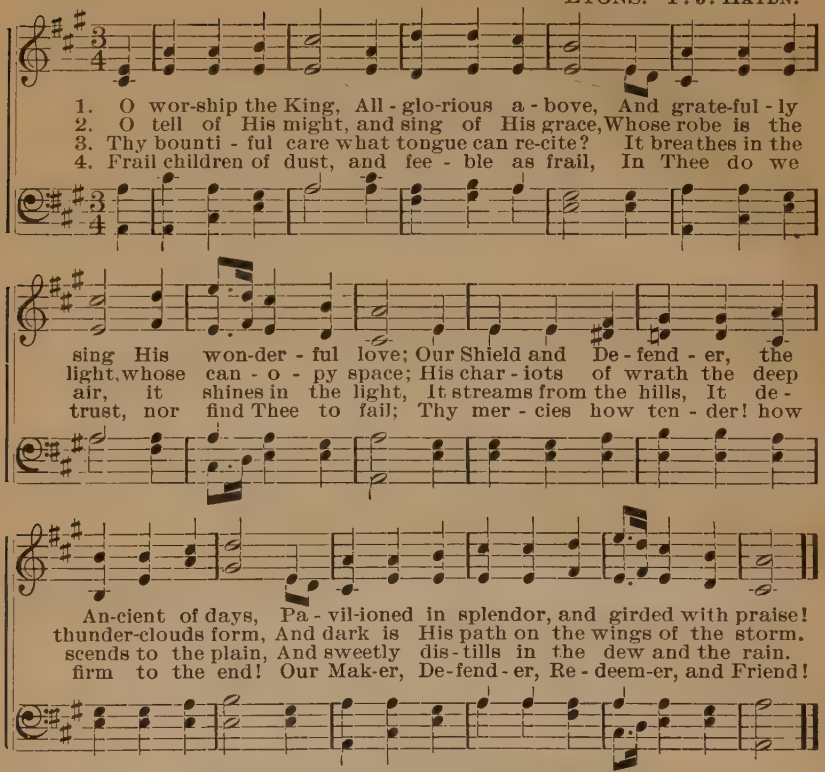

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend;
3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
O do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain.
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.

No. 25. Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. JEWETT.—JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

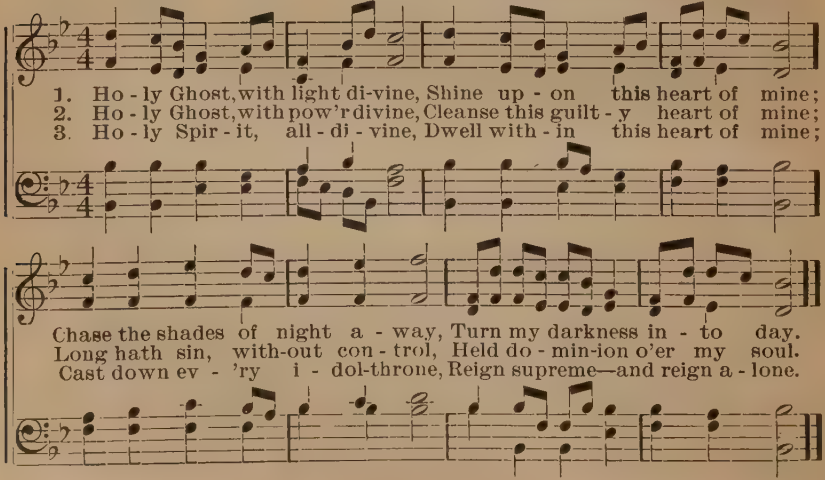

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In-to Thy
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re-sign, Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home above,
Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I travel calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 26. O Worship the King.

LYONS.—F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King, All-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy bounti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how
An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and girded with praise!
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend!

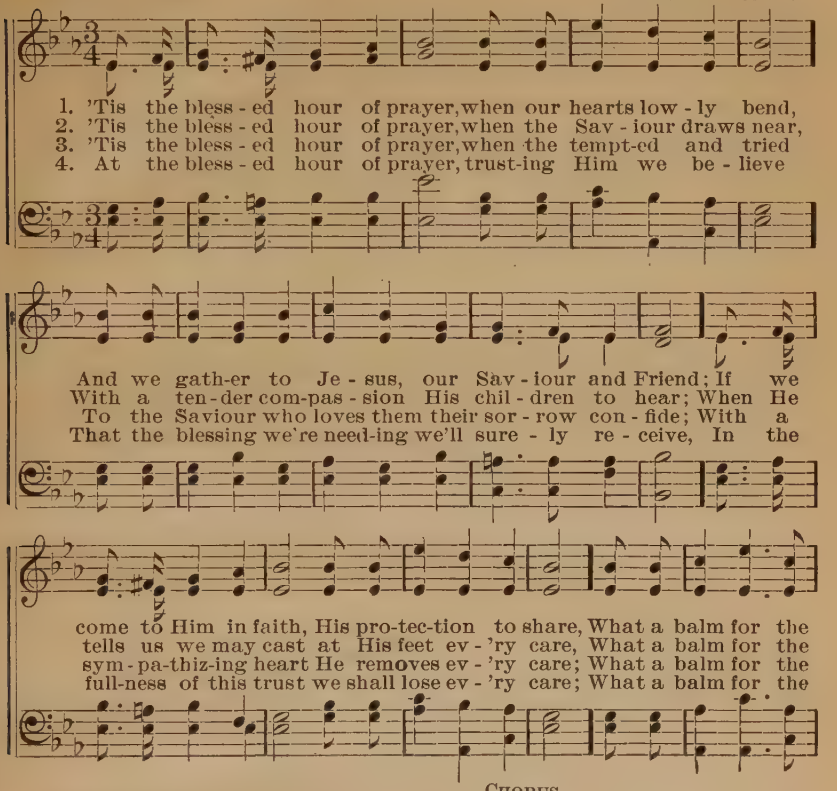
No. 27. The Work of the Holy Spirit.

ANDREW REED. FULTON.—WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, all-di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my darkness in-to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign a-lone.

No. 28. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

"—— into the temple at the hour of prayer."—Acts 3: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend,
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near,
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be - lieve
And we gath-er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we
With a ten - der com-pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He
To the Saviour who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a
That the blessing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the
come to Him in faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the
tells us we may cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the
sym - pa-thiz-ing heart He removes ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the
full-ness of this trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the
CHORUS.
wea-ry! O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer, blessed
hour of prayer; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!

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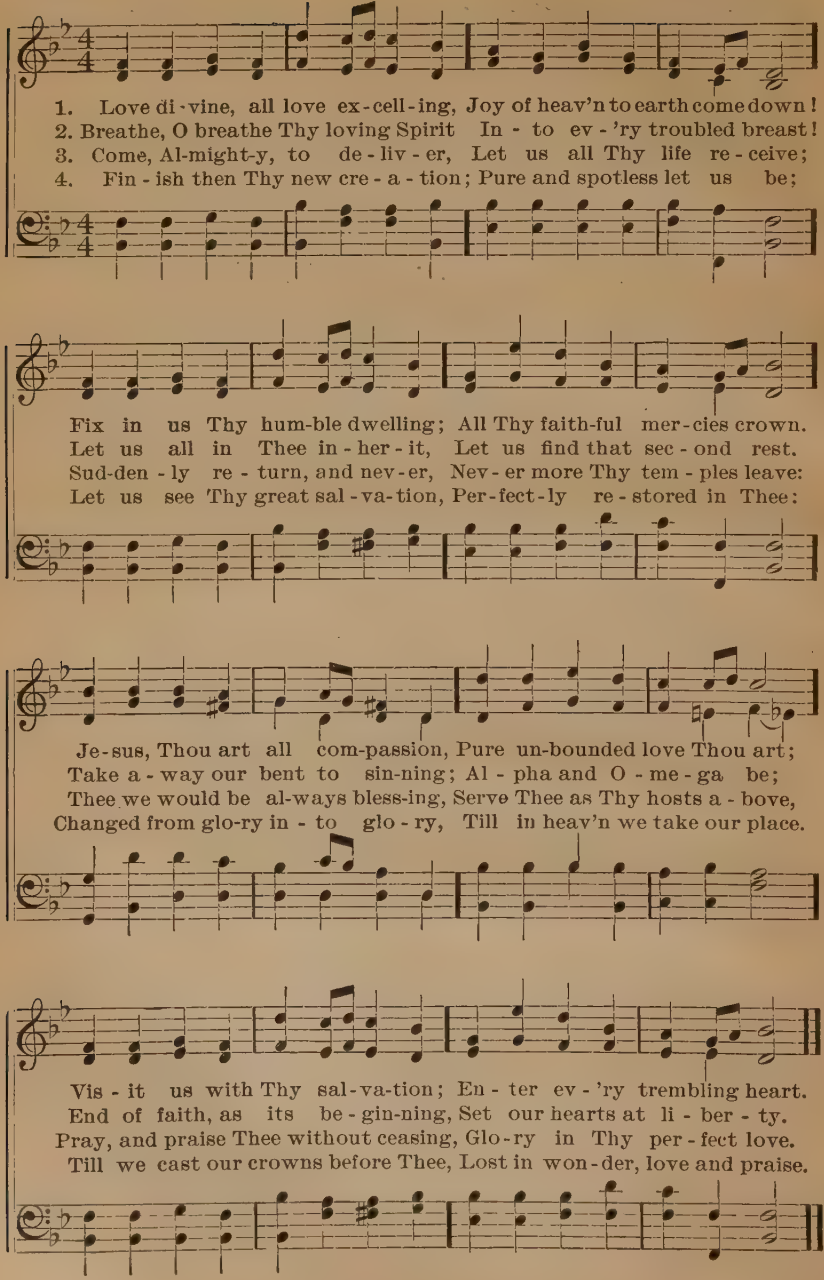
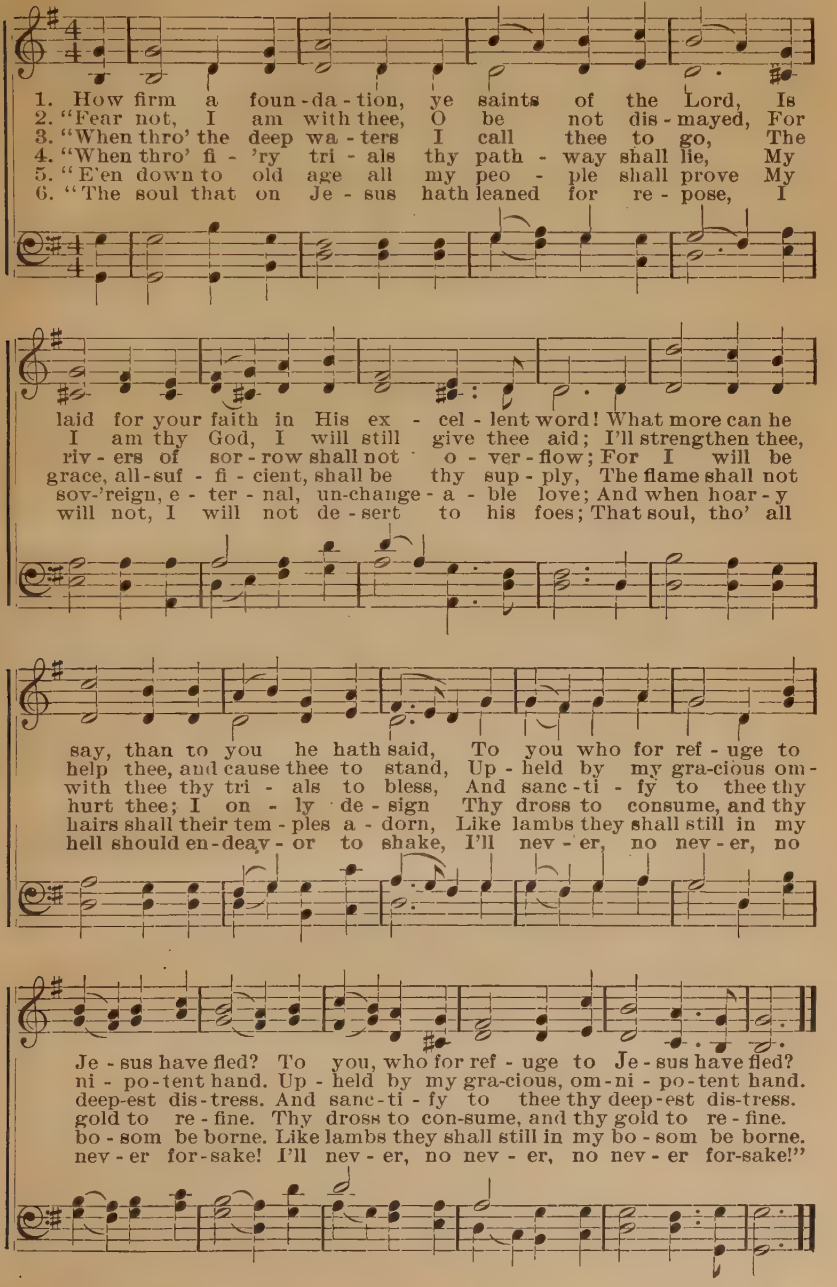
No. 29. Love Divine.

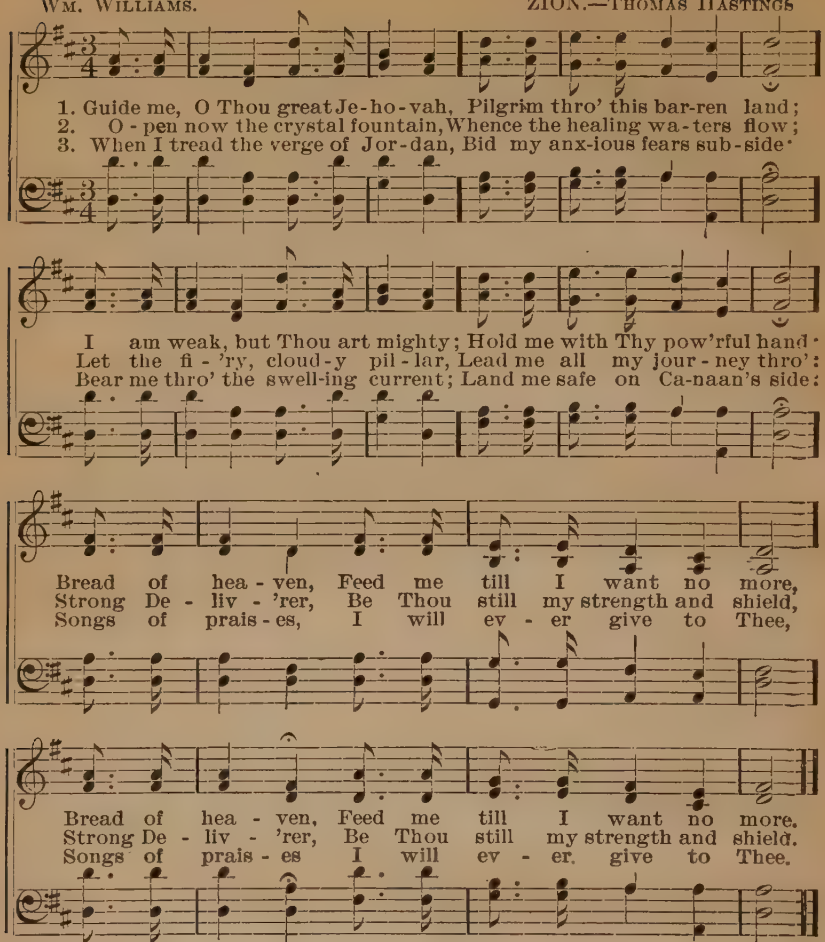
CHAS. WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In-to ev-'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y, to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:
Je-sus, Thou art all com-passion, Pure un-bounded love Thou art;
Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place.
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at li-ber-ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.

No. 30. How Firm a Foundation.

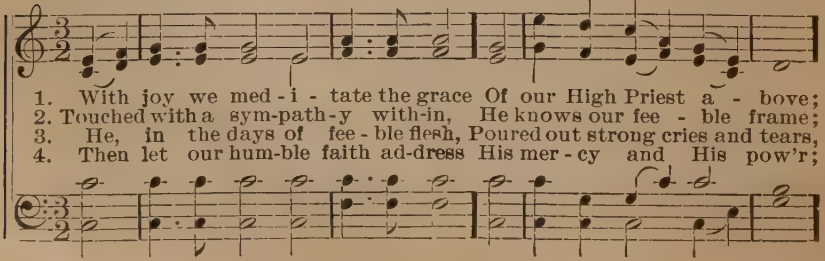
GEO. KEITH. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The
4. "When thro' fi-'ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My
5. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My
6. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I
laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can he
I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be
grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not
sov-'reign, e-ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y
will not, I will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all
say, than to you he hath said, To you who for ref-uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious om-
with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy
hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy
hairs shall their tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my
hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no
Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
ni-po-tent hand. Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand.
deep-est dis-tress. And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
gold to re-fine. Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
bo-som be borne. Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.
nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

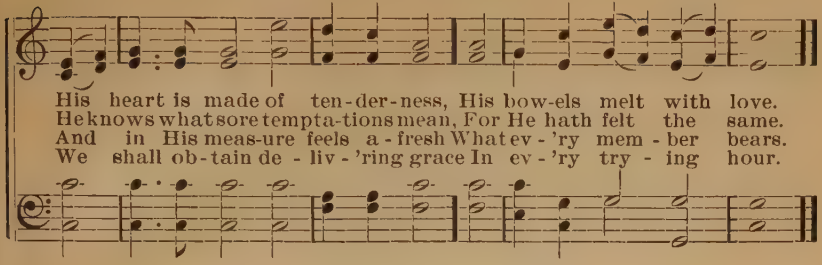
No. 31. Guide Me, Great Jehovah.

WM. WILLIAMS. ZION.—THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
2. O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side·
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand·
Let the fi - 'ry, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my jour-ney thro':
Bear me thro' the swell-ing current; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side:
Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee,
Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er. give to Thee.

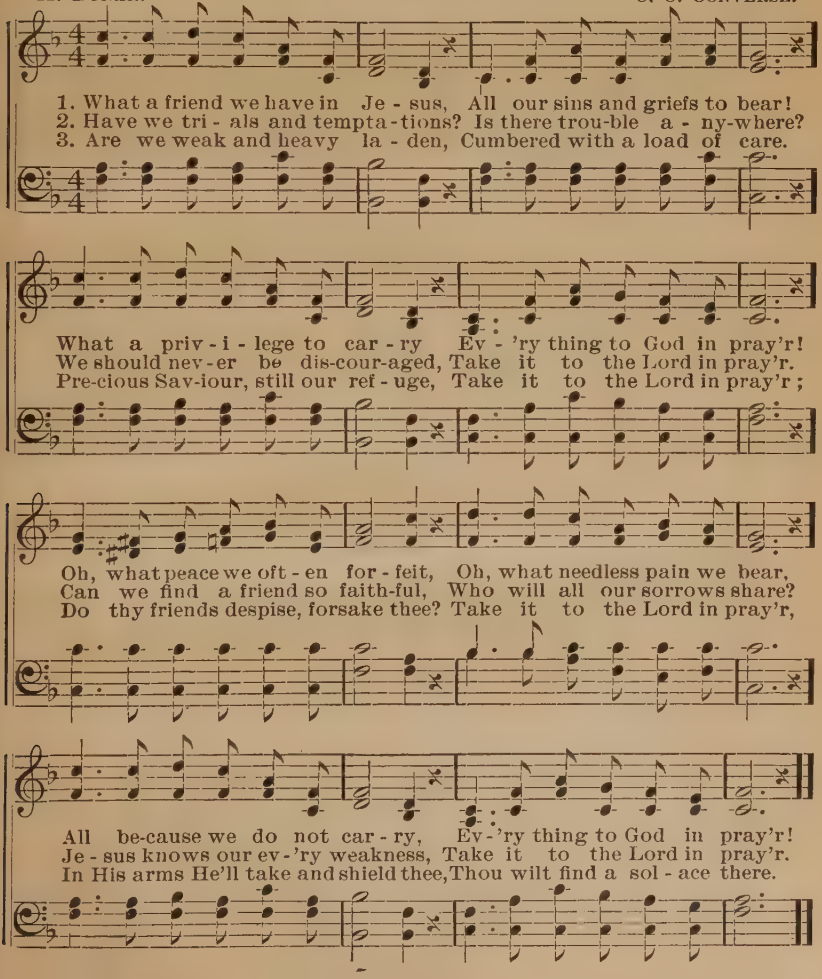
No. 32. With Joy We Meditate the Grace.

ISAAC WATTS. HEBER.—GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. With joy we med-i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;
2. Touched with a sym-path-y with-in, He knows our fee - ble frame;
3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Poured out strong cries and tears,
4. Then let our hum-ble faith ad-dress His mer-cy and His pow'r;

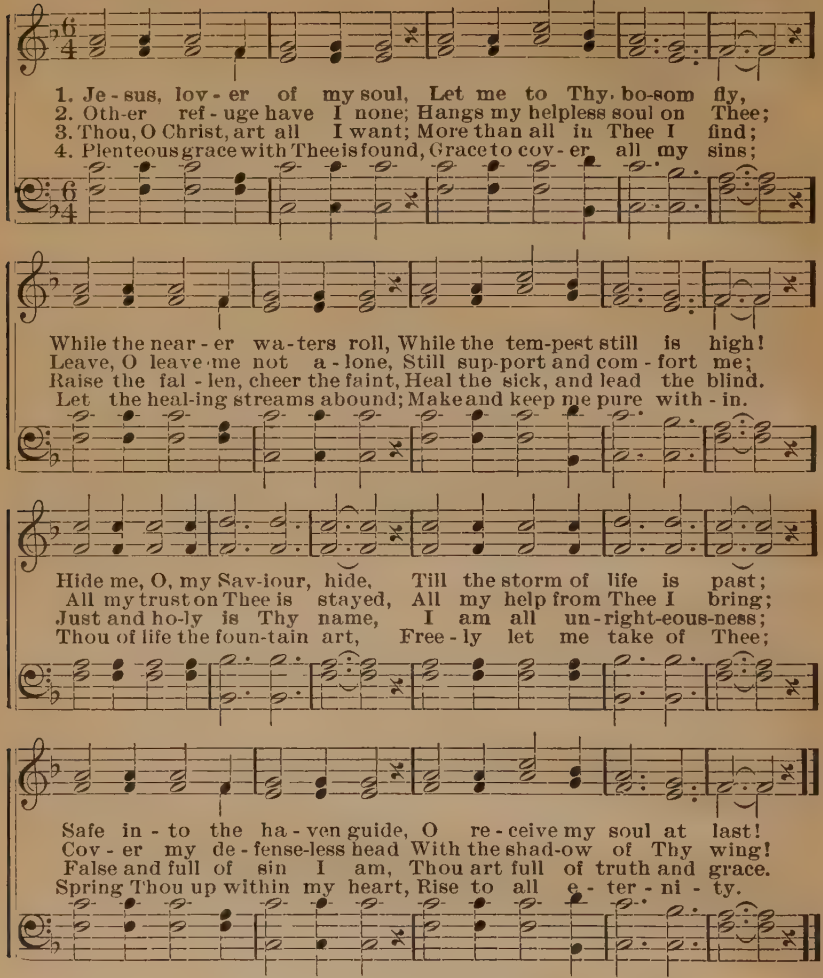

His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His bow-els melt with love.
He knows what sore tempta-tions mean, For He hath felt the same.
And in His meas-ure feels a-fresh What ev-'ry mem-ber bears.
We shall ob-tain de-liv-'ring grace In ev-'ry try-ing hour.

No. 33. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and tempta-tions? Is there trou-ble a-ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la-den, Cumbered with a load of care.
What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref-uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Oh, what peace we oft-en for-feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,
All be-cause we do not car-ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

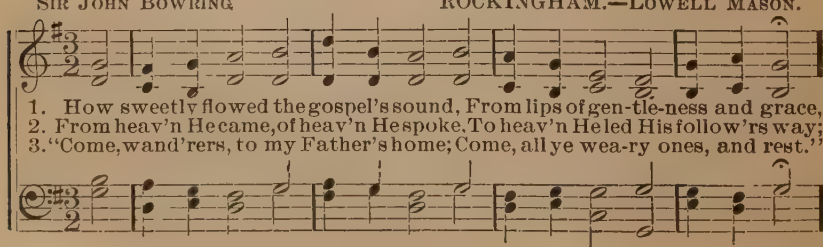
No. 34. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

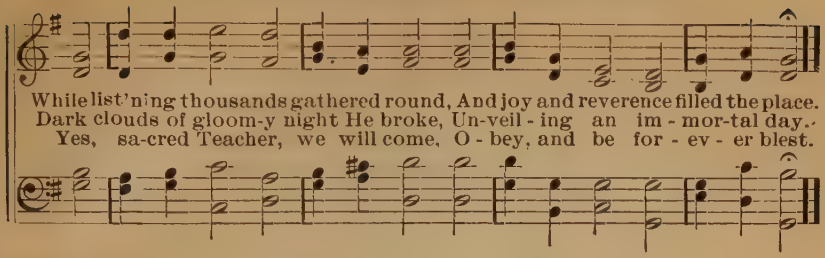
CHAS. WESLEY. MARTYN.—S. B. MARSH.


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth-er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sins;
While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me;
Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O, my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing!
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 35. The Divine Teacher.

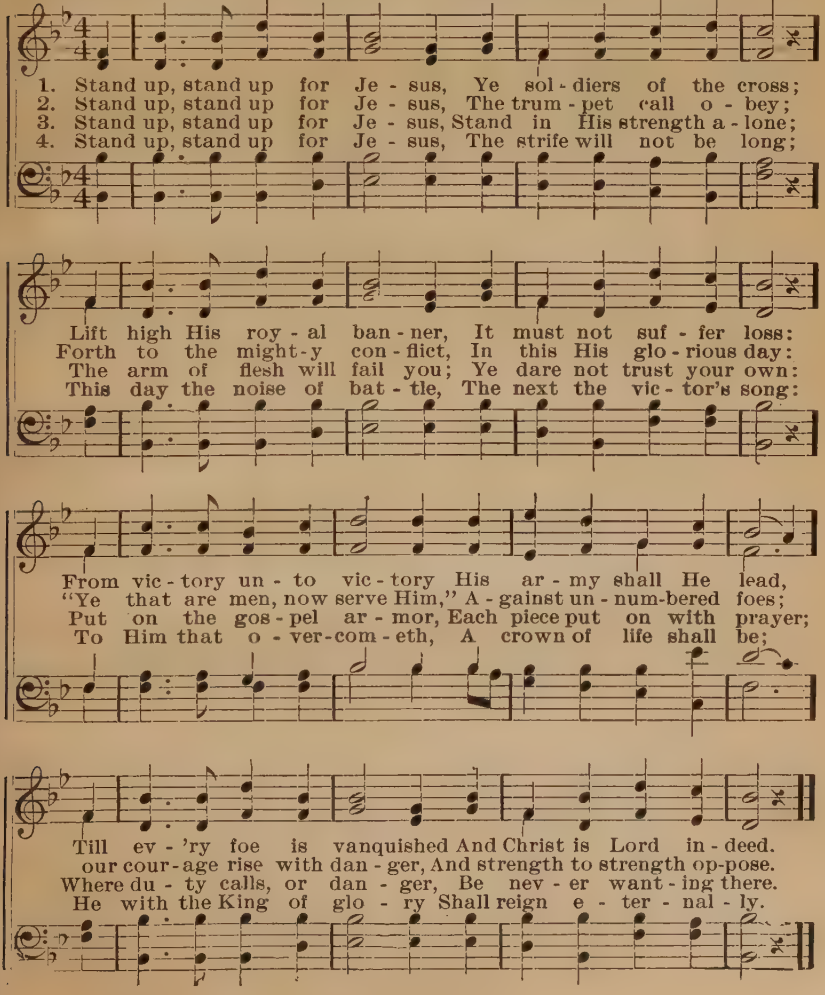
SIR JOHN BOWRING. ROCKINGHAM.—LOWELL MASON.


1. How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound, From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace,
2. From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke, To heav'n He led His follow'rs way;
3. "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home; Come, all ye wea-ry ones, and rest."


While list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence filled the place.
Dark clouds of gloom-y night He broke, Un-veil-ing an im-mor-tal day.
Yes, sa-cred Teacher, we will come, O-bey, and be for-ev-er blest.

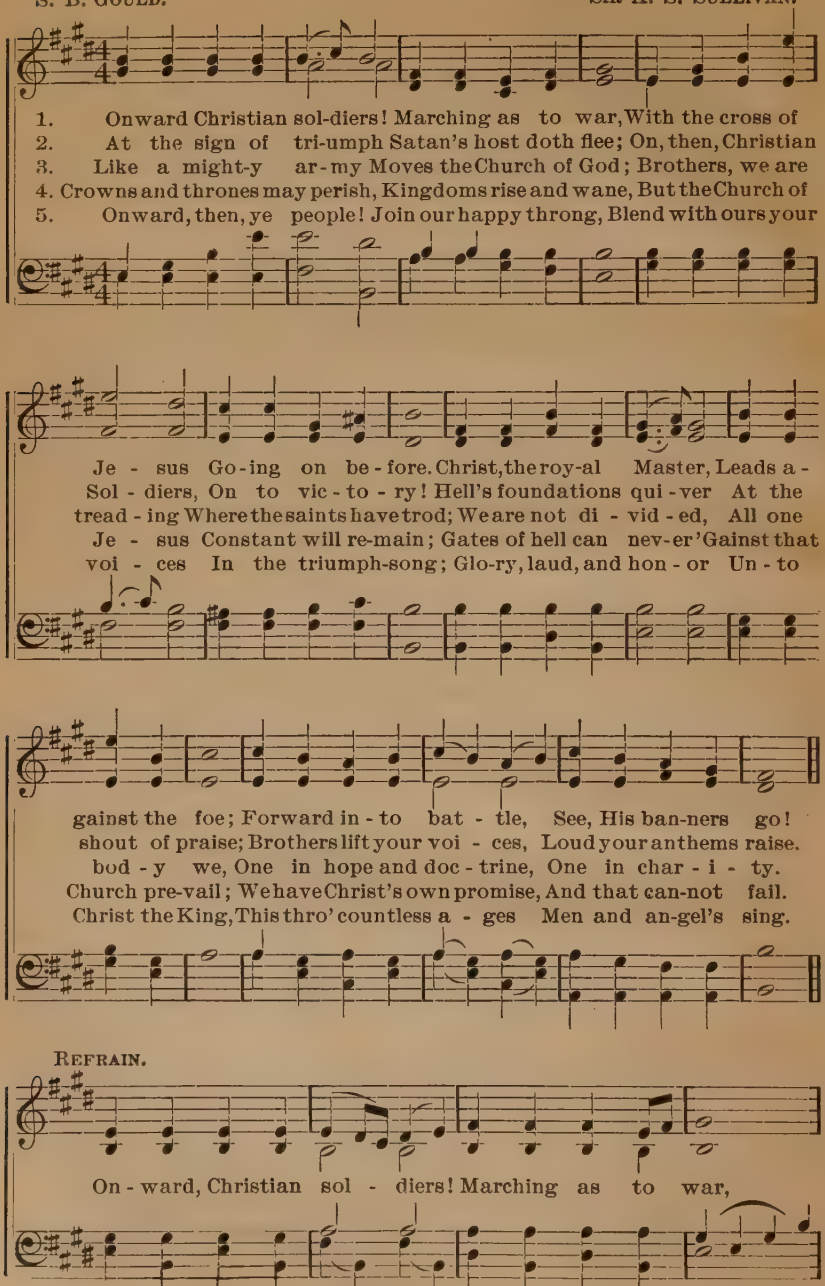
No. 36. Stand Up for Jesus.

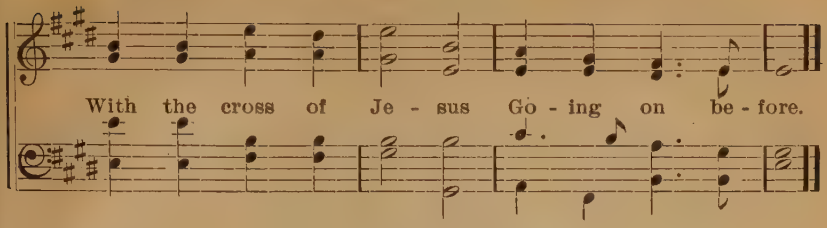
GEO. DUFFIELD JR. WEBB.—GEORGE JAMES WEBB.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trum-pet call o-bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Stand in His strength a-lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con-flict, In this His glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat-tle, The next the vic-tor's song:
From vic-tory un-to vic-tory His ar-my shall He lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him," A-gainst un-num-bered foes;
Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To Him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
our cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

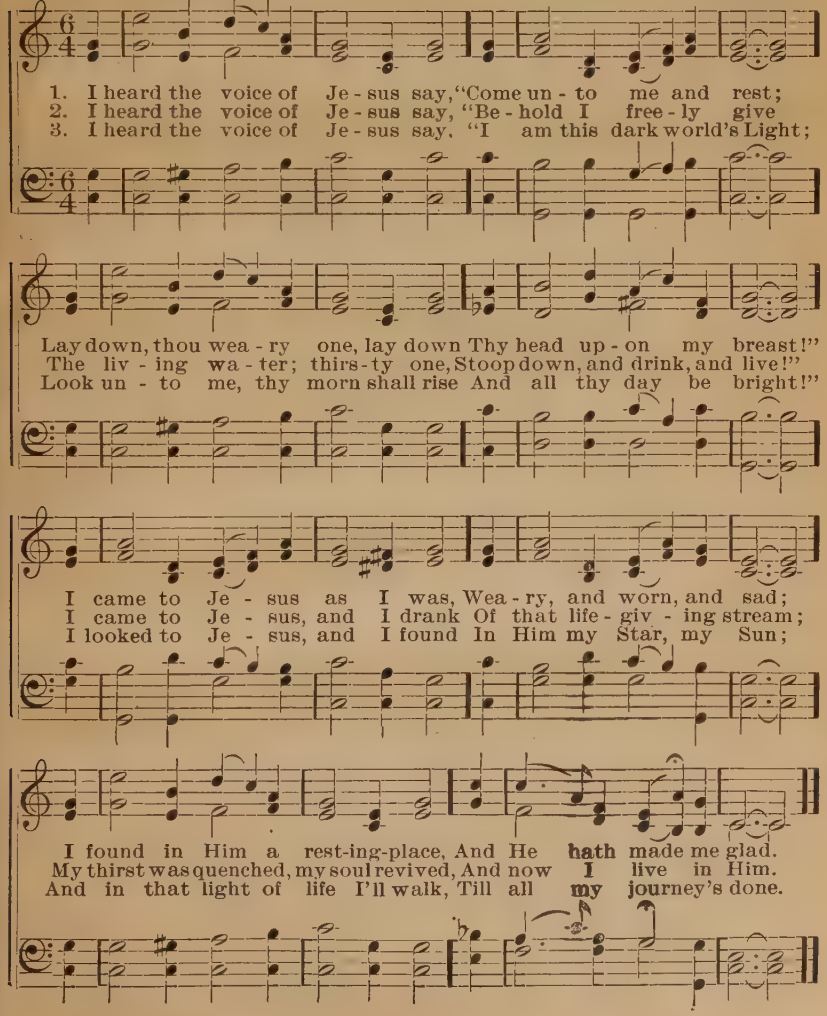
No. 37. Onward Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. Sir A. S. Sullivan.


1. Onward Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
5. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Master, Leads a-
Sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations qui-ver At the
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
Je - sus Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that
voi - ces In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to
gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
shout of praise; Brothers lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gel's sing.
Refrain.
On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

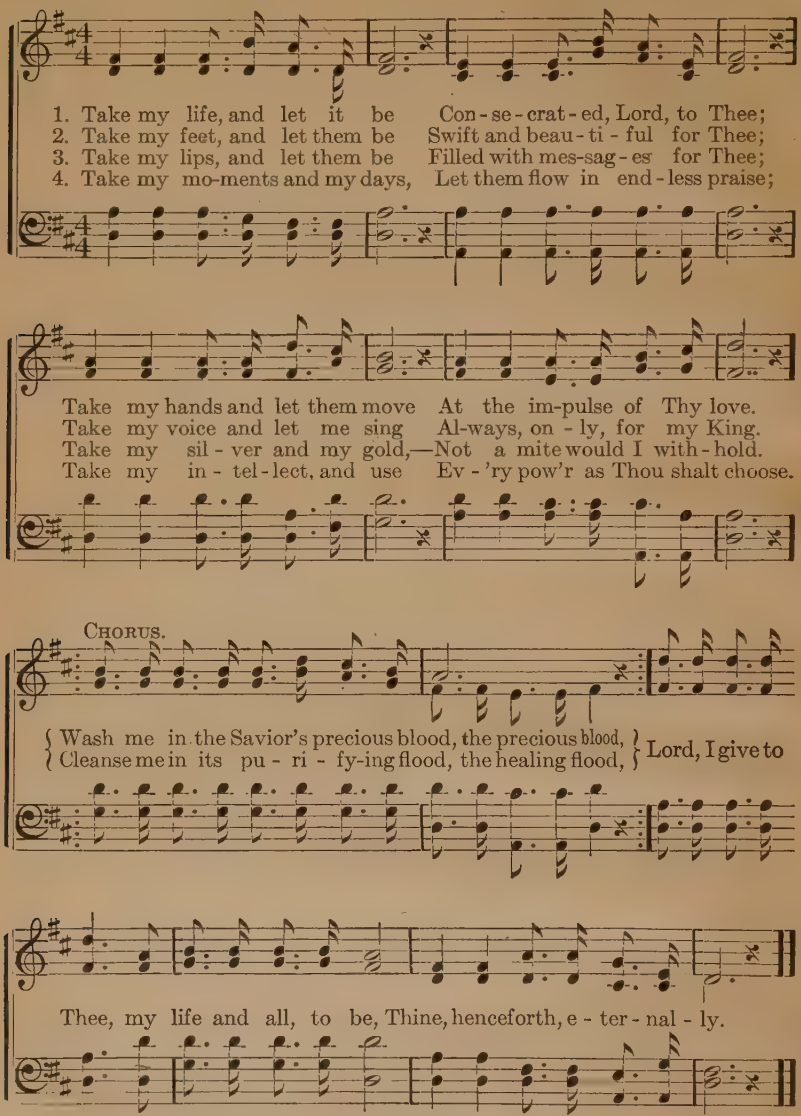


No. 38. The Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright!"
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He hath made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

No. 39. Entire Consecration.

Chorus by W. J. K.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag-es for Thee;
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;
Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my sil-ver and my gold,—Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
CHORUS.
{ Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, the precious blood, }
{ Cleanse me in its pu-ri-fy-ing flood, the healing flood, } Lord, I give to
Thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own,—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

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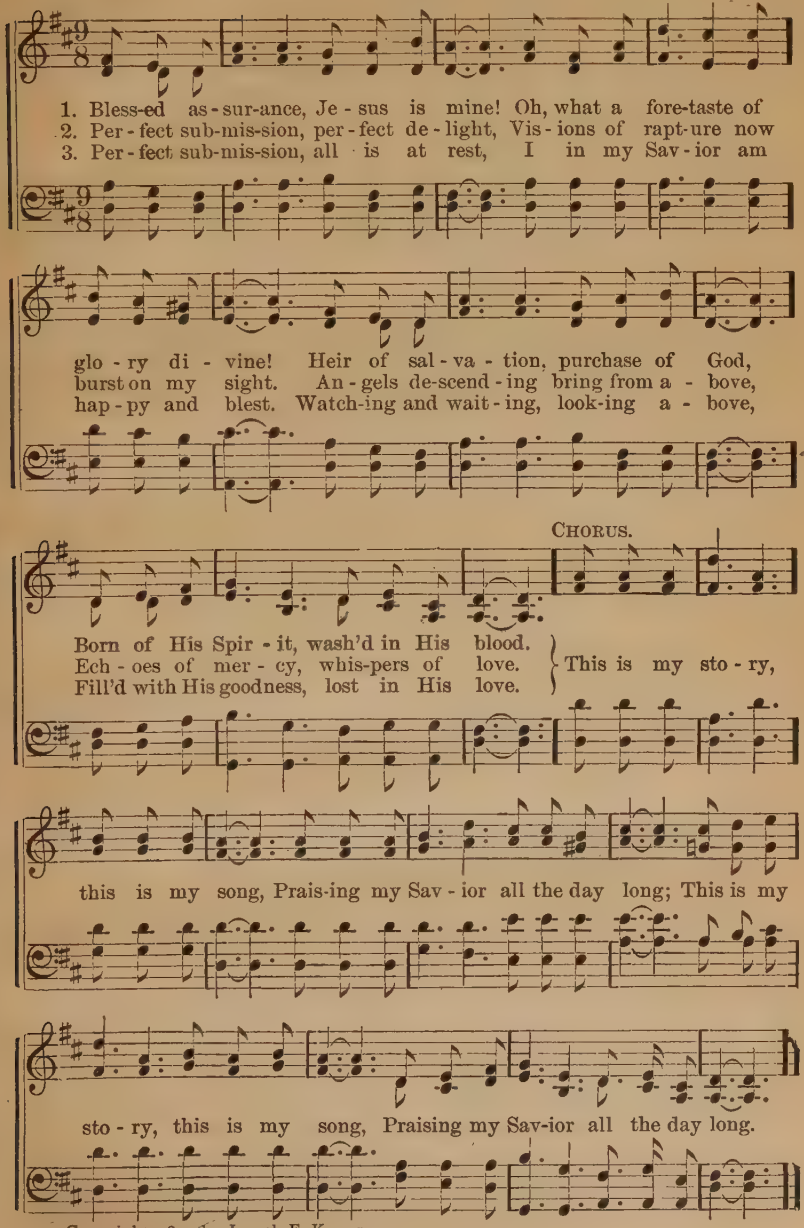
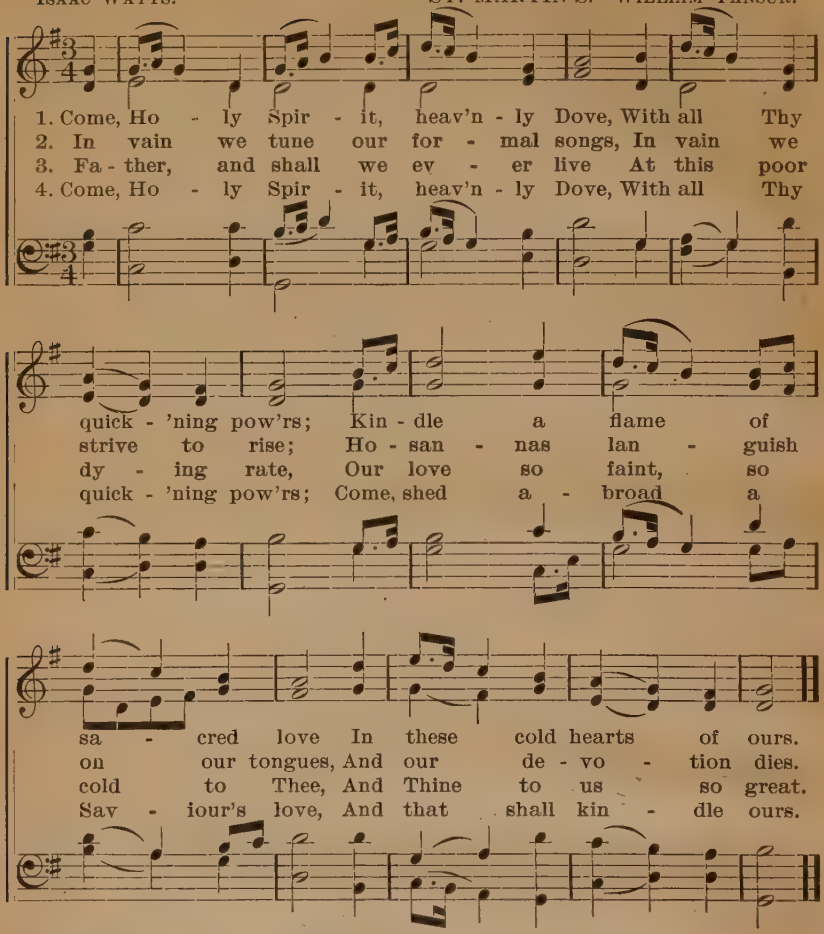
No. 40. Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God,
burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,
CHORUS.
Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.
This is my sto-ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my
sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

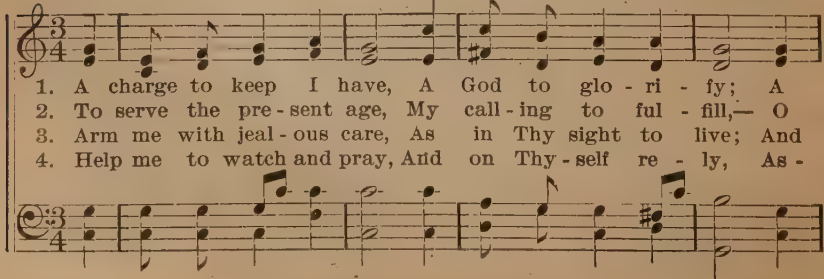
Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

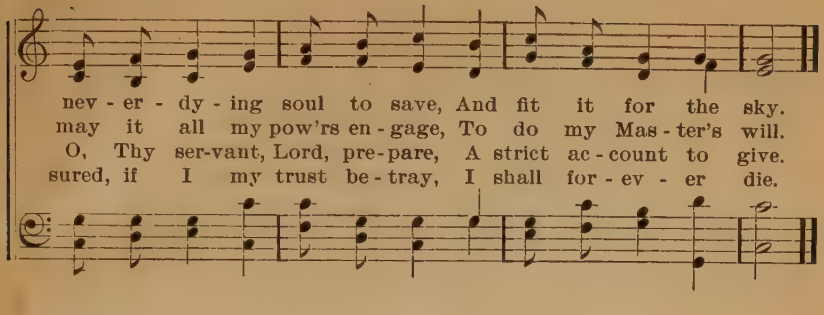
No. 41. Come, Holy Spirit.

ISAAC WATTS. ST. MARTIN'S.—WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy
2. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we
3. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy
quick - 'ning pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of
strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish
dy - ing rate, Our love so faint, so
quick - 'ning pow'rs; Come, shed a - broad a
sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 42. A Charge to Keep I Have.

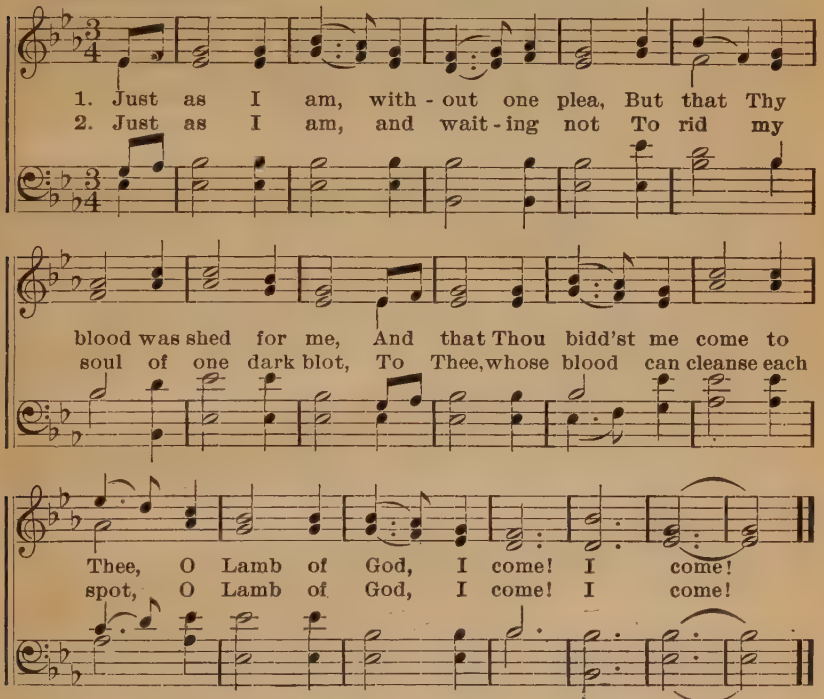
CHAS. WESLEY. BOYLSTON.—LOWELL MASON.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A
2. To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,— O
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live; And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly, As -


nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
O, Thy ser-vant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac - count to give.
sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 43. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WOODWORTH.—W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my
blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to
soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5.

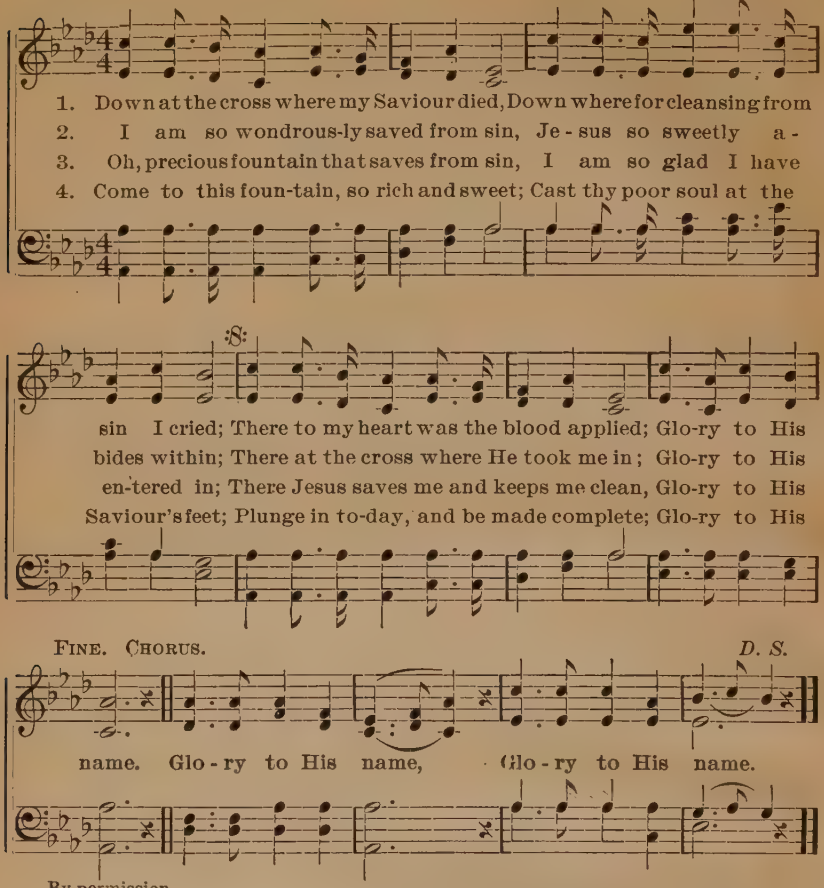
Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
With welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 44. Glory to His Name.

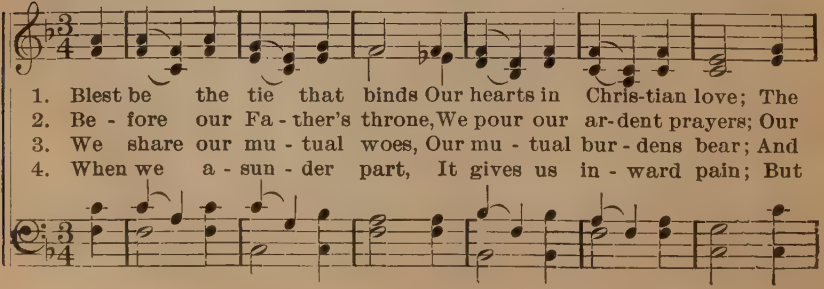
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

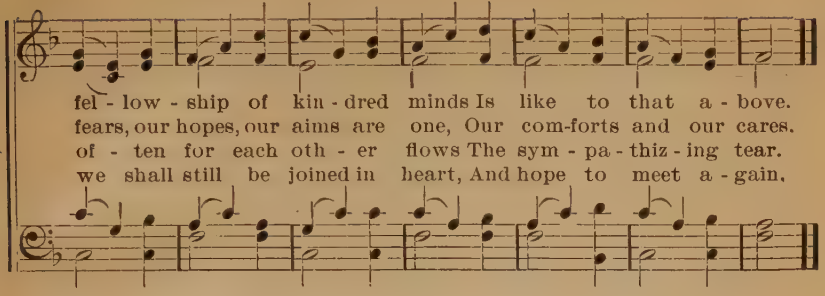

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His
bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.

By permission.

No. 45. Blest be the Tie.

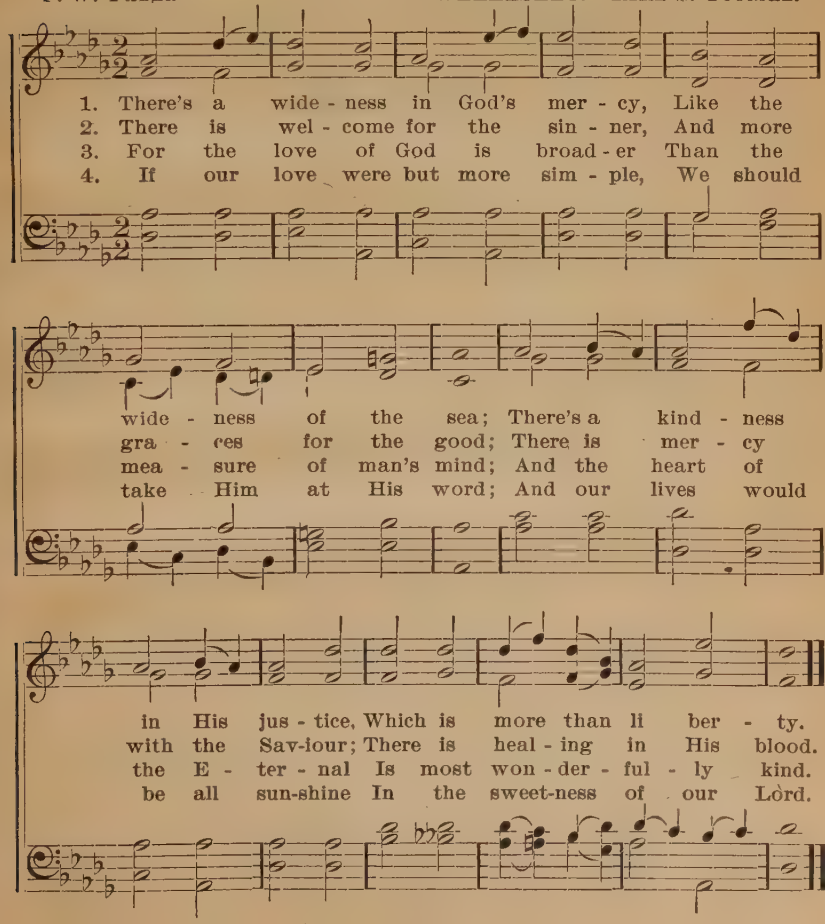
JNO. FAWCETT. DENNIS.—HANS GEORGE NAEGELL.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But


fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

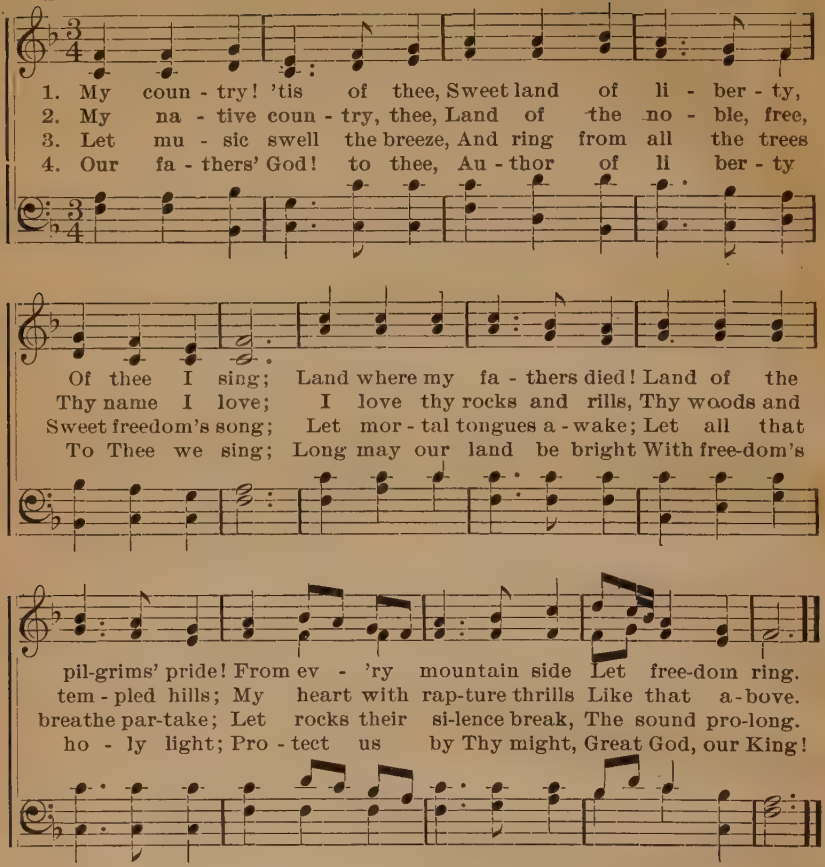
No. 46. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER — WELLESLEY.—LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.


1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should
wide - ness of the sea; There's a kind - ness
gra - ces for the good; There is mer - cy
mea - sure of man's mind; And the heart of
take Him at His word; And our lives would
in His jus - tice, Which is more than li ber - ty.
with the Sav-iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

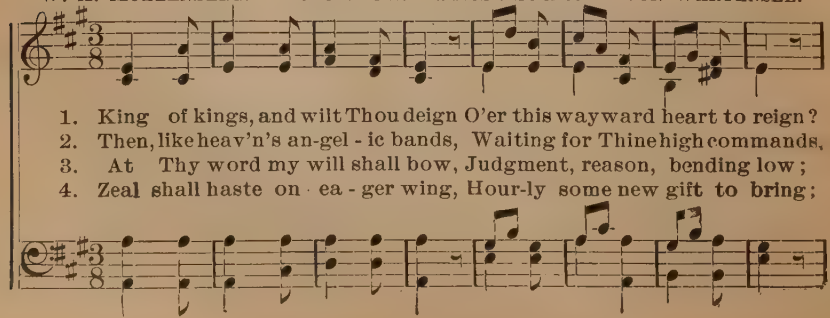
No. 47. America.

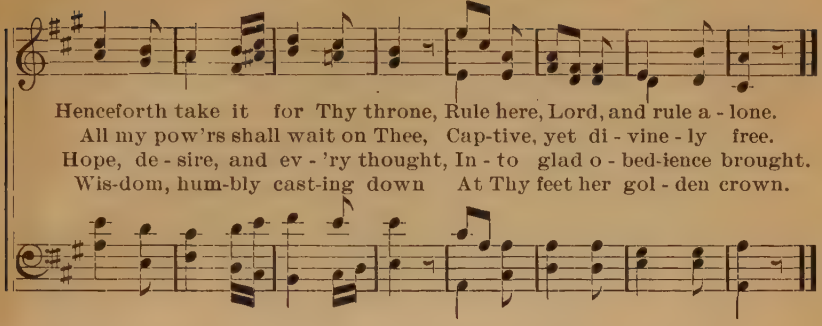
SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of li ber - ty
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil-grims' pride! From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

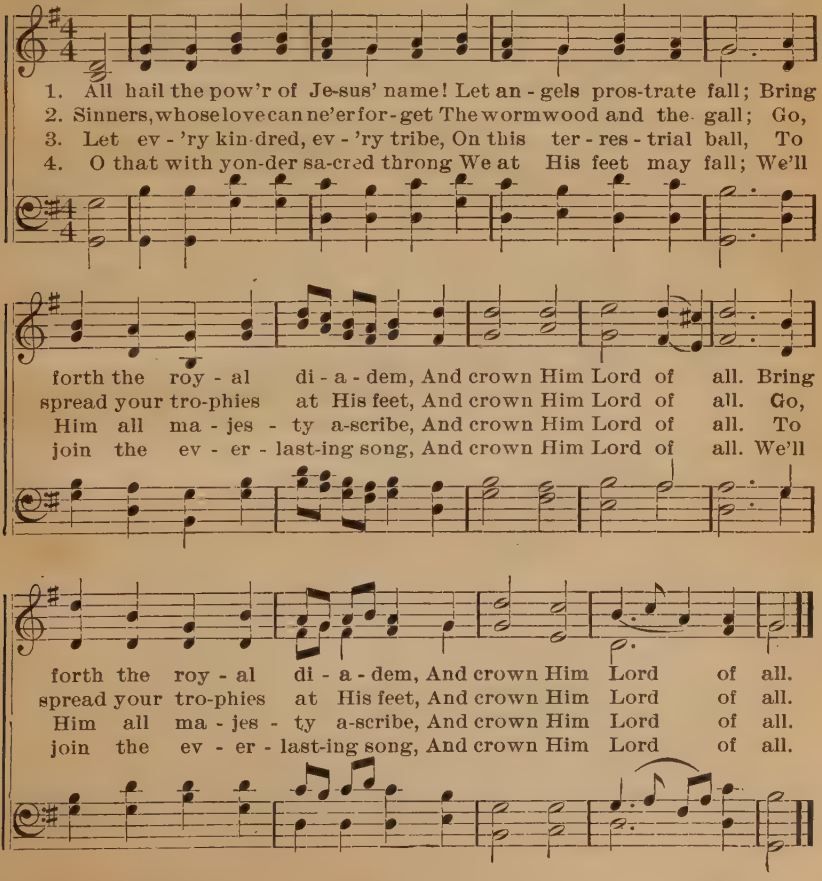
No. 48. Loyalty to Christ.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. HORTON.—XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.


1. King of kings, and wilt Thou deign O'er this way-ward heart to reign?
2. Then, like heav'n's an-gel - ic bands, Waiting for Thine high commands,
3. At Thy word my will shall bow, Judgment, reason, bending low;
4. Zeal shall haste on ea - ger wing, Hour-ly some new gift to bring;

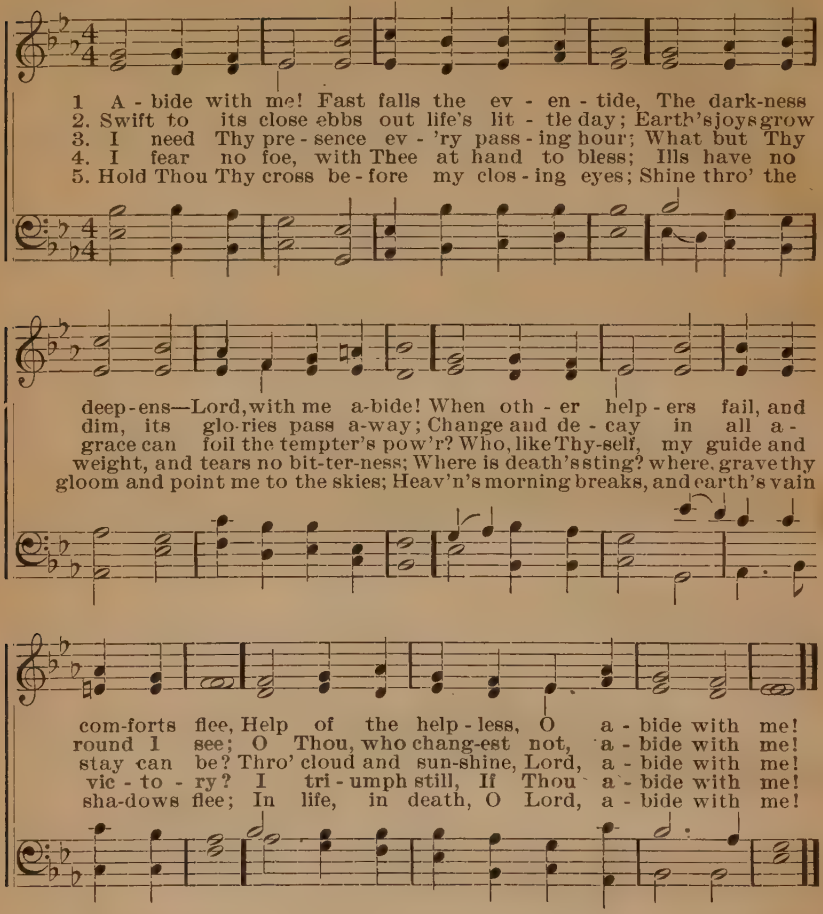

Henceforth take it for Thy throne, Rule here, Lord, and rule a - lone.
All my pow'rs shall wait on Thee, Cap-tive, yet di - vine - ly free.
Hope, de - sire, and ev - 'ry thought, In - to glad o - bed-ience brought.
Wis-dom, hum-bly cast-ing down At Thy feet her gol - den crown.

No. 49. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET, ALT. CORONATION.—OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring
2. Sinners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall; Go,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. Bring
spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all. Go,
Him all ma - jes - ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all. To
join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. We'll
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him all ma - jes - ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

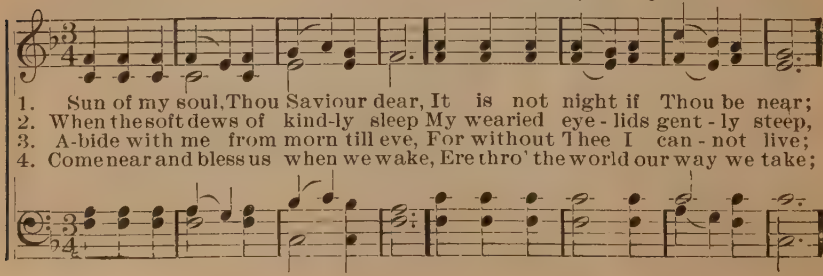
No. 50. Abide With Me.

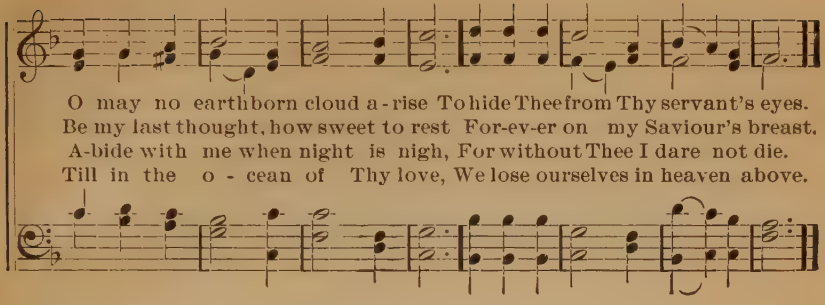
HENRY F. LYTE. EVENTIDE.—WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1 A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pre - sence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens—Lord, with me a-bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my guide and
weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death's sting? where, grave thy
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain
com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, If Thou a - bide with me!
sha-dows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 51. Sun of My Soul.

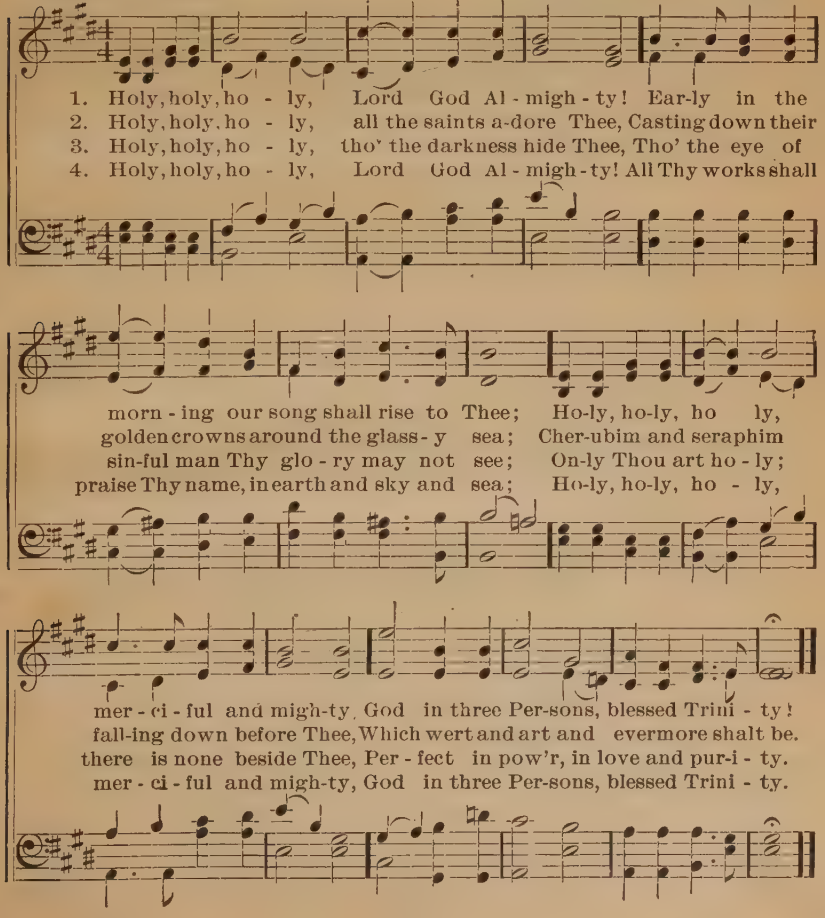
JNO. KEBLE. HURSLEY.—P. RITTER, arr. by W. H. MONK.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;


O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

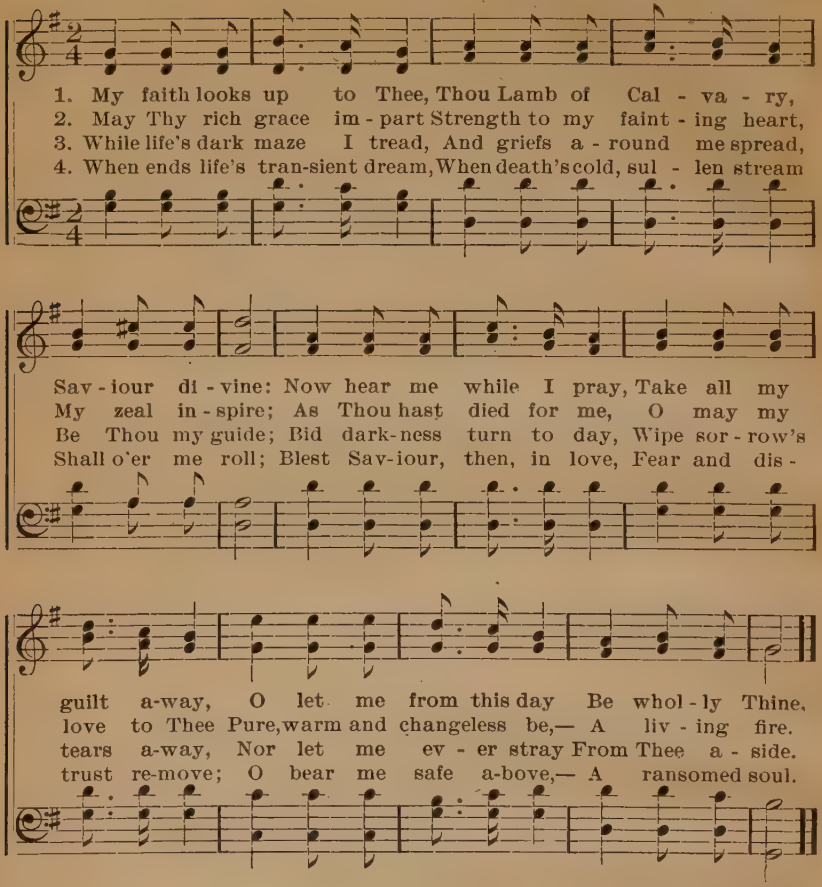
No. 52. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. NICÆA.—JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Holy, holy, ho - ly, Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear-ly in the
2. Holy, holy, ho - ly, all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Holy, holy, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Holy, holy, ho - ly, Lord God Al - migh - ty! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho ly,
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher-ubim and seraphim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and migh-ty, God in three Per-sons, blessed Trini - ty!
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur-i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and migh-ty, God in three Per-sons, blessed Trini - ty.

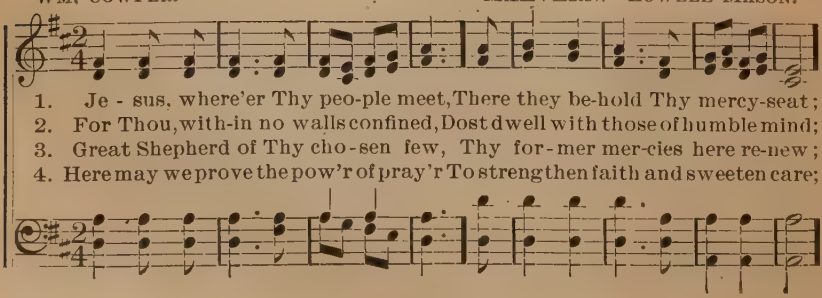
No. 53. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

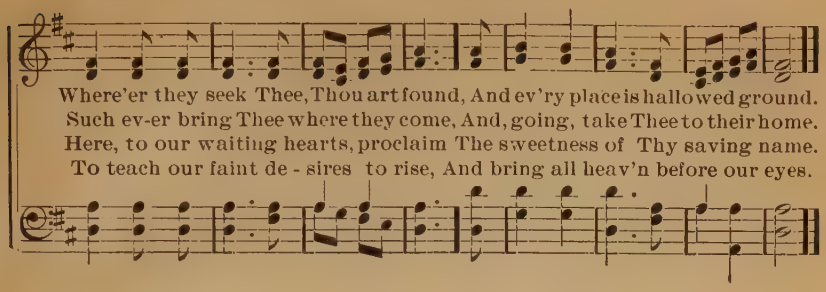
RAY PALMER. NEW HAVEN.—THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be,— A liv - ing fire.
tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove,— A ransomed soul.

No. 54. Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet.

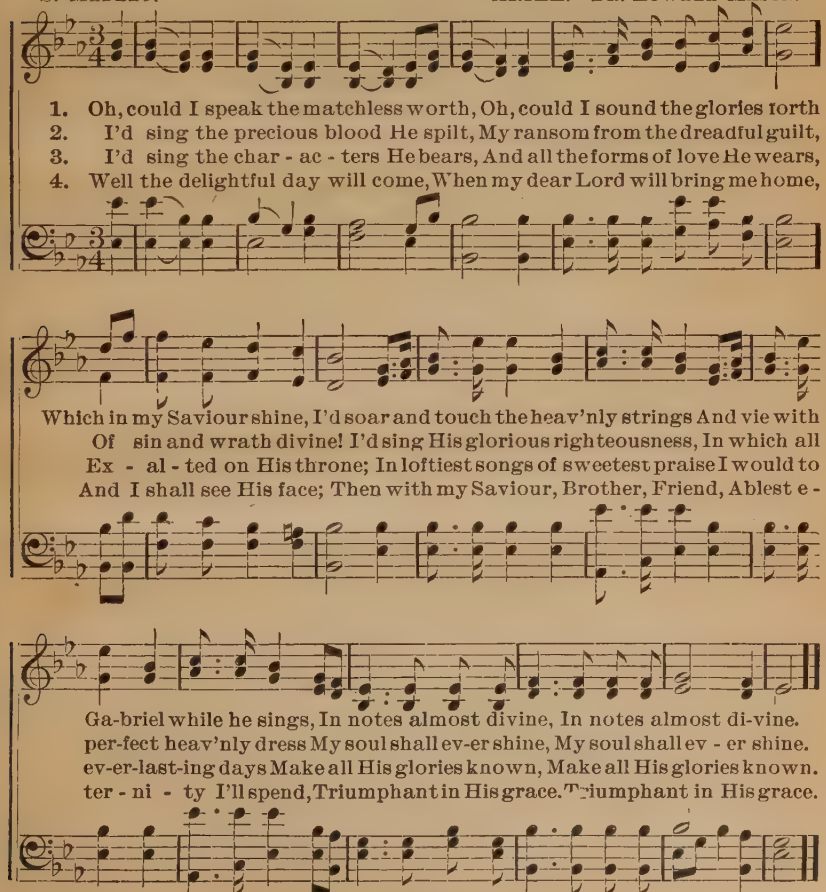
WM. COWPER. MALVERN.—LOWELL MASON.


1. Je - sus, where'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mercy-seat;
2. For Thou, with-in no walls confined, Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
3. Great Shepherd of Thy cho-sen few, Thy for-mer mer-cies here re-new;
4. Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r To strengthen faith and sweeten care;

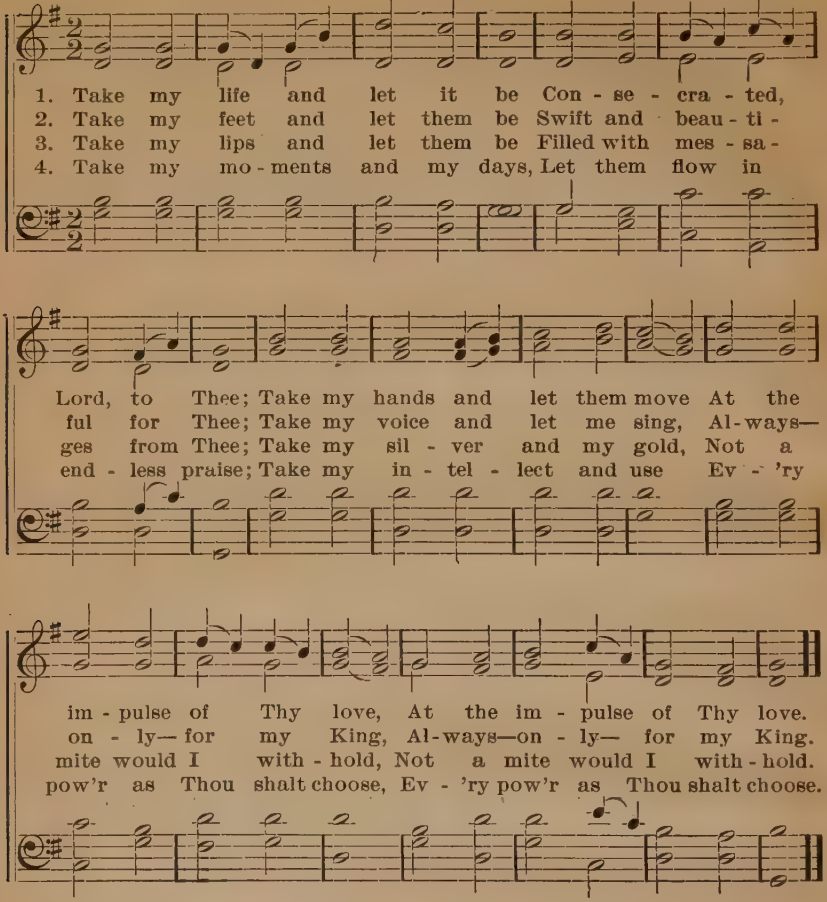

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev'ry place is hallowed ground.
Such ev-er bring Thee where they come, And, going, take Thee to their home.
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim The sweetness of Thy saving name.
To teach our faint de - sires to rise, And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

No. 55. Oh, Could I Speak.

S. MEDLEY. ARIEL.—DR. LOWELL MASON.

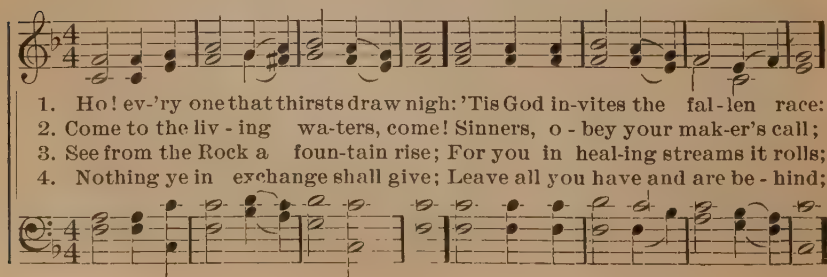

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well the delightful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,
Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings And vie with
Of sin and wrath divine! I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all
Ex - al - ted on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, Ablest e -
Ga-briel while he sings, In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine.
per-fect heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ev-er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace. Triumphant in His grace.

No. 56. Take My Life and Let it Be.

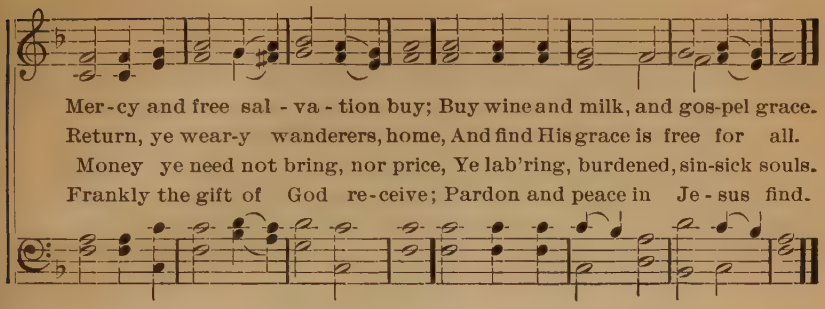
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sa -
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the
ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing, Al-ways—
ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a
end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry
im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
on - ly— for my King, Al-ways—on - ly— for my King.
mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

No. 57. Ho! Thirsty One.

JOHN WESLEY. HAMBURG.—Arr from a Gregorian Chant, by L. MASON.

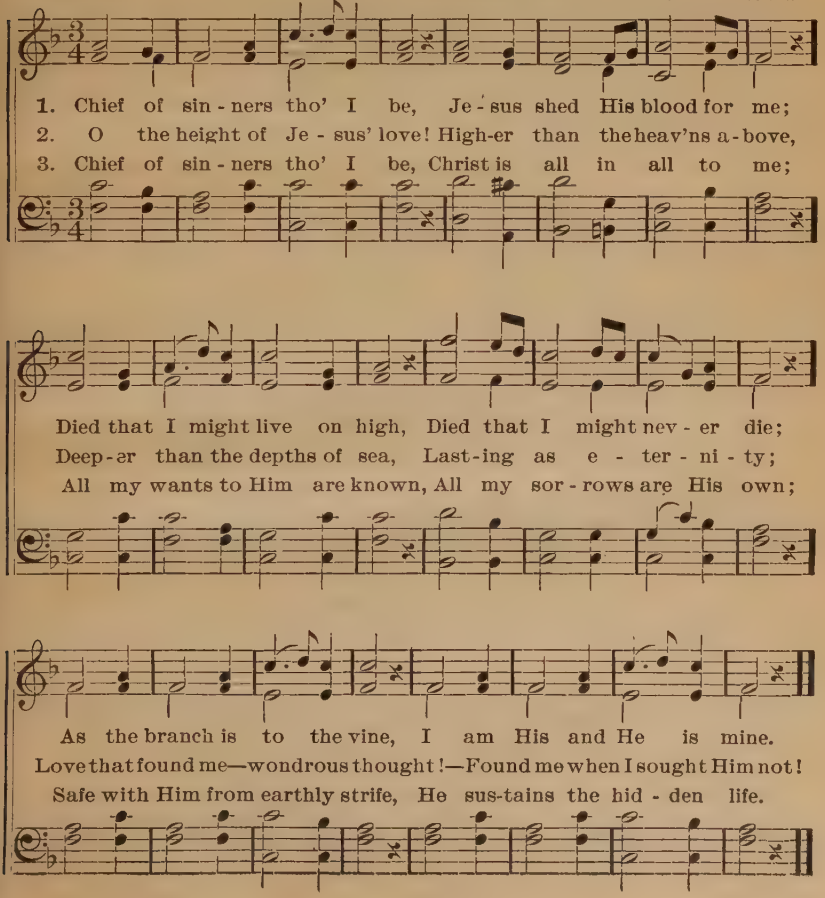

1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsts draw nigh: 'Tis God in-vites the fal-len race:
2. Come to the liv - ing wa-ters, come! Sinners, o - bey your mak-er's call;
3. See from the Rock a foun-tain rise; For you in heal-ing streams it rolls;
4. Nothing ye in exchange shall give; Leave all you have and are be - hind;

Ho! Thirsty One. Concluded.


Mer-cy and free sal-va-tion buy; Buy wine and milk, and gos-pel grace.
Return, ye wear-y wanderers, home, And find His grace is free for all.
Money ye need not bring, nor price, Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
Frankly the gift of God re-ceive; Pardon and peace in Je-sus find.

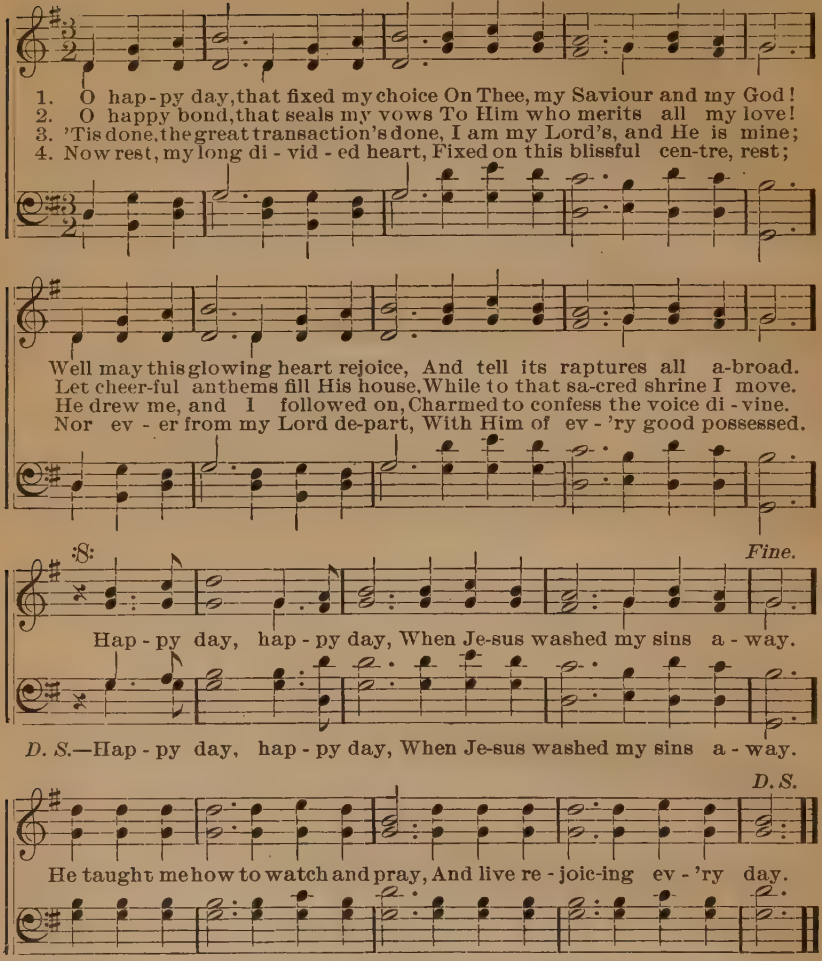
No. 58. Chief of Sinners.

McComb. REPOSE.—Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.


1. Chief of sin-ners tho' I be, Je-sus shed His blood for me;
2. O the height of Je-sus' love! High-er than the heav'ns a-bove,
3. Chief of sin-ners tho' I be, Christ is all in all to me;
Died that I might live on high, Died that I might nev-er die;
Deep-er than the depths of sea, Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty;
All my wants to Him are known, All my sor-rows are His own;
As the branch is to the vine, I am His and He is mine.
Love that found me—wondrous thought!—Found me when I sought Him not!
Safe with Him from earthly strife, He sus-tains the hid-den life.

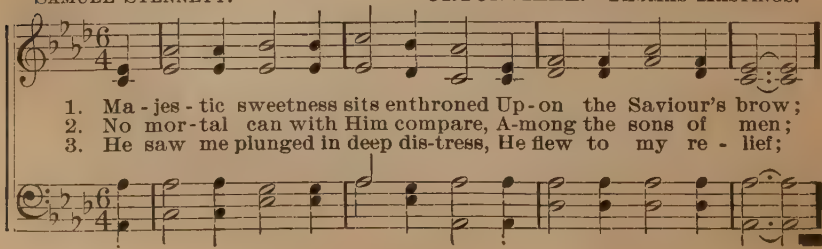
No. 59. O Happy Day.

HAPPY DAY.—PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

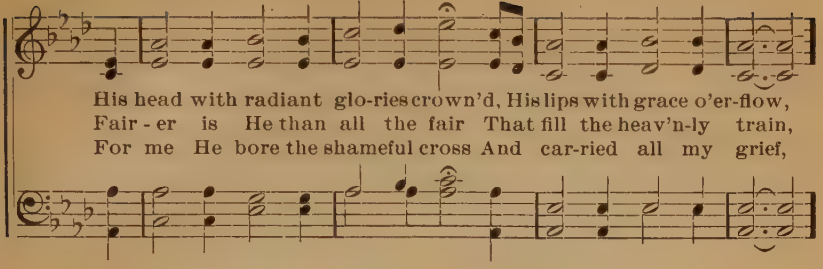

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this blissful cen-tre, rest;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
Nor ev-er from my Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed.
:S:
Fine.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
D. S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

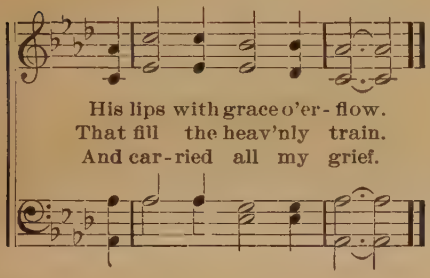
No. 60. Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. ORTONVILLE.—THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow;
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re-lief;

Majestic Sweetness. Concluded.


His head with radiant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow,
Fair - er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train,
For me He bore the shameful cross And car-ried all my grief,

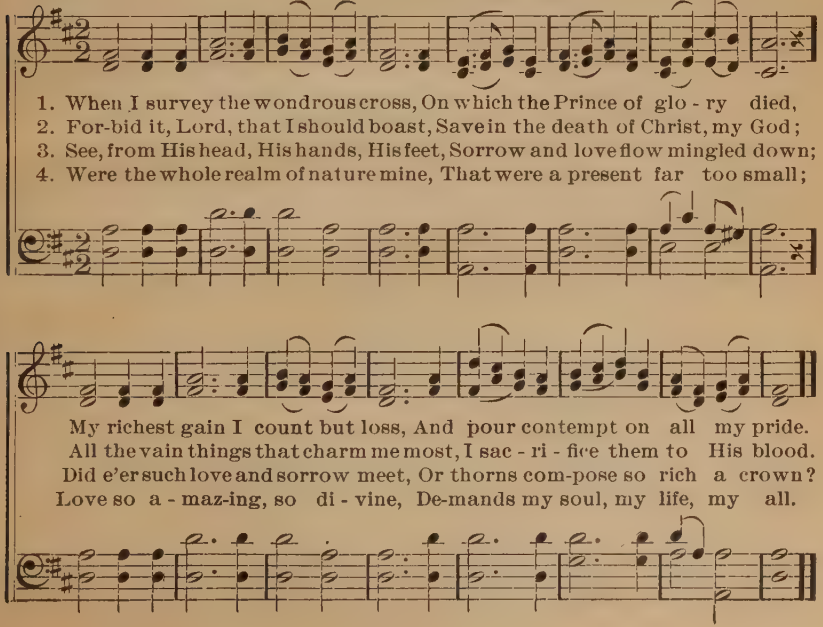


4. To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

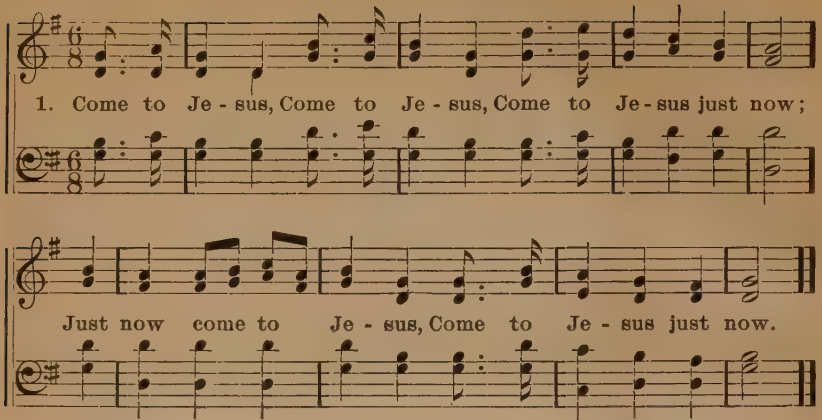
5. Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 61. When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. EUCHARIST.—ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.


1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 62. Come to Jesus.

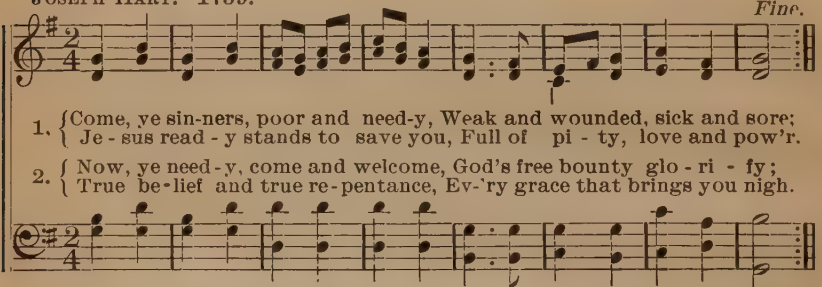


2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe Him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust Him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject Him.
15. I believe Him.
16. He will bless you.
17. He will cleanse you.
18. He will clothe you.
19. Hallelujah, Amen.

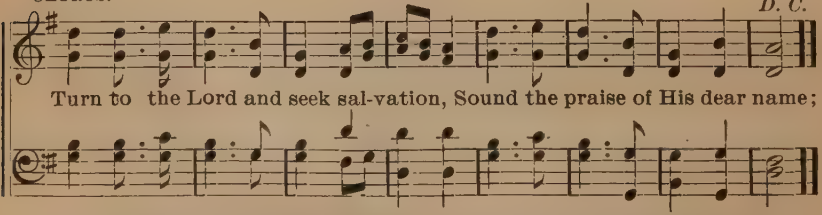
No. 63. Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HART. 1759. ANON. 1830.

Fine.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r.
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be-lief and true re-pentance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
D. C. Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

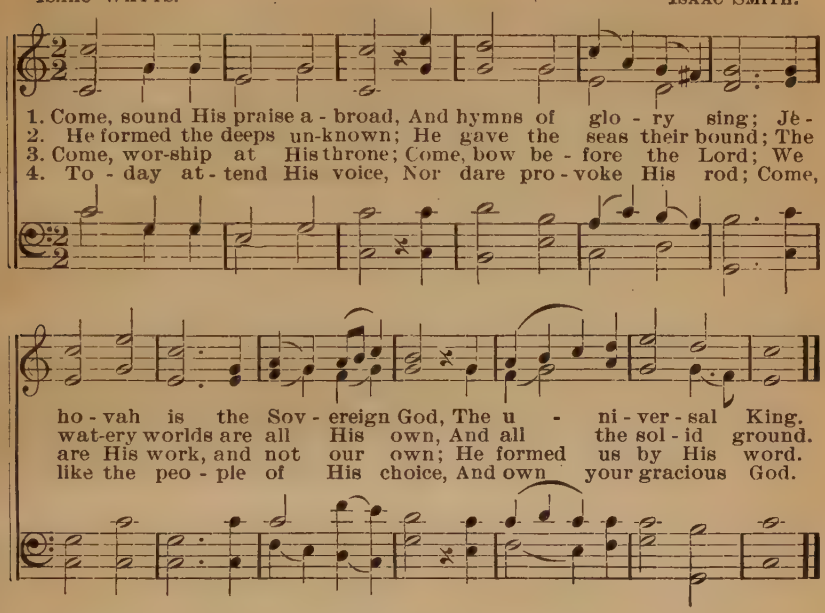


3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

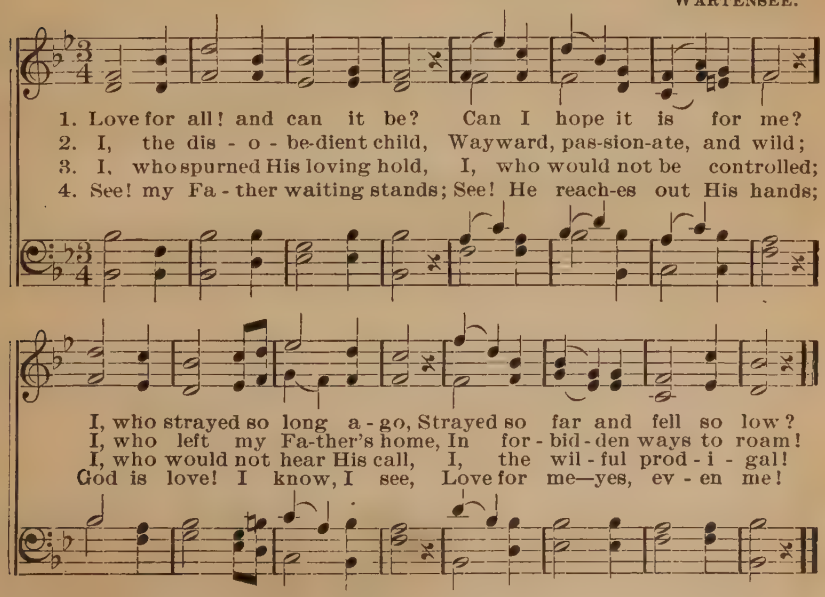
No. 64. Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.

ISAAC WATTS. ISAAC SMITH.


1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -
2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, wor-ship at His throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,
ho - vah is the Sov - ereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
wat-ery worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
are His work, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gracious God.

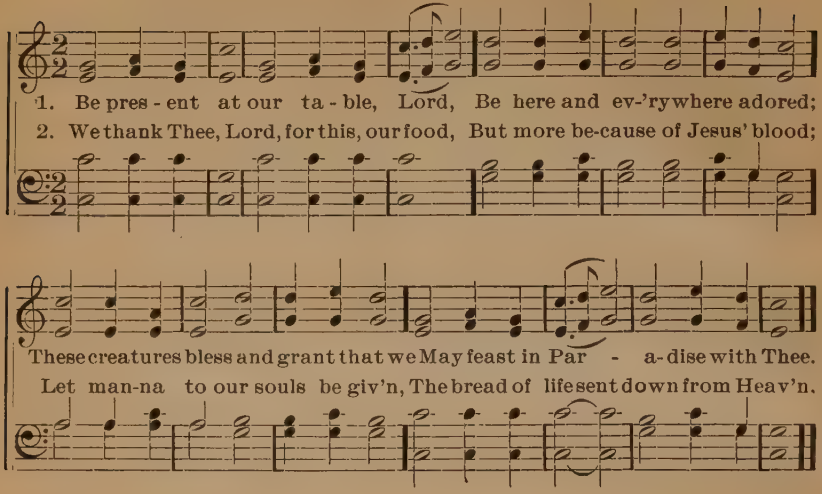
No. 65. Love For All.

WARTENSEE.


1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?
2. I, the dis - o - be-dient child, Wayward, pas-sion-ate, and wild;
3. I, who spurned His loving hold, I, who would not be controlled;
4. See! my Fa - ther waiting stands; See! He reach-es out His hands;
I, who strayed so long a - go, Strayed so far and fell so low?
I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for - bid - den ways to roam!
I, who would not hear His call, I, the wil - ful prod - i - gal!
God is love! I know, I see, Love for me—yes, ev - en me!

No. 66. Thanks and Return Thanks.

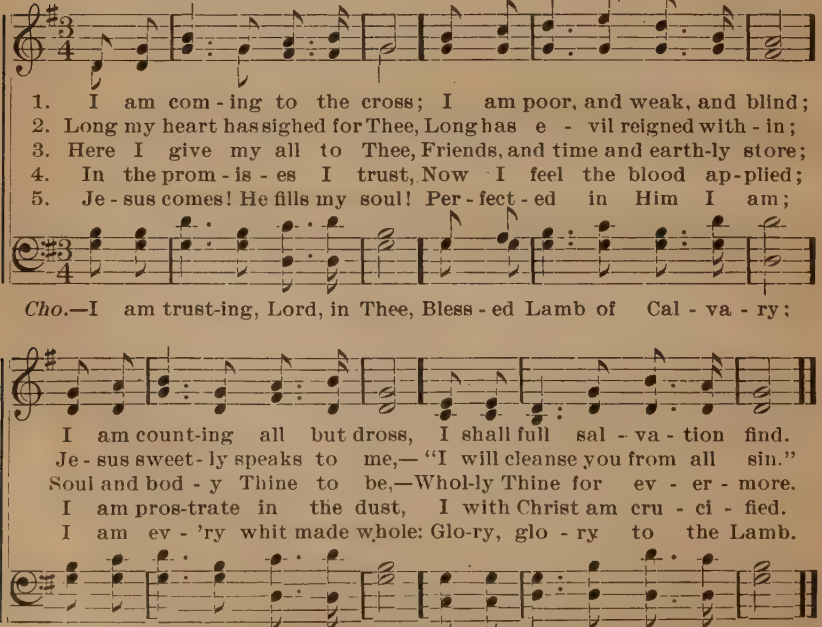
First Verse—Before meals. Second Verse—After meals.


1. Be pres - ent at our ta - ble, Lord, Be here and ev-'ry-where adored;
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for this, our food, But more be-cause of Jesus' blood;
These creatures bless and grant that we May feast in Par - a-dise with Thee.
Let man-na to our souls be giv'n, The bread of life sent down from Heav'n.

No. 67. I am Coming to the Cross.

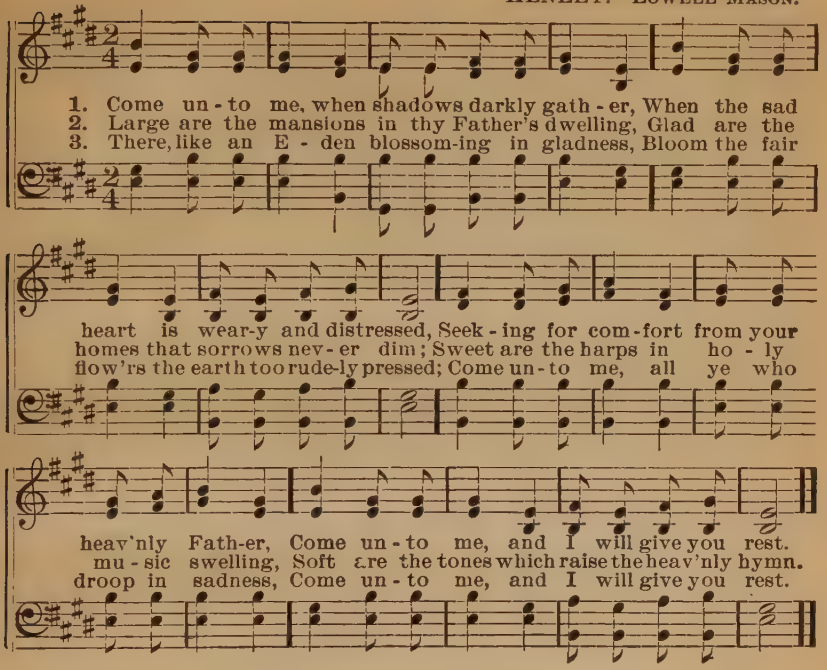
"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37.

REV. WILLIAM MCDONALD. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;
Cho.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,—Whol-ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

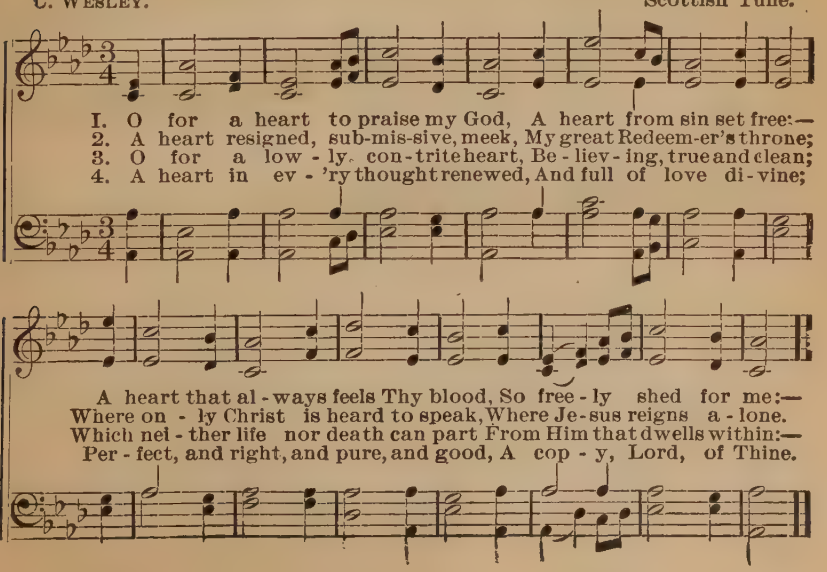
No. 68. Come Unto Me.

HENLEY.—LOWELL MASON.


1. Come un - to me, when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the
3. There, like an E - den blossom-ing in gladness, Bloom the fair
heart is wear-y and distressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your
homes that sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly
flow'rs the earth too rude-ly pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who
heav'nly Fath-er, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
mu - sic swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
droop in sadness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

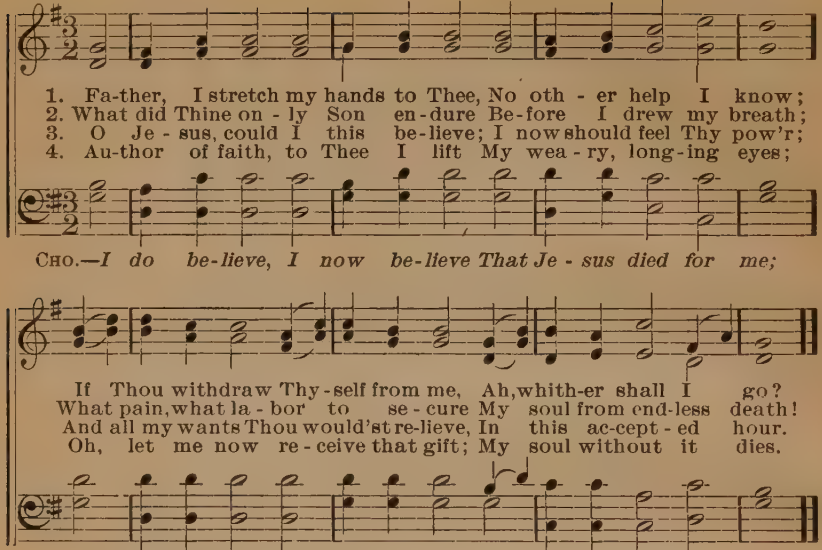
No. 69. O for a Heart.

C. WESLEY. Scottish Tune.


1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free:—
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Redeem-er's throne;
3. O for a low - ly con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean;
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine;
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me:—
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells within:—
Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

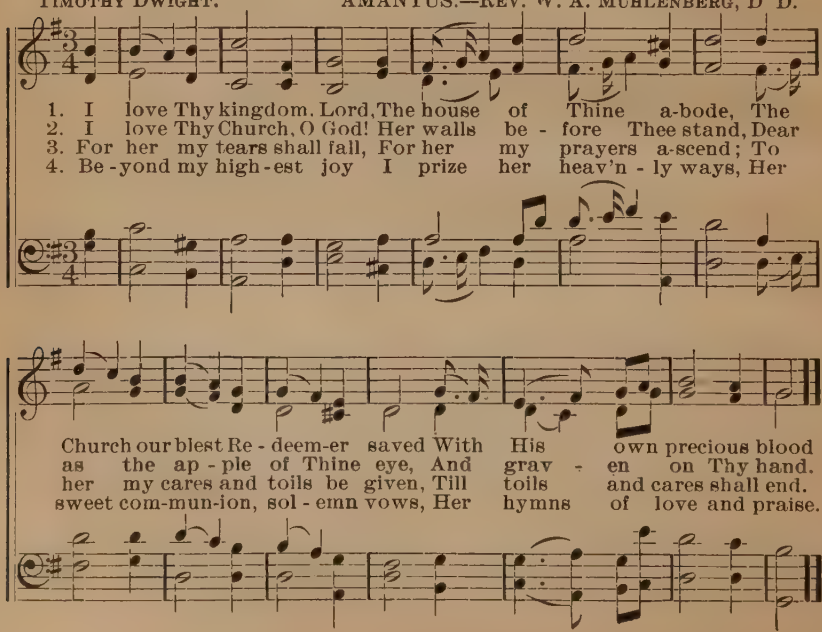
No. 70. I Do Believe.

CHAS. WESLEY. UNKNOWN.


1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure Be-fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be-lieve; I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au-thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long-ing eyes;
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;
If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

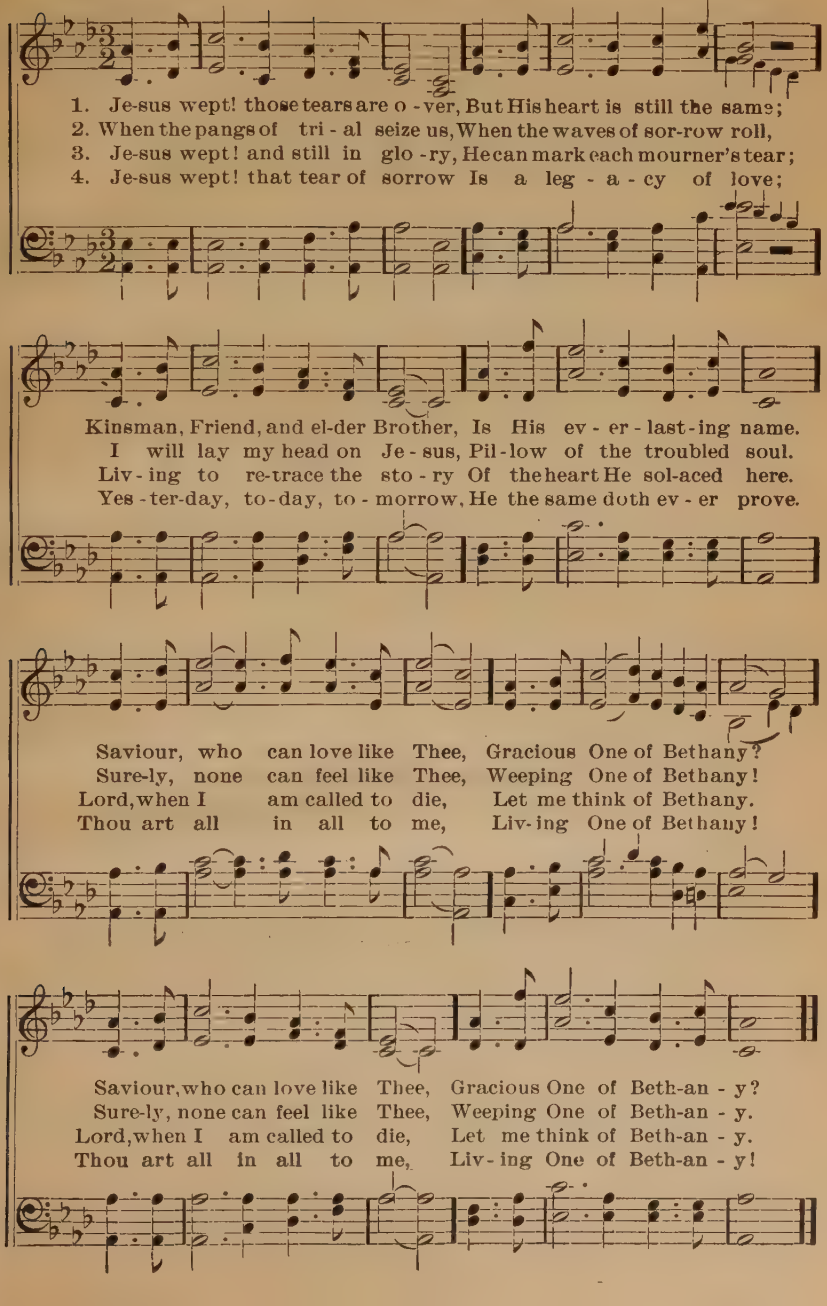
No. 71. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. AMANTUS.—REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D D.


1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers a-scend; To
4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her
Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own precious blood
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

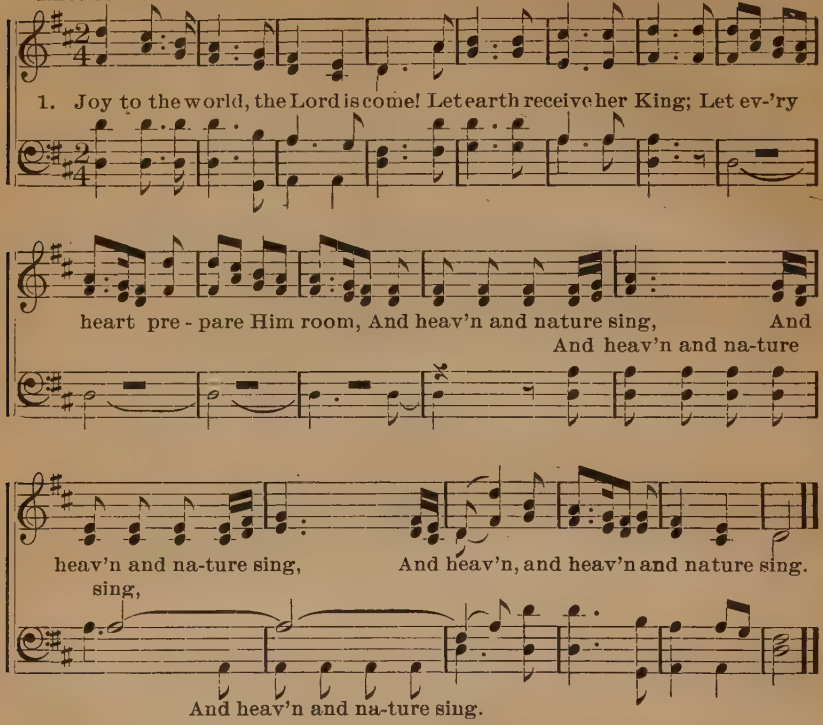
No. 72. Christ's Sympathy.

JNO. R. MACDUFF. AUTUMN.—FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.


1. Je-sus wept! those tears are o-ver, But His heart is still the same;
2. When the pangs of tri-al seize us, When the waves of sor-row roll,
3. Je-sus wept! and still in glo-ry, He can mark each mourner's tear;
4. Je-sus wept! that tear of sorrow Is a leg-a-cy of love;
Kinsman, Friend, and el-der Brother, Is His ev-er-last-ing name.
I will lay my head on Je-sus, Pil-low of the troubled soul.
Liv-ing to re-trace the sto-ry Of the heart He sol-aced here.
Yes-ter-day, to-day, to-morrow, He the same doth ev-er prove.
Saviour, who can love like Thee, Gracious One of Bethany?
Sure-ly, none can feel like Thee, Weeping One of Bethany!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Bethany.
Thou art all in all to me, Liv-ing One of Bethany!
Saviour, who can love like Thee, Gracious One of Beth-an-y?
Sure-ly, none can feel like Thee, Weeping One of Beth-an-y.
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth-an-y.
Thou art all in all to me, Liv-ing One of Beth-an-y!

No. 73. Joy to the World.

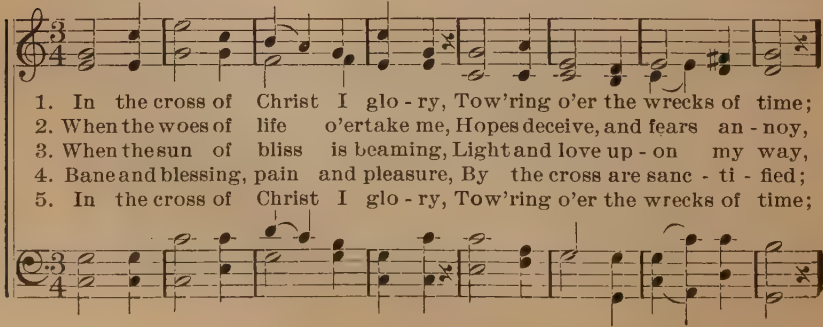
REV. ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH.—ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry
heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
sing,
And heav'n and na-ture sing.

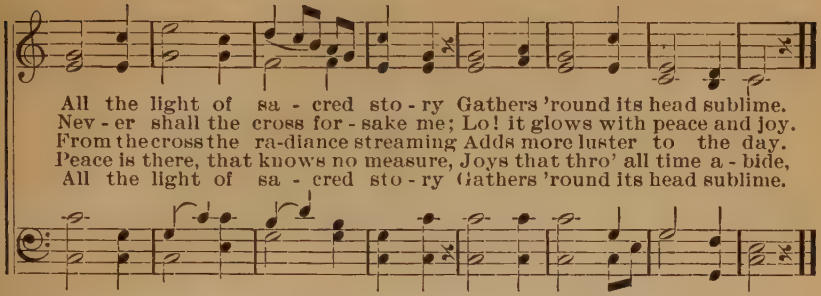
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 74. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

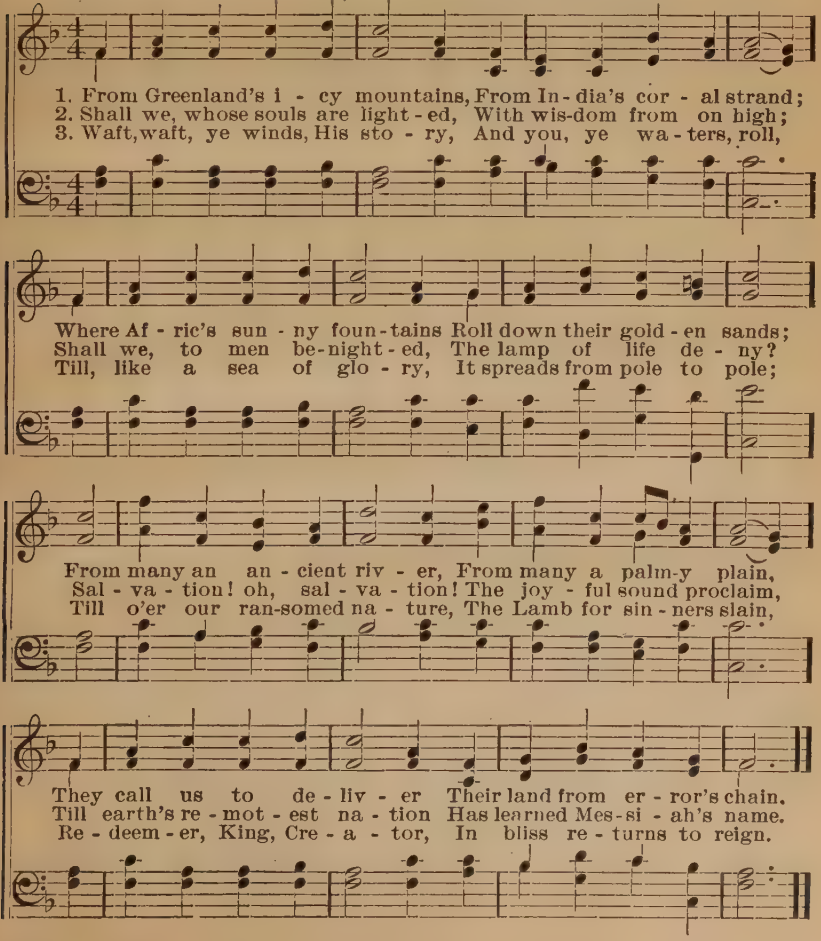
SIR JOHN BOWRING. RATHBUN.—ITHAMAR CONKEY.

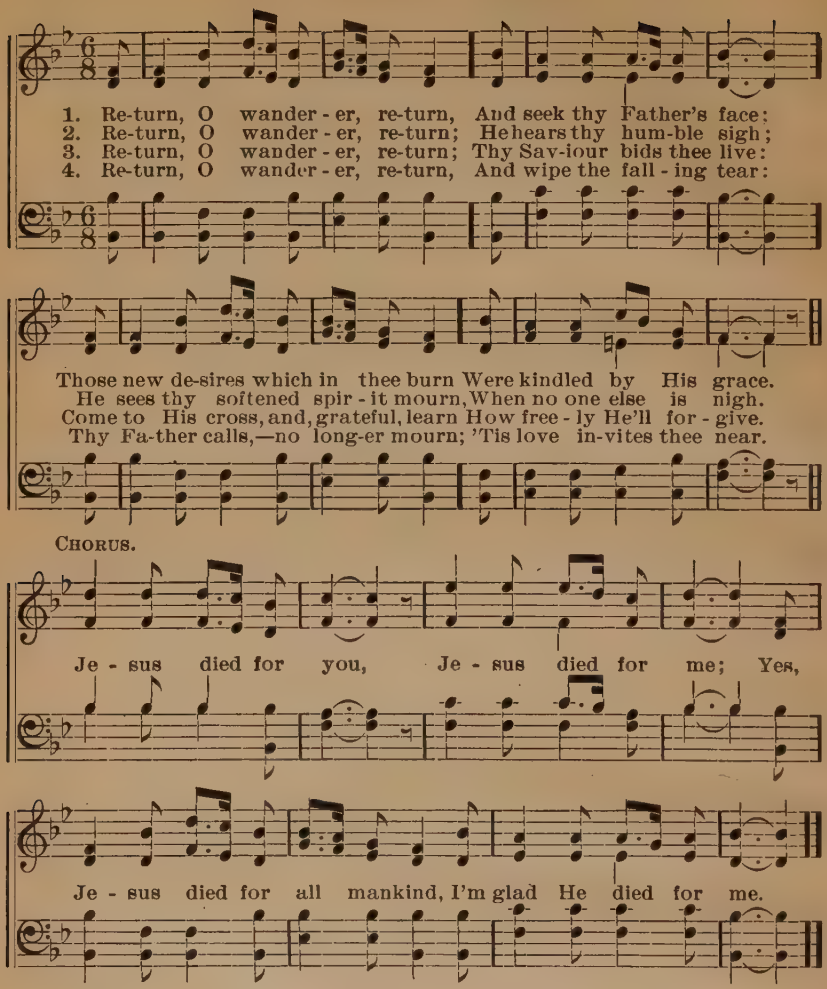

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

In the Cross of Christ I Glory. Concluded.


All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers 'round its head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more luster to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide,
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers 'round its head sublime.

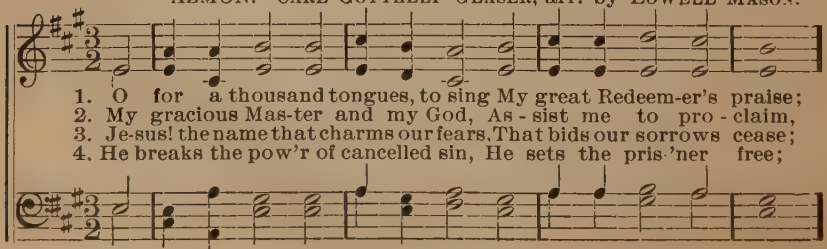
No. 75. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

HEBER. MISSIONARY HYMN.—MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed, With wis-dom from on high;
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sands;
Shall we, to men be-night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

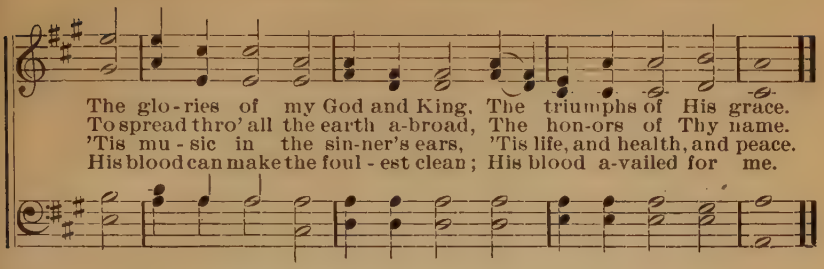
No. 76. O Wanderer, Return.

1. Re-turn, O wander - er, re-turn, And seek thy Father's face:
2. Re-turn, O wander - er, re-turn; He hears thy hum-ble sigh;
3. Re-turn, O wander - er, re-turn; Thy Sav-iour bids thee live:
4. Re-turn, O wander - er, re-turn, And wipe the fall - ing tear:
Those new de-sires which in thee burn Were kindled by His grace.
He sees thy soft'ned spir - it mourn, When no one else is nigh.
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn How free - ly He'll for - give.
Thy Fa-ther calls,—no long-er mourn; 'Tis love in-vites thee near.
CHORUS.
Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me; Yes,
Je - sus died for all mankind, I'm glad He died for me.

No. 77. O For a Thousand Tongues.

AZMON.—CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, arr. by LOWELL MASON.

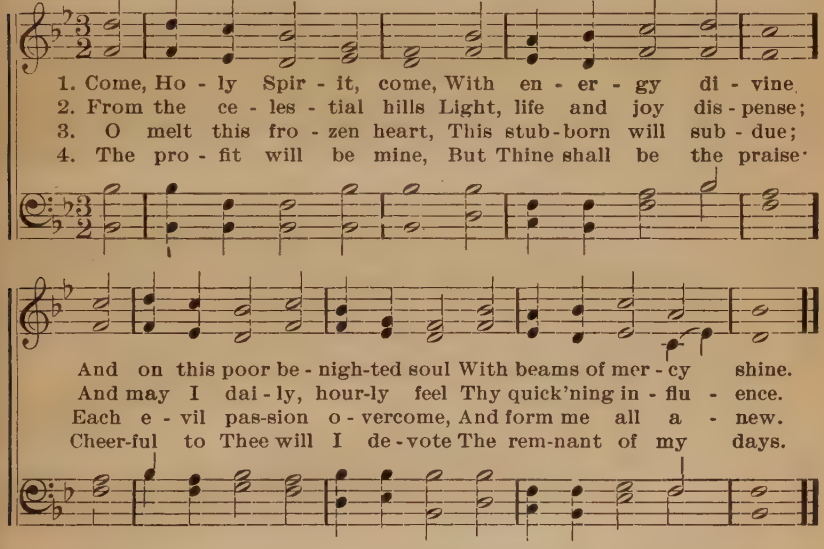

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeem-er's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;

O For a Thousand Tongues. Concluded.


The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

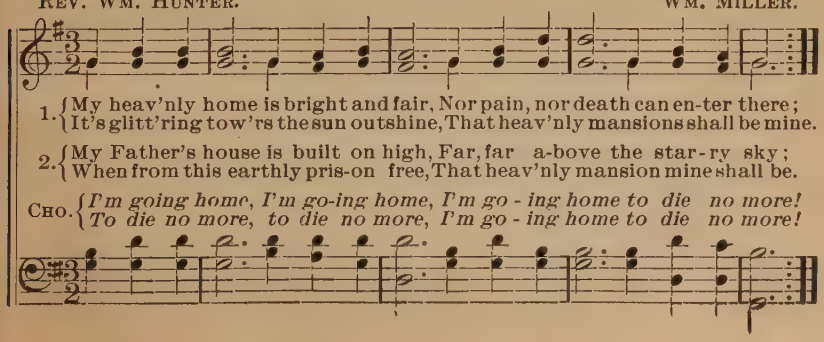
No. 78. For the Spirit's Energy.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. STATE STREET.—JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, With en-er-gy di-vine
2. From the ce-les-tial hills Light, life and joy dis-pense;
3. O melt this fro-zen heart, This stub-born will sub-due;
4. The pro-fit will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise·
And on this poor be-nigh-ted soul With beams of mer-cy shine.
And may I dai-ly, hour-ly feel Thy quick'ning in-flu-ence.
Each e-vil pas-sion o-vercome, And form me all a-new.
Cheer-ful to Thee will I de-vote The rem-nant of my days.

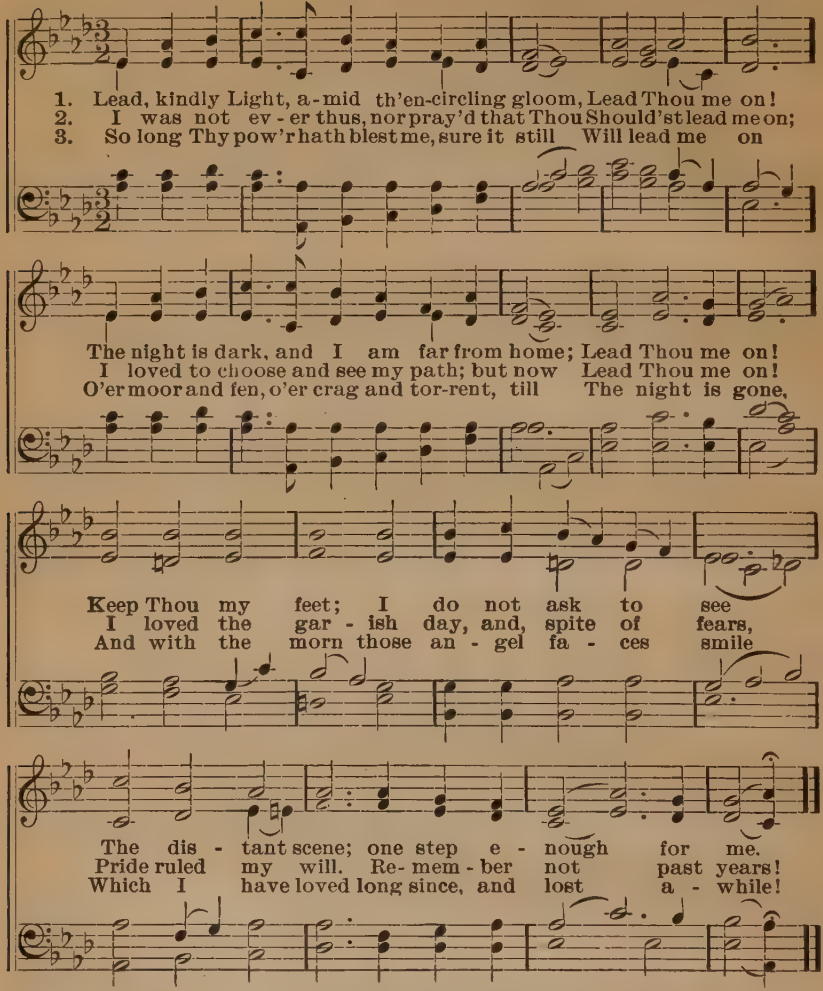
No. 79. I'm Going Home.

REV. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.


1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansions shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky;
When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
CHO. I'm going home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

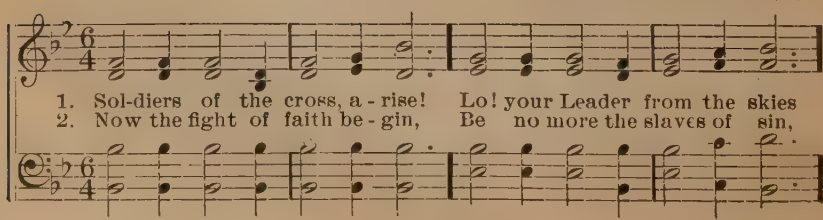
No. 80. Lead, Kindly Light.

JNO. H. NEWMAN. LUX BENIGNA.—REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

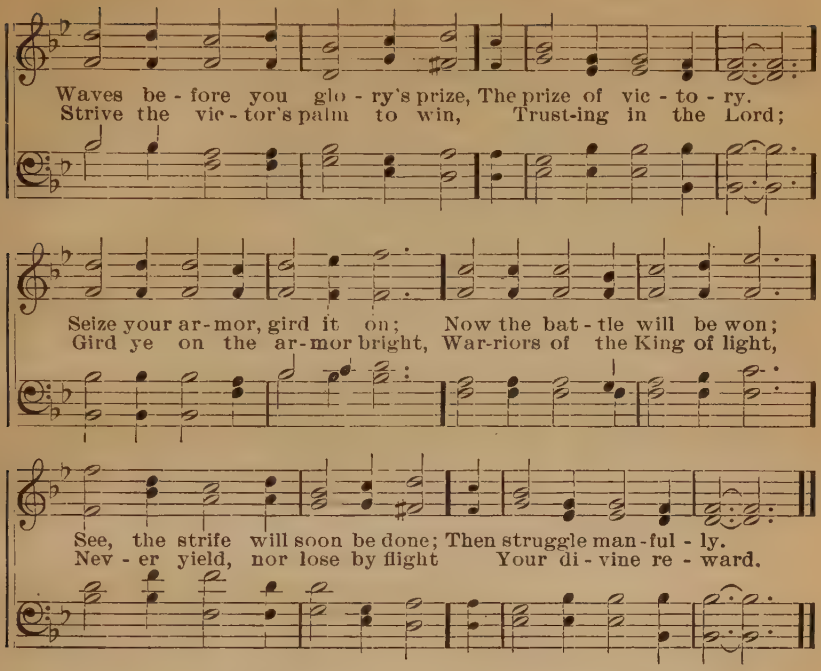

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone,
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

No. 81. The Spiritual Warfare.

CALEDONIA.—SCOTCH.

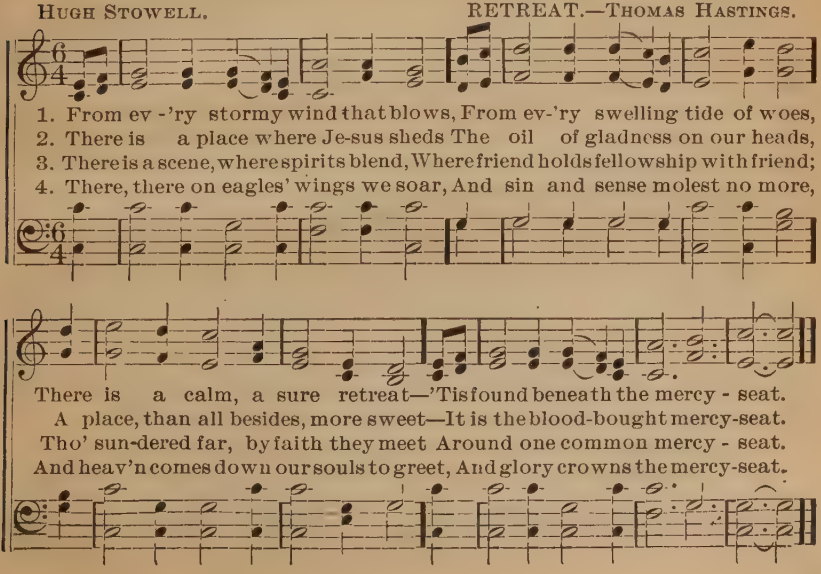


The Spiritual Warfare. Concluded.


Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry.
Strive the vic - tor's palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord;
Seize your ar-mor, gird it on; Now the bat - tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, War-riors of the King of light,
See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle man-ful - ly.
Nev - er yield, nor lose by flight Your di - vine re - ward.

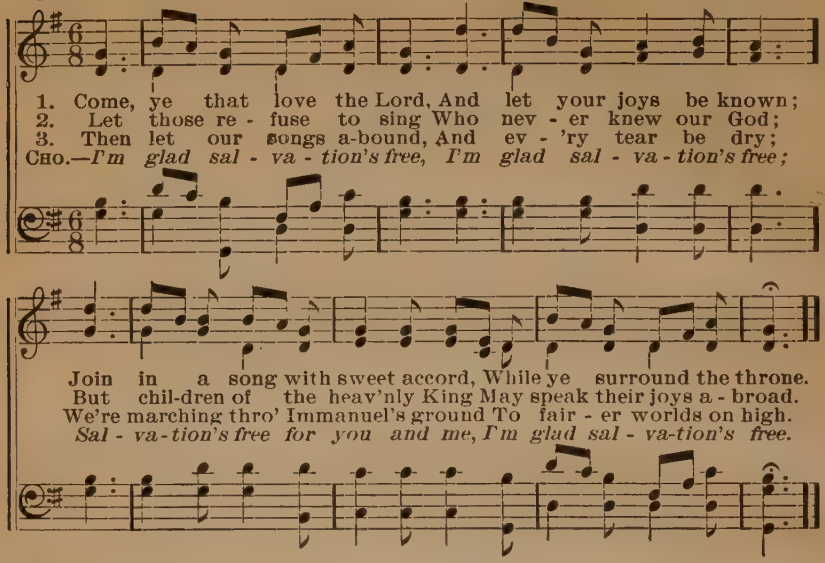
No. 82. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

HUGH STOWELL. RETREAT.—THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. From ev -'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found beneath the mercy - seat.
A place, than all besides, more sweet—It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

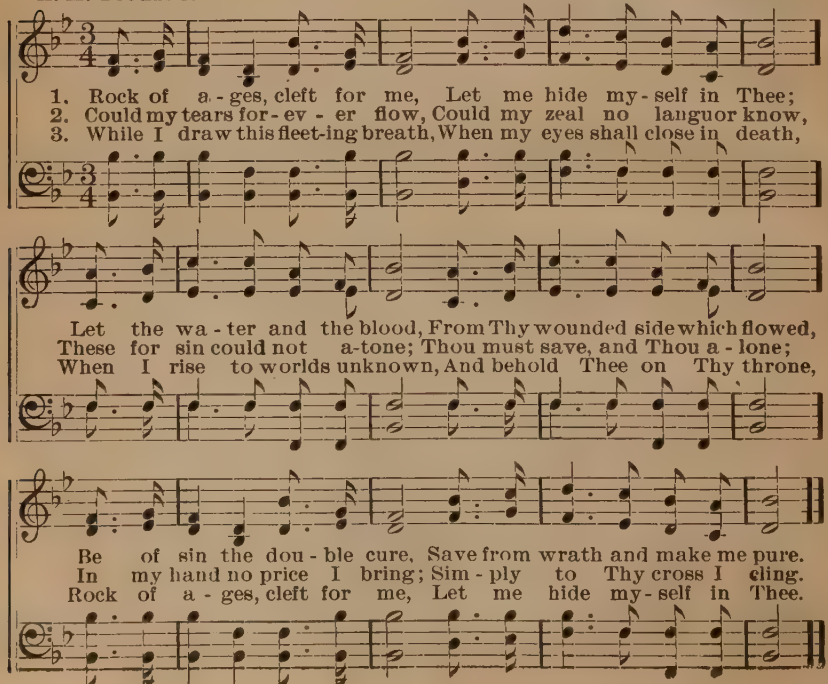
No. 83. Come, Ye That Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. ARRANGED.


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va-tion's free;
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.
But chil-dren of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.
Sal - va-tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va-tion's free.

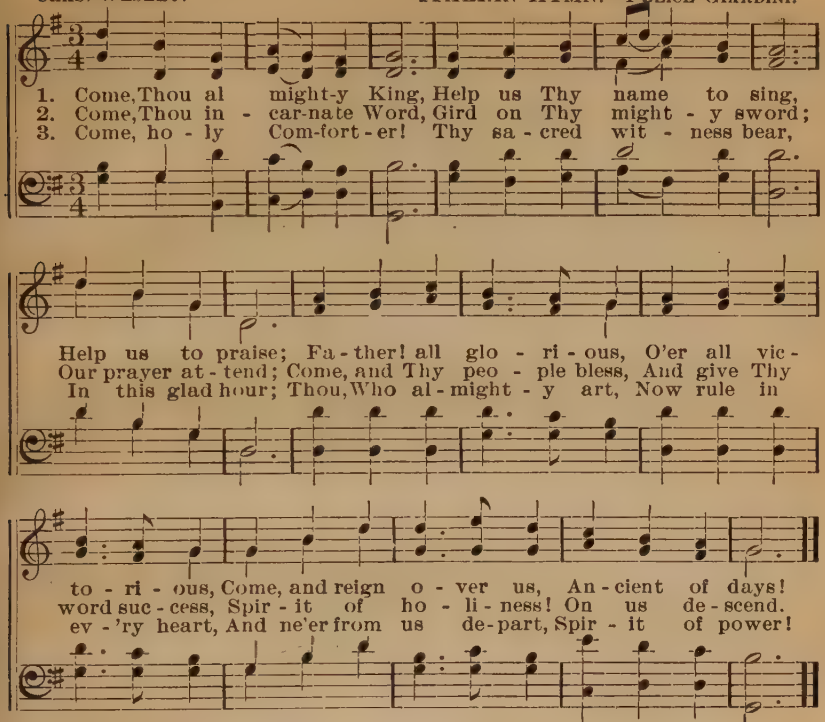
No. 84. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. TOPLADY.—THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

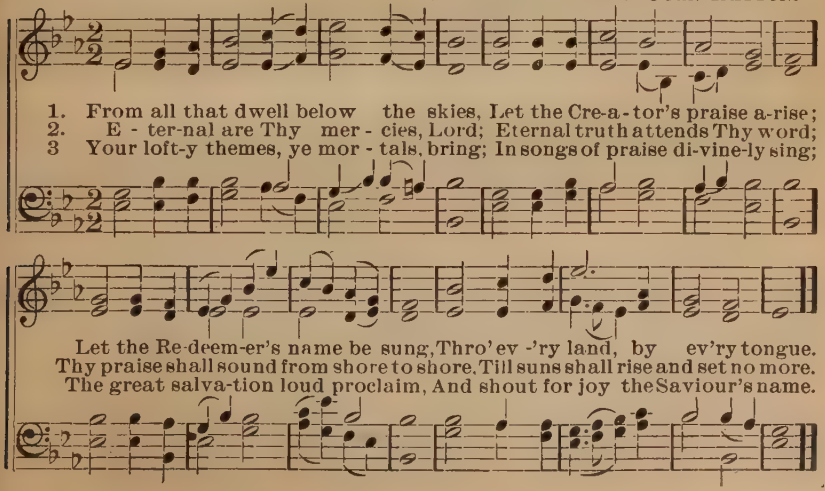
No. 85. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHAS. WESLEY. ITALIAN HYMN.—FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou al - might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
3. Come, ho - ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour; Thou, Who al-might - y art, Now rule in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
word suc-cess, Spir-it of ho - li-ness! On us de-scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of power!

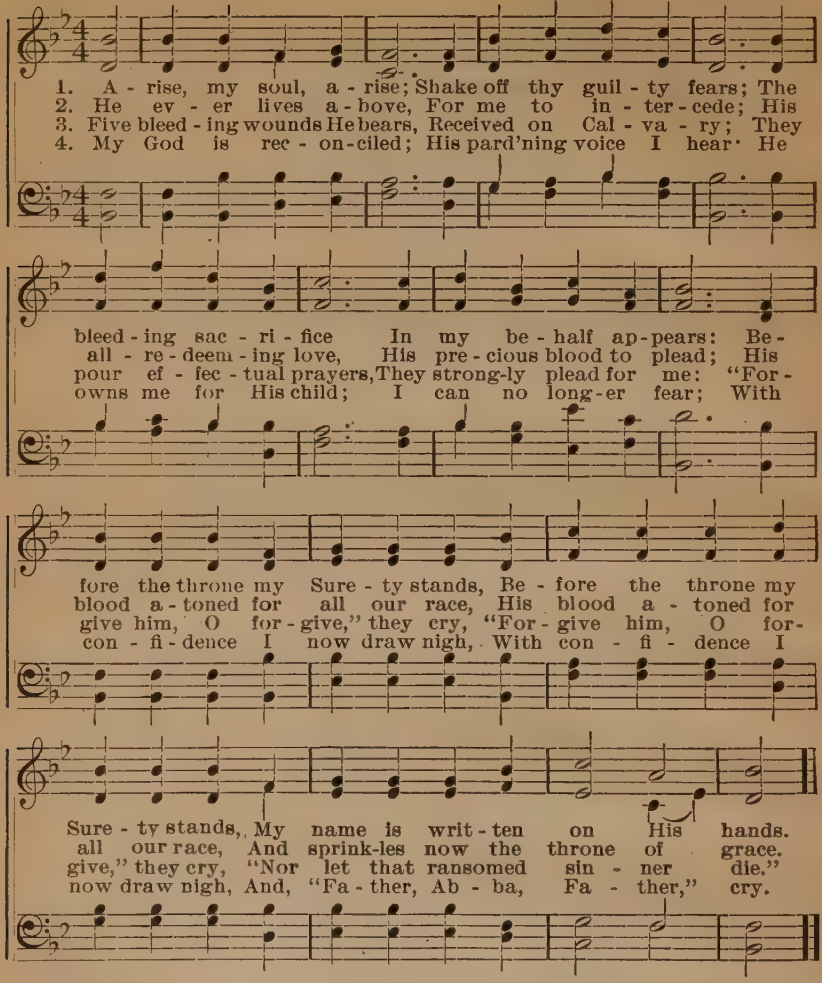
No. 86. From All that Dwell.

ISAAC WATTS. DUKE STREET.—JOHN HATTON.


1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;
2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; Eternal truth attends Thy word;
3 Your loft-y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di-vine-ly sing;
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev -'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great salva-tion loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

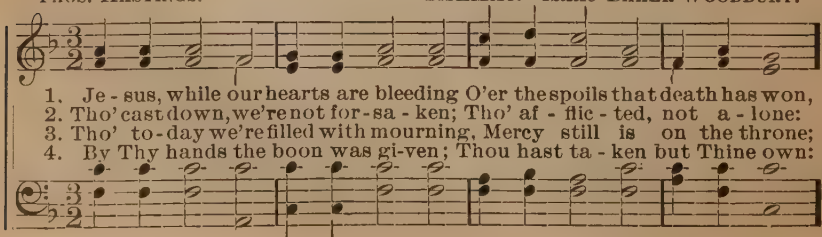
No. 87. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHAS. WESLEY. LENOX.—LEWIS EDSON.

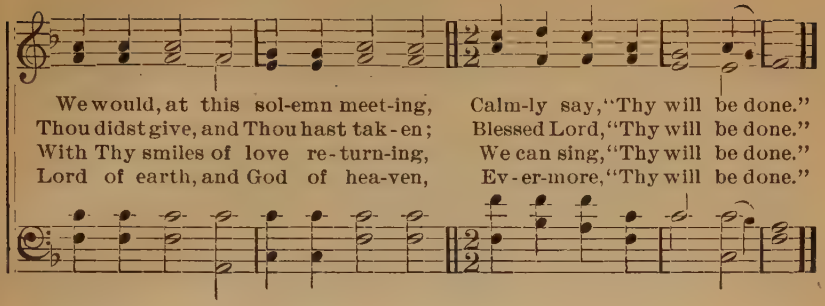

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guil - ty fears; The
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Received on Cal - va - ry; They
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear· He
bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears: Be -
all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His
pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong-ly plead for me: "For -
owns me for His child; I can no long-er fear; With
fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
give him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give him, O for -
con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I
Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprink-les now the throne of grace.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die."
now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

No. 88. Thy Will be Done.

THOS. HASTINGS. TALMAR—ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

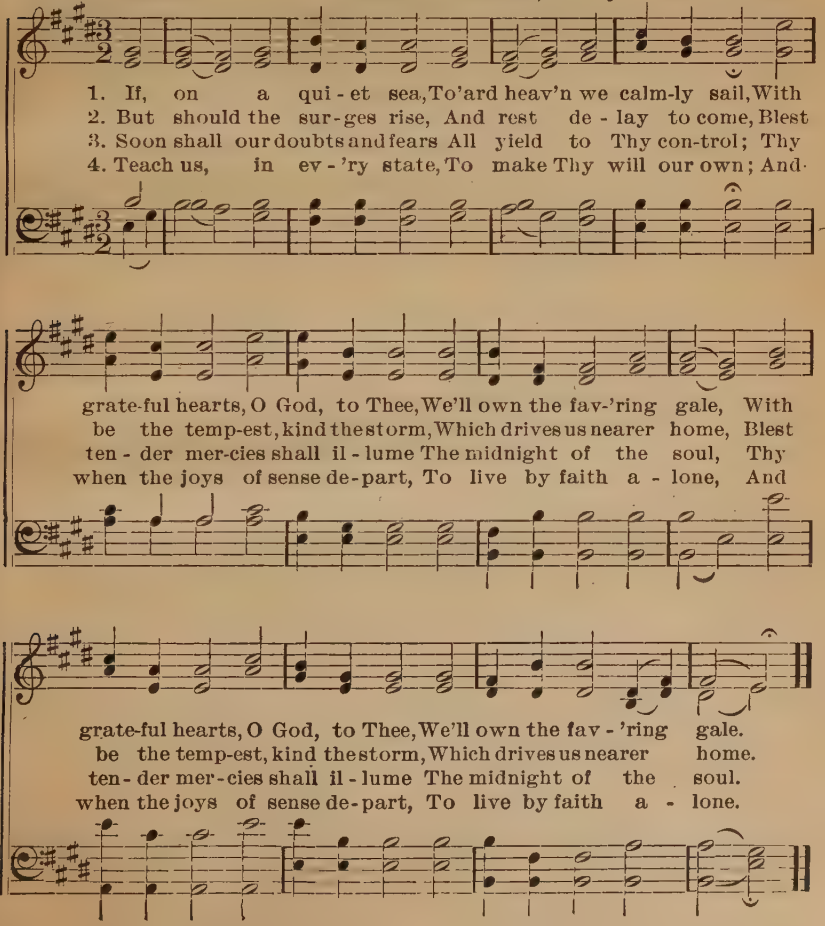

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won,
2. Tho' cast down, we're not for - sa - ken; Tho' af - flic - ted, not a - lone:
3. Tho' to - day we're filled with mourning, Mercy still is on the throne;
4. By Thy hands the boon was gi-ven; Thou hast ta - ken but Thine own:

Thy Will be Done. Concluded.


We would, at this sol-emn meet-ing, Calm-ly say, "Thy will be done."
Thou didst give, and Thou hast tak-en; Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."
With Thy smiles of love re-turn-ing, We can sing, "Thy will be done."
Lord of earth, and God of hea-ven, Ev-er-more, "Thy will be done."

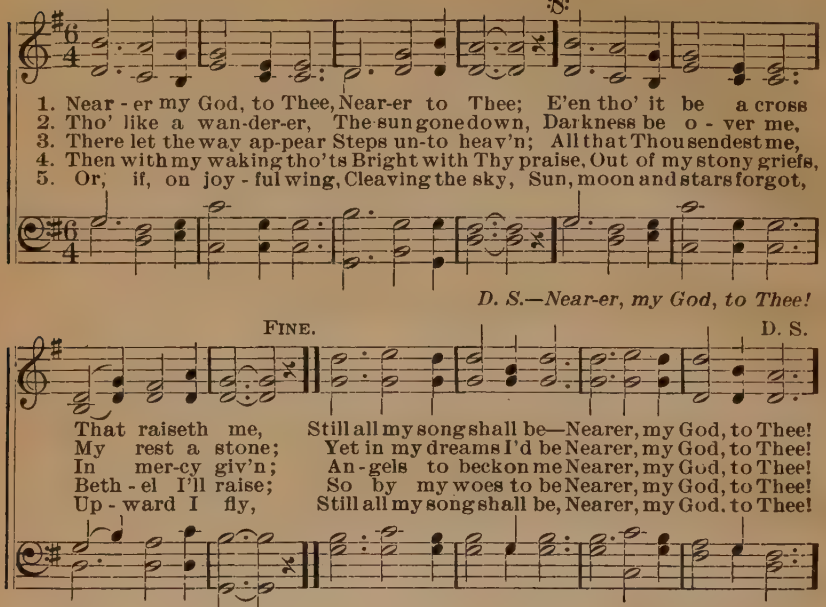
No. 89. Walking by Faith.

A. M. TOPLADY. SELVIN.—GERMAN, arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. If, on a qui-et sea, To'ard heav'n we calm-ly sail, With
2. But should the sur-ges rise, And rest de-lay to come, Blest
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con-trol; Thy
4. Teach us, in ev-'ry state, To make Thy will our own; And
grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav-'ring gale, With
be the temp-est, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home, Blest
ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul, Thy
when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone, And
grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav-'ring gale.
be the temp-est, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul.
when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone.

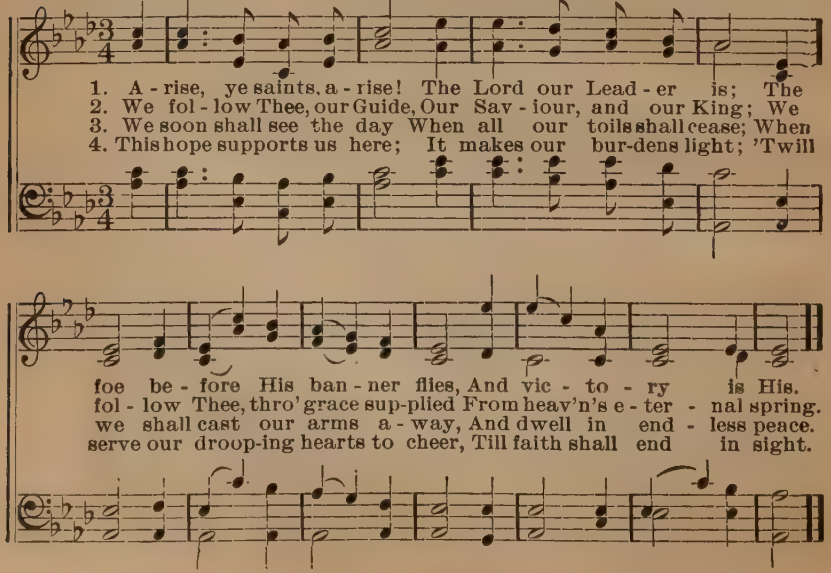
No. 90. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near - er my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs,
5. Or, if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee!
FINE.
D. S.
That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be—Nearer, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee!
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Near - er to Thee!

No. 91. Arise, Ye Saints, Arise.

THOS. KELLY. LEIGHTON.—HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX.

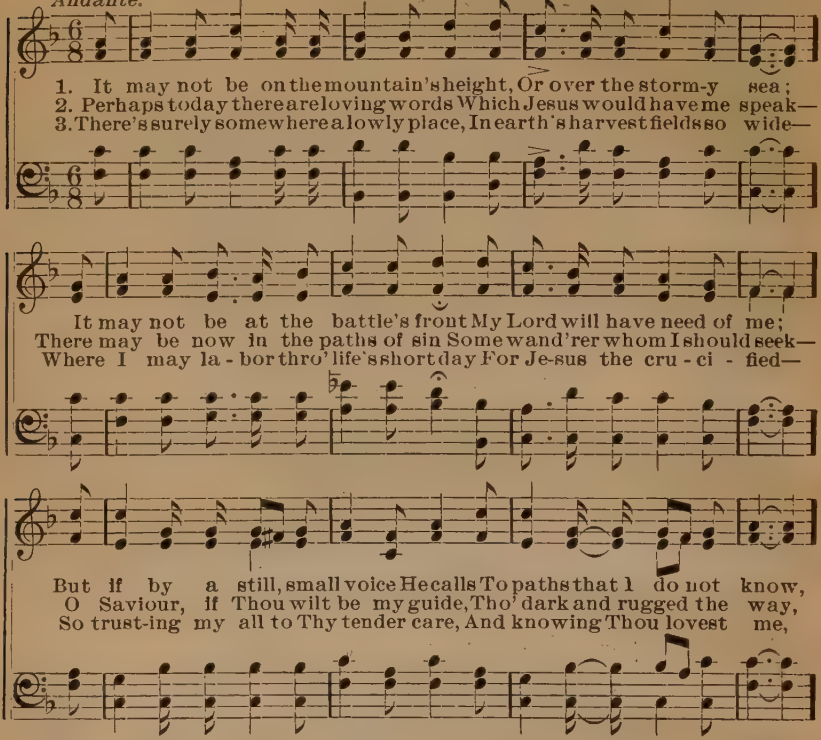

1. A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our Lead - er is; The
2. We fol - low Thee, our Guide, Our Sav - iour, and our King; We
3. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease; When
4. This hope supports us here; It makes our bur-dens light; 'Twill
foe be - fore His ban - ner flies, And vic - to - ry is His.
fol - low Thee, thro' grace sup-plied From heav'n's e - ter - nal spring.
we shall cast our arms a - way, And dwell in end - less peace.
serve our droop-ing hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight.

And the Ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with **Songs** and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

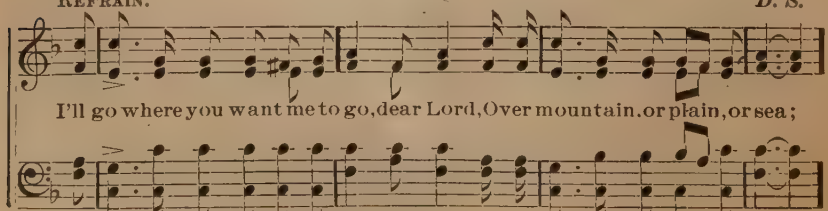
No. 92. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru - ci - fied—
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,
Fine.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
D.S.–I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



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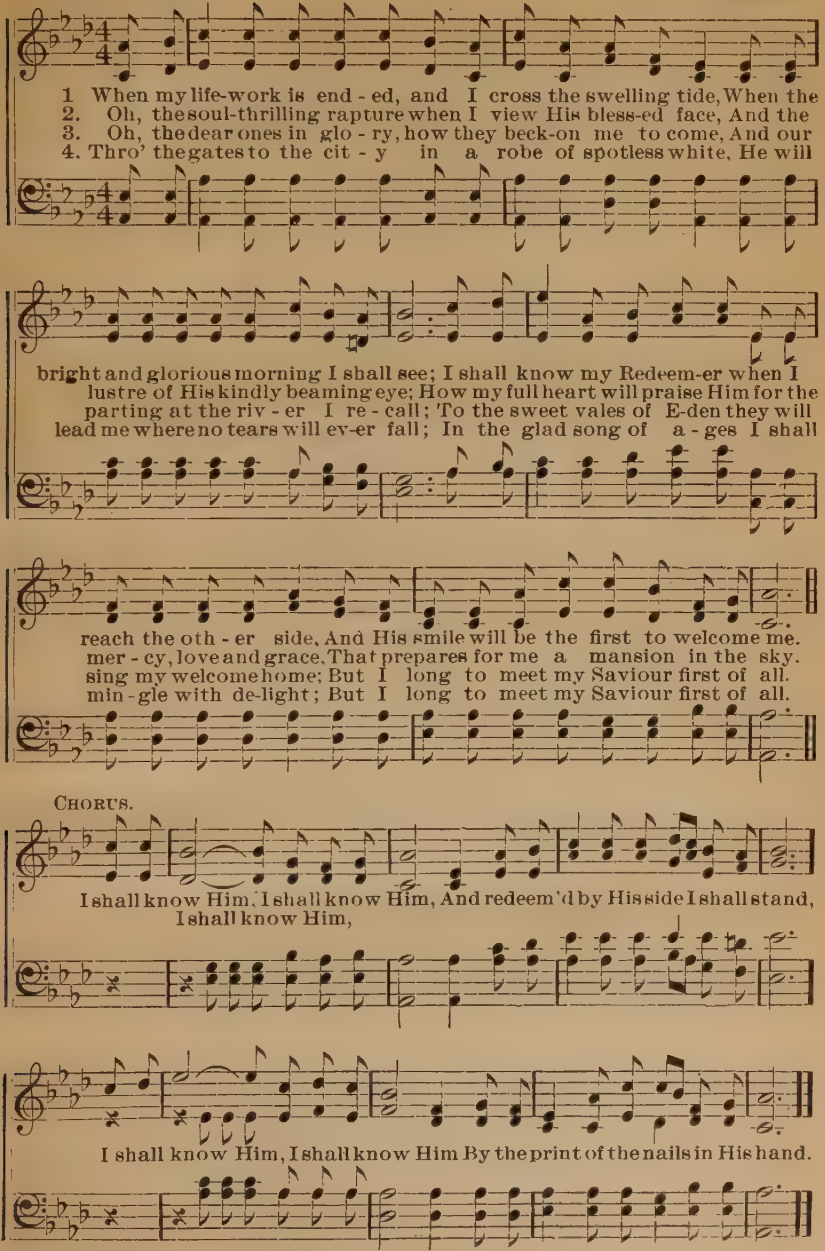
No. 93. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1 When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeem-er when I
lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
parting at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

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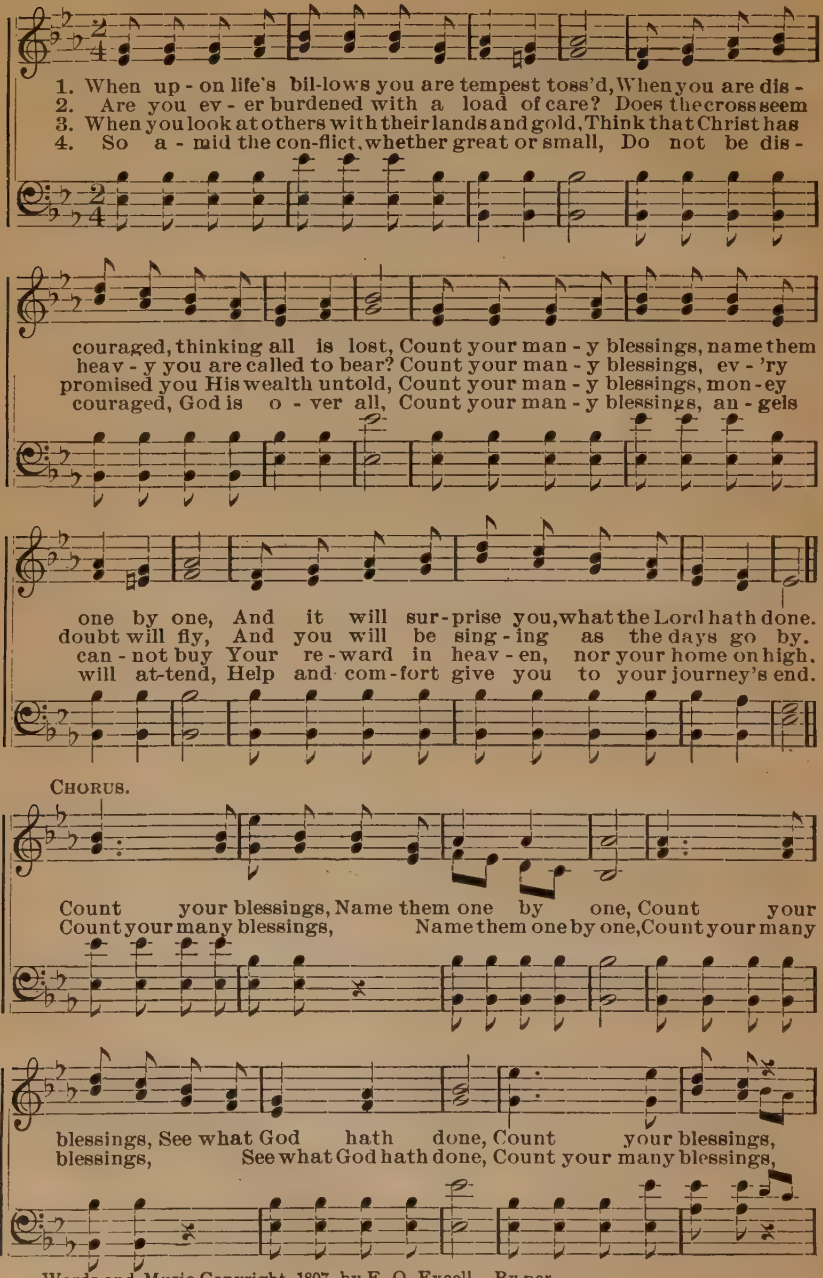
No. 94. Count Your Blessings.

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tempest toss'd, When you are dis -
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis -
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man - y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y blessings, ev - 'ry
promised you His wealth untold, Count your man - y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all, Count your man - y blessings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at-tend, Help and com-fort give you to your journey's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many
blessings, See what God hath done, Count your blessings,
blessings, See what God hath done, Count your many blessings,

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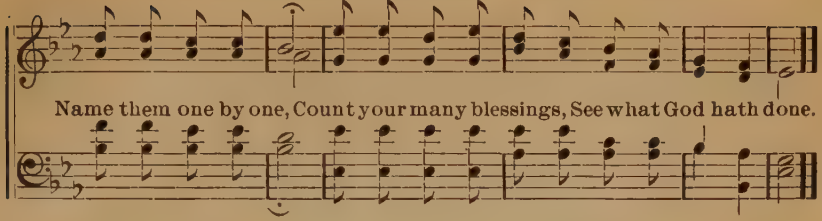
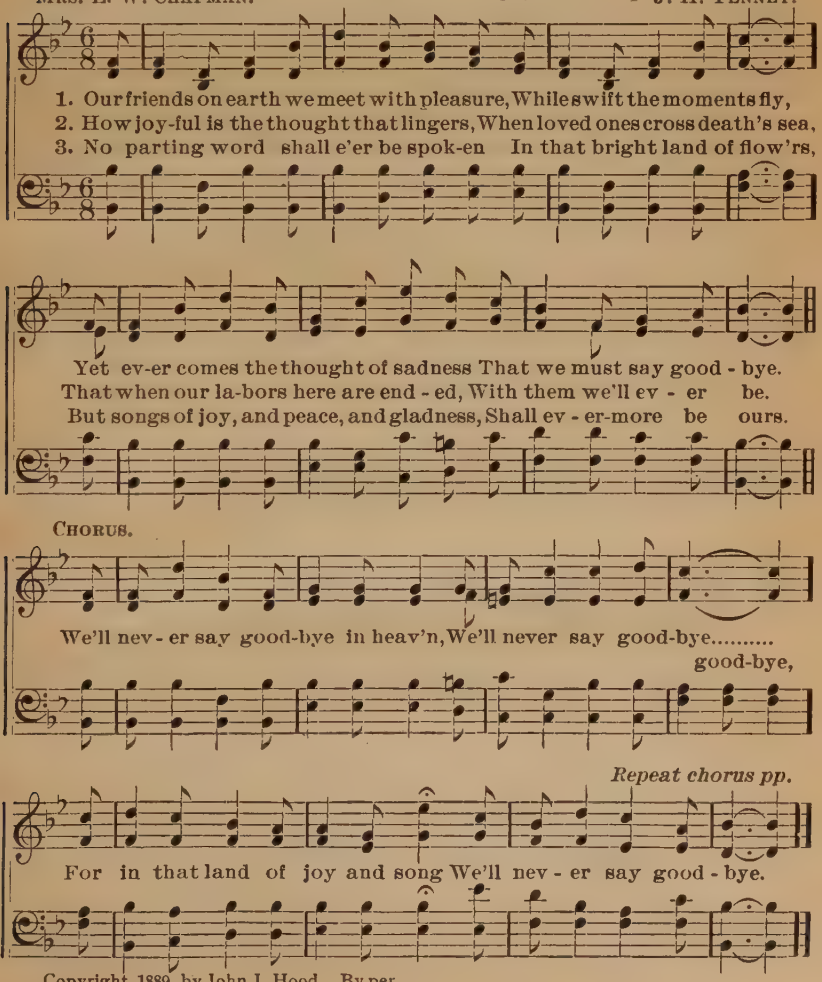
Count Your Blessings. Concluded.



No. 95. We'll Never Say Good-bye.

"We shall never say 'good-bye' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy-ful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting word shall e'er be spok-en In that bright land of flow'rs,
Yet ev-er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good - bye.
That when our la-bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er-more be ours.
CHORUS.
We'll nev - er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll never say good-bye.....
good-bye,
Repeat chorus pp.
For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - bye.

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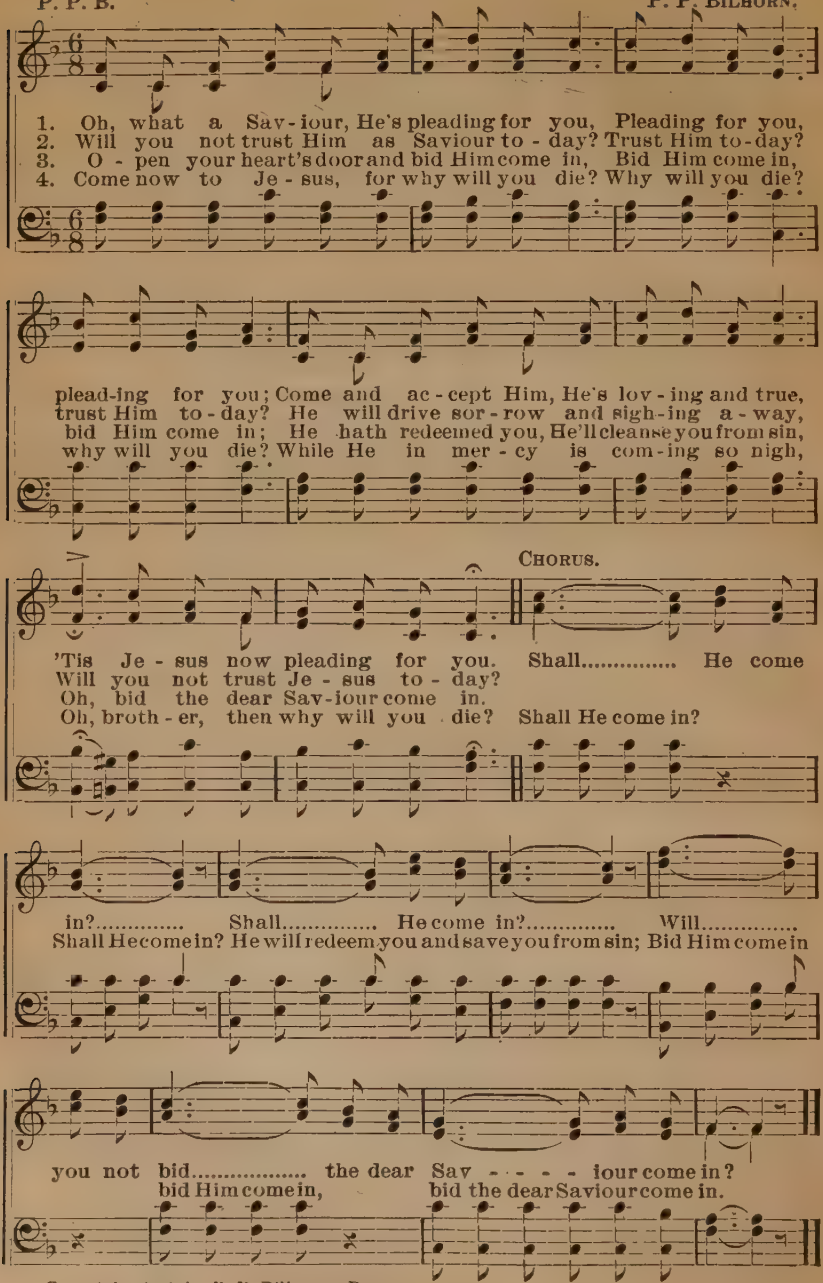
No. 96. Bid Him Come In.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Oh, what a Sav - iour, He's pleading for you, Pleading for you,
2. Will you not trust Him as Saviour to - day? Trust Him to - day?
3. O - pen your heart's door and bid Him come in, Bid Him come in,
4. Come now to Je - sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?
plead-ing for you; Come and ac - cept Him, He's lov - ing and true,
trust Him to - day? He will drive sor - row and sigh-ing a - way,
bid Him come in; He hath redeemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
why will you die? While He in mer - cy is com-ing so nigh,
Chorus.
'Tis Je - sus now pleading for you. Shall..... He come
Will you not trust Je - sus to - day?
Oh, bid the dear Sav-iour come in.
Oh, broth - er, then why will you die? Shall He come in?
in?..... Shall..... He come in?..... Will.....
Shall He come in? He will redeem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in
you not bid..... the dear Sav - - - - iour come in?
bid Him come in, bid the dear Saviour come in.

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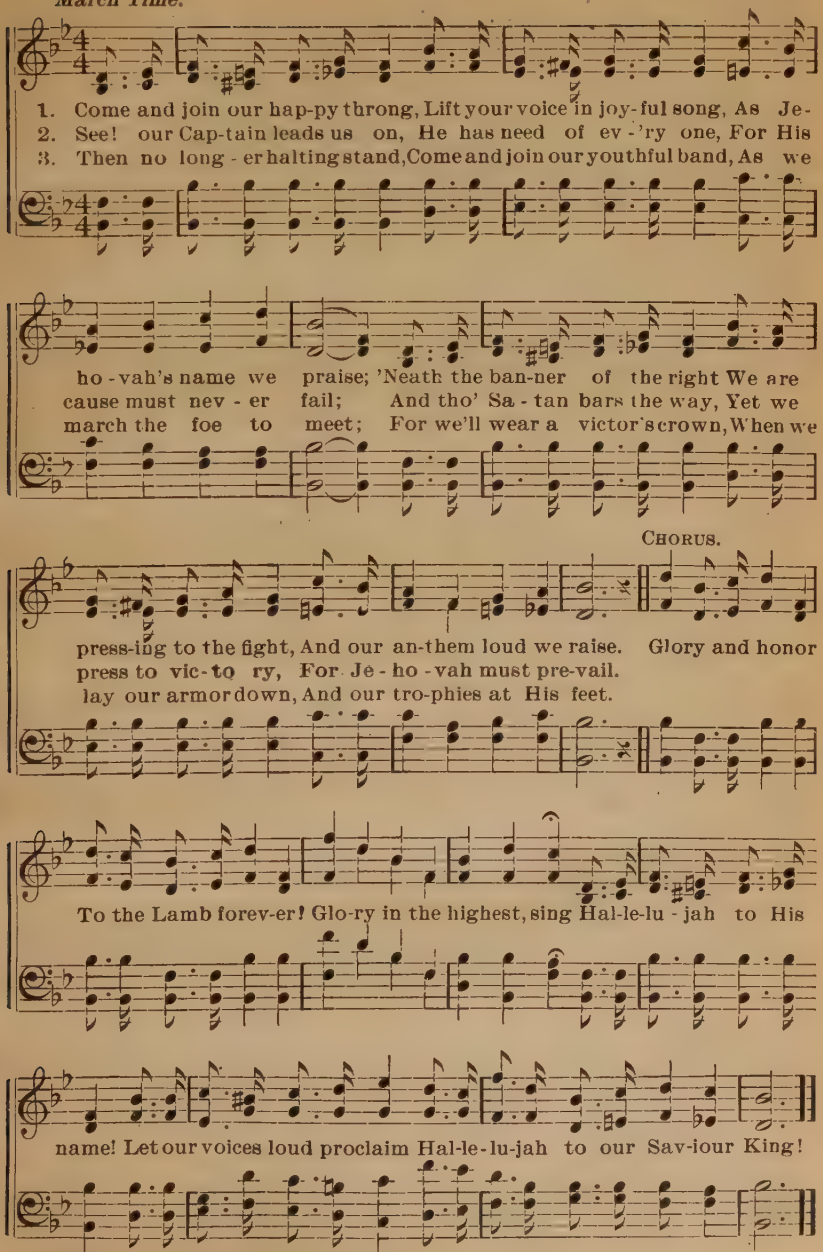
No. 97. The Army of the Lord.

W. H. P. WM. H. PRICE.

March Time.

1. Come and join our hap-py throng, Lift your voice in joy-ful song, As Je-
2. See! our Cap-tain leads us on, He has need of ev-'ry one, For His
3. Then no long-er halting stand, Come and join our youthful band, As we
ho-vah's name we praise; 'Neath the ban-ner of the right We are
cause must nev-er fail; And tho' Sa-tan bars the way, Yet we
march the foe to meet; For we'll wear a victor's crown, When we
CHORUS.
press-ing to the fight, And our an-them loud we raise. Glory and honor
press to vic-to-ry, For Je-ho-vah must pre-vail.
lay our armor down, And our tro-phies at His feet.
To the Lamb forev-er! Glo-ry in the highest, sing Hal-le-lu-jah to His
name! Let our voices loud proclaim Hal-le-lu-jah to our Sav-iour King!

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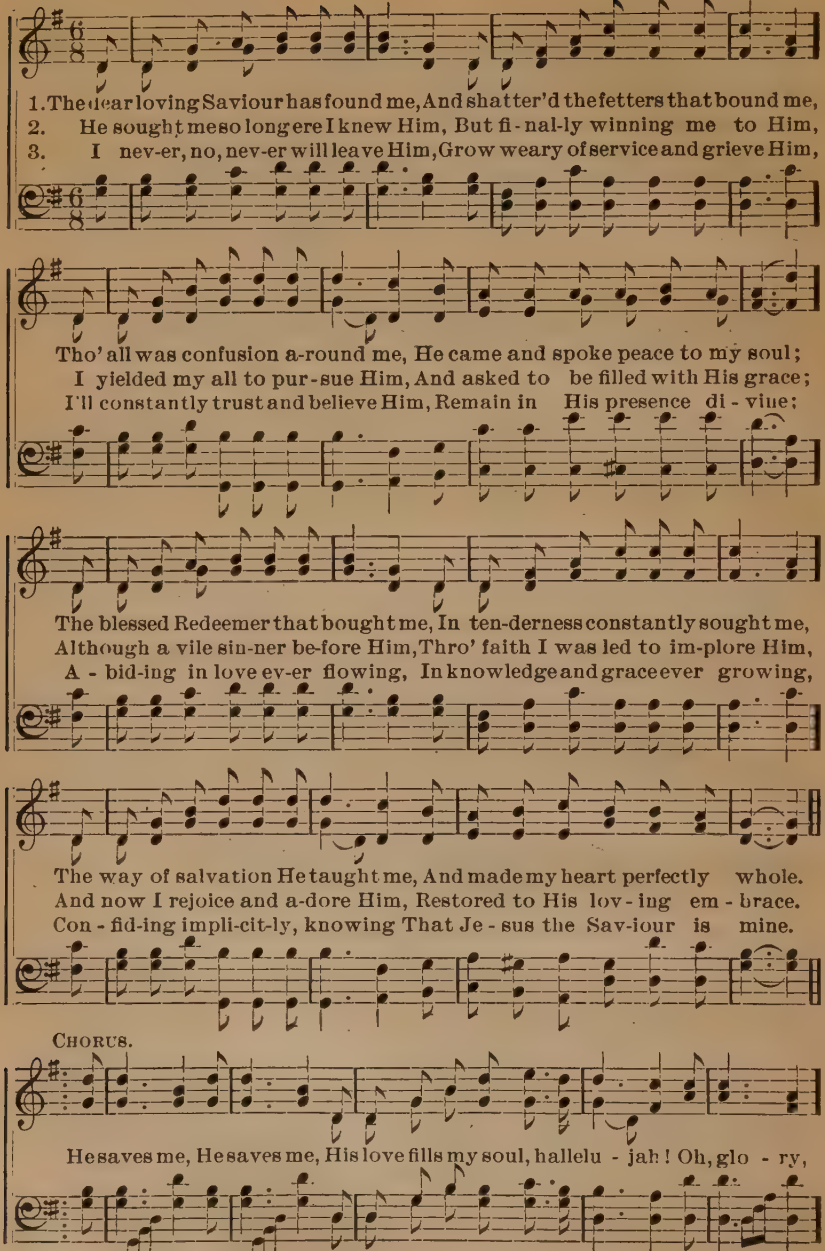
No. 98. He Saves Me.

J. W. Van de Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi-nal-ly winning me to Him,
3. I nev-er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow weary of service and grieve Him,
Tho' all was confusion a-round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
I yielded my all to pur-sue Him, And asked to be filled with His grace;
I'll constantly trust and believe Him, Remain in His presence di-vine;
The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In ten-derness constantly sought me,
Although a vile sin-ner be-fore Him, Thro' faith I was led to im-plore Him,
A-bid-ing in love ev-er flowing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,
The way of salvation He taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.
And now I rejoice and a-dore Him, Restored to His lov-ing em-brace.
Con-fid-ing impli-cit-ly, knowing That Je-sus the Sav-iour is mine.
Chorus.
He saves me, He saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu-jah! Oh, glo-ry,

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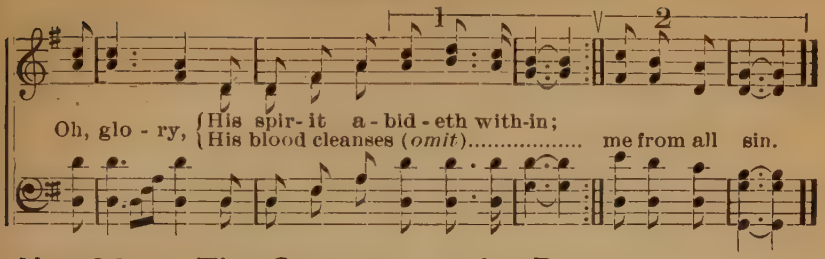
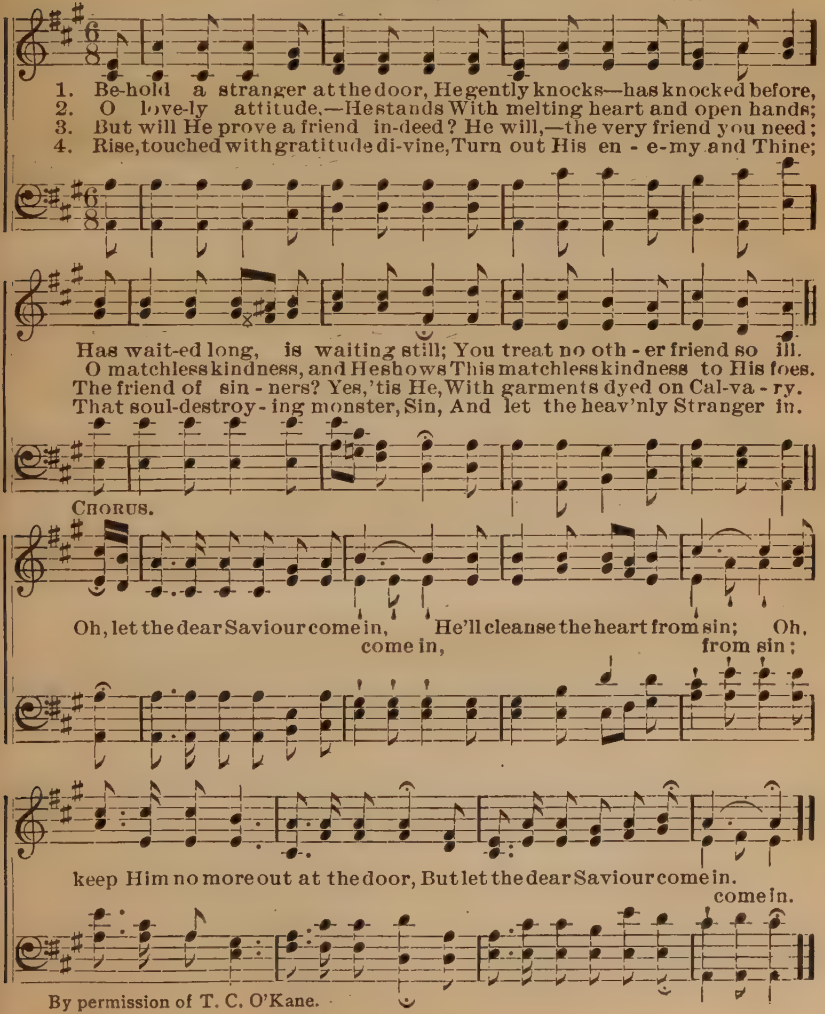
He Saves Me. Concluded.



No. 99. The Stranger at the Door.

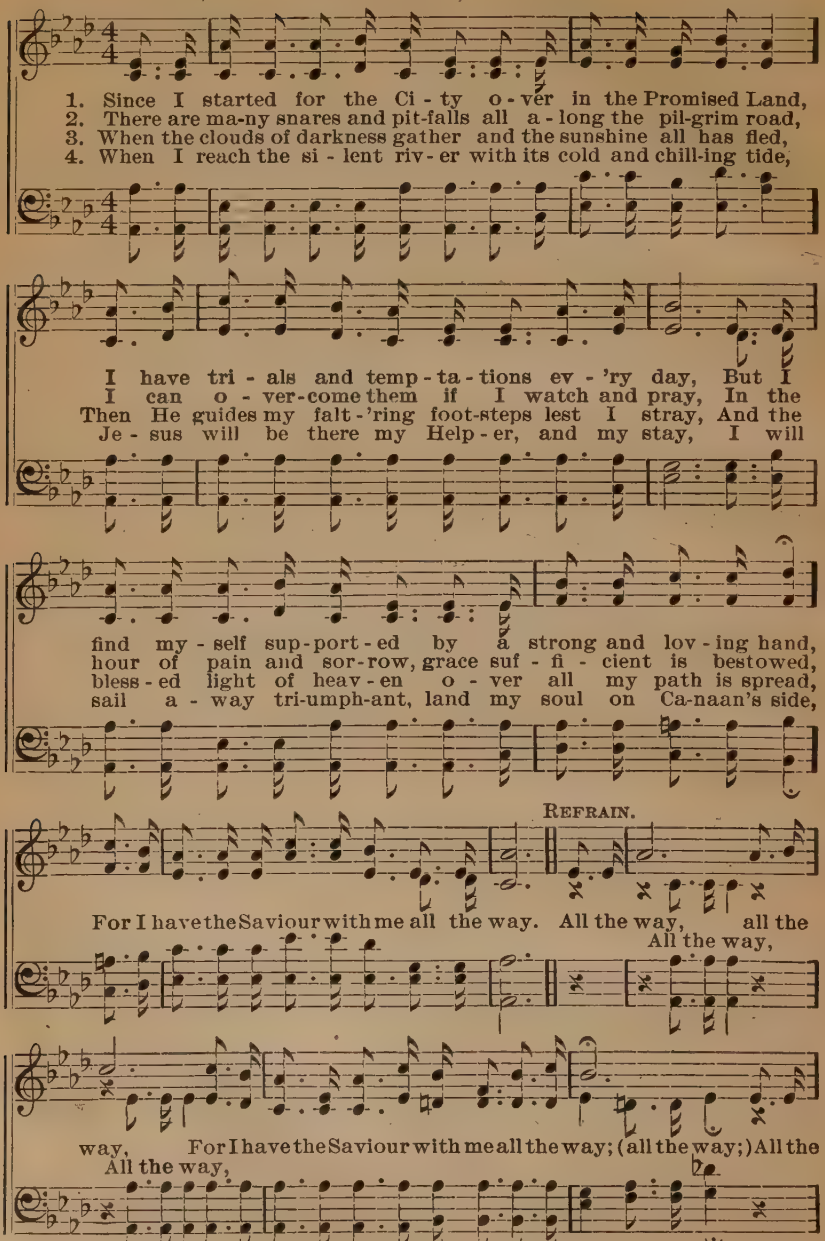
Rev. iii. 20. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Be-hold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love-ly attitude.—He stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will,—the very friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di-vine, Turn out His en - e-my and Thine;
Has wait-ed long, is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va - ry.
That soul-destroy - ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, come in, from sin;
keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in. come in.

By permission of T. C. O'Kane.

No. 100. All the Way.

To the singing bishop, C. C. McCabe.

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Since I started for the Ci - ty o - ver in the Promised Land,
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a - long the pil-grim road,
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled,
4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er with its cold and chill-ing tide,
I have tri - als and temp - ta - tions ev - 'ry day, But I
I can o - ver-come them if I watch and pray, In the
Then He guides my falt - 'ring foot-steps lest I stray, And the
Je - sus will be there my Help - er, and my stay, I will
find my - self sup - port - ed by a strong and lov - ing hand,
hour of pain and sor-row, grace suf - fi - cient is bestowed,
bless - ed light of heav - en o - ver all my path is spread,
sail a - way tri-umph-ant, land my soul on Ca-naan's side,
REFRAIN.
For I have the Saviour with me all the way. All the way, all the
All the way,
way, For I have the Saviour with me all the way; (all the way;) All the
All the way,

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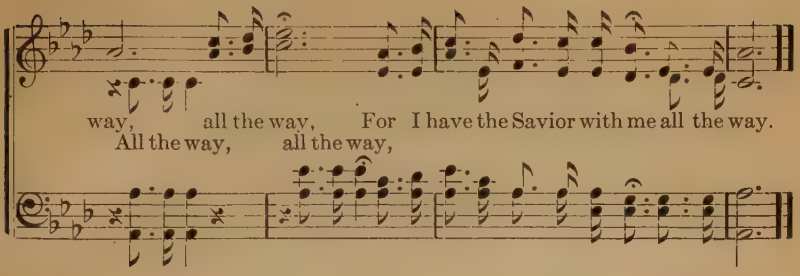
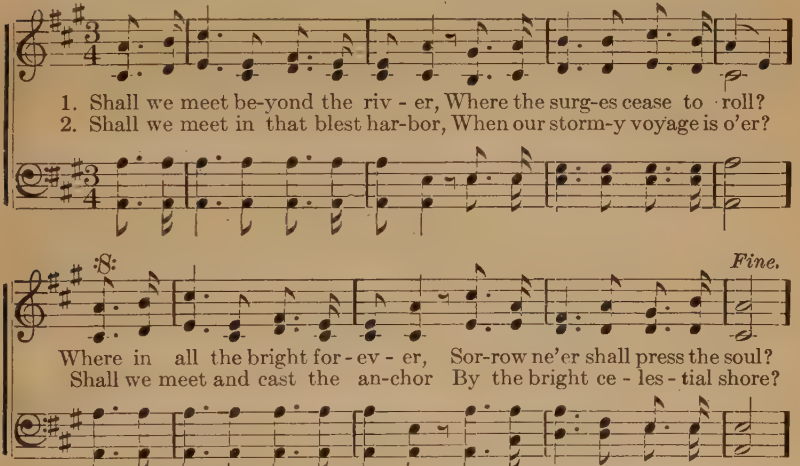
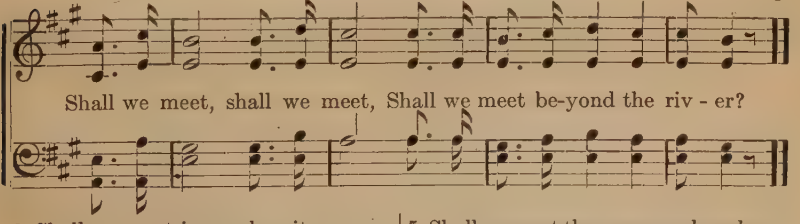
All the Way. Concluded.



No. 101. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.


1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
Fine.
Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
D. S. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?



3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

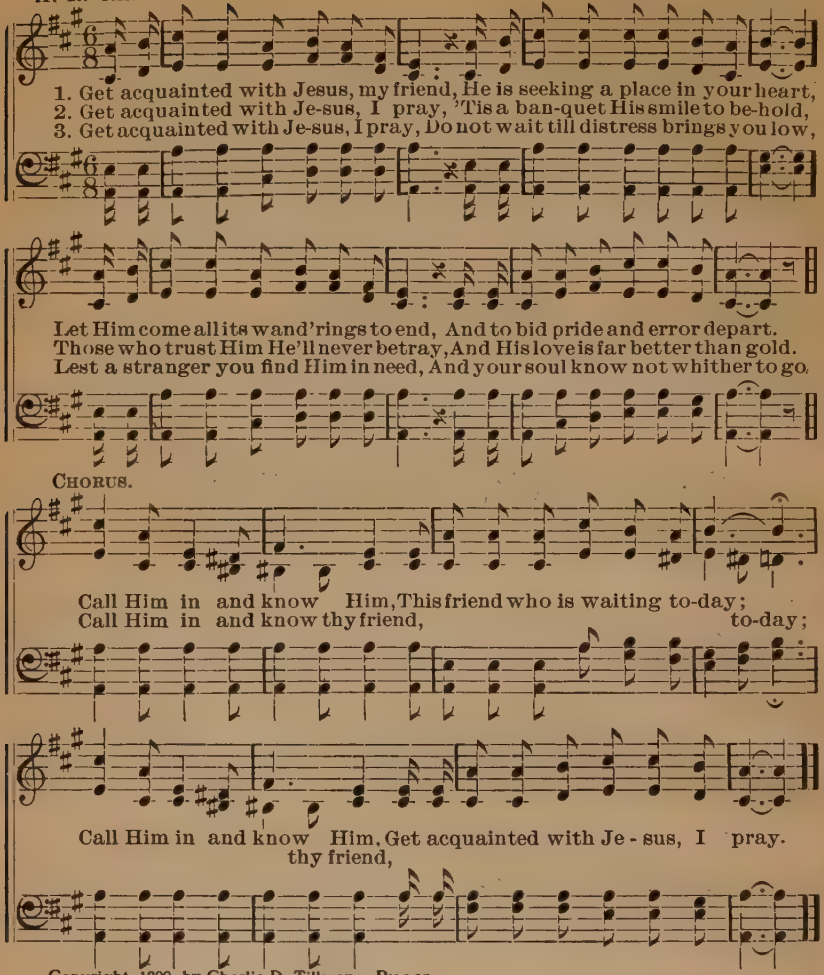
4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 102. Get Acquainted With Jesus.

A. R. CAREY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.


1. Get acquainted with Jesus, my friend, He is seeking a place in your heart,
2. Get acquainted with Je-sus, I pray, 'Tis a ban-quet His smile to be-hold,
3. Get acquainted with Je-sus, I pray, Do not wait till distress brings you low,
Let Him come all its wand'rings to end, And to bid pride and error depart.
Those who trust Him He'll never betray, And His love is far better than gold.
Lest a stranger you find Him in need, And your soul know not whither to go.
CHORUS.
Call Him in and know Him, This friend who is waiting to-day;
Call Him in and know thy friend, to-day;
Call Him in and know Him, thy friend, Get acquainted with Je - sus, I pray.

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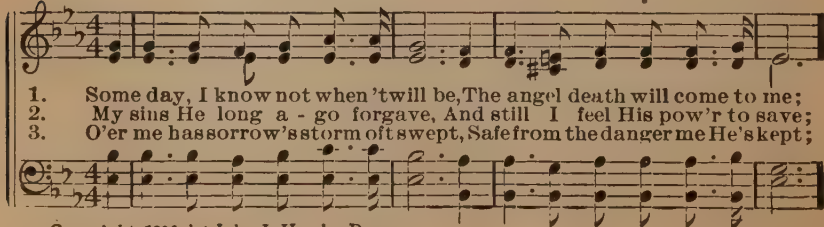
No. 103. Old Jordan's Waves I do not Fear.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.


1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The angel death will come to me;
2. My sins He long a - go forgave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;
3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me He's kept;

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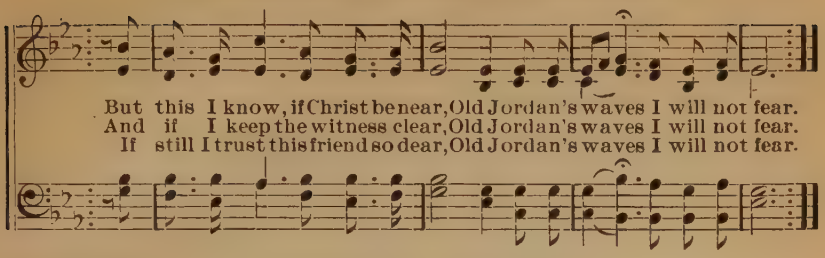
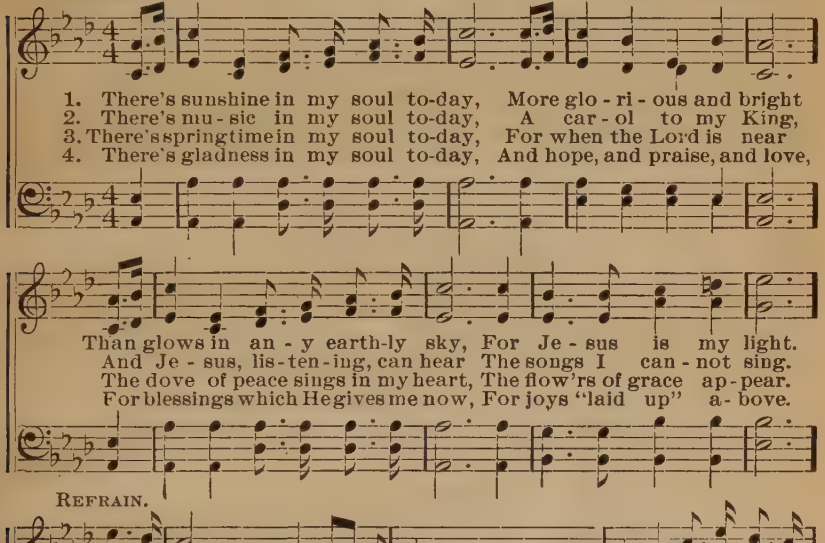
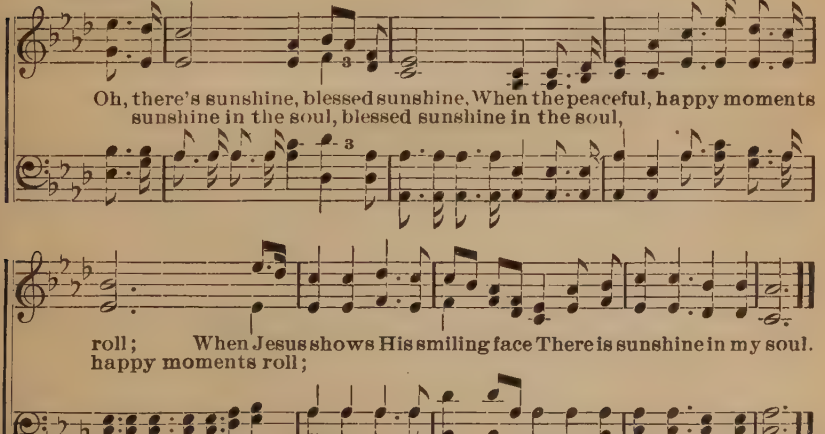

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

No. 104. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.


Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,
roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in my soul.
happy moments roll;

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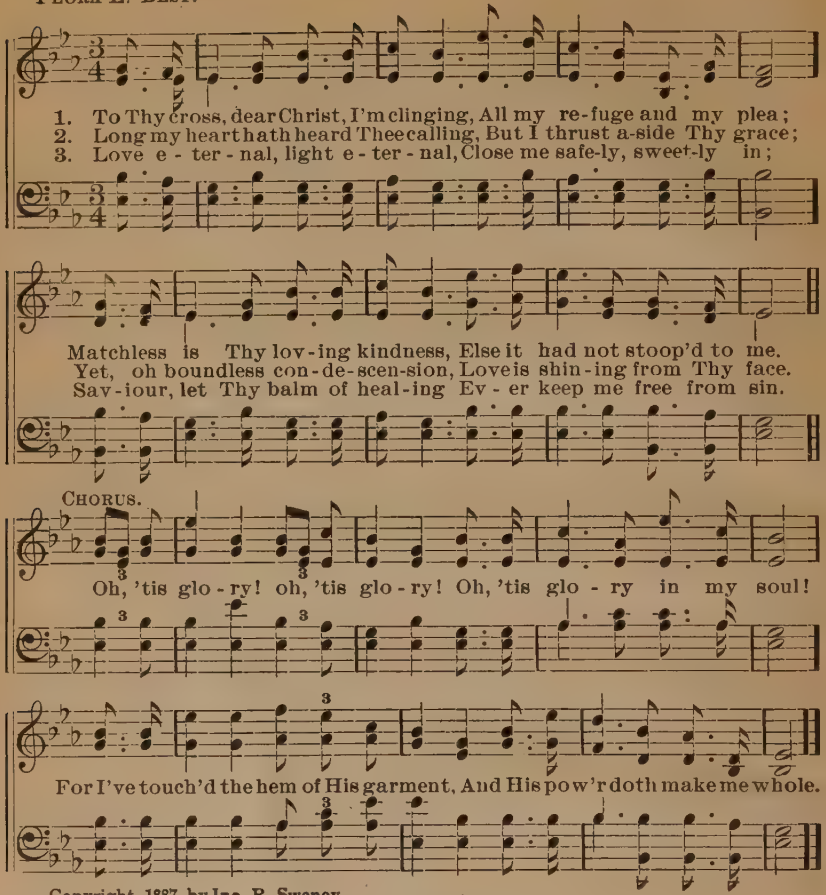
No. 105. Oh! 'tis Glory in My soul.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my re-fuge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard Thee calling, But I thrust a-side Thy grace;
3. Love e-ter-nal, light e-ter-nal, Close me safe-ly, sweet-ly in;
Matchless is Thy lov-ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, oh boundless con-de-scen-sion, Love is shin-ing from Thy face.
Sav-iour, let Thy balm of heal-ing Ev-er keep me free from sin.
CHORUS.
Oh, 'tis glo-ry! oh, 'tis glo-ry! Oh, 'tis glo-ry in my soul!
For I've touch'd the hem of His garment, And His pow'r doth make me whole.

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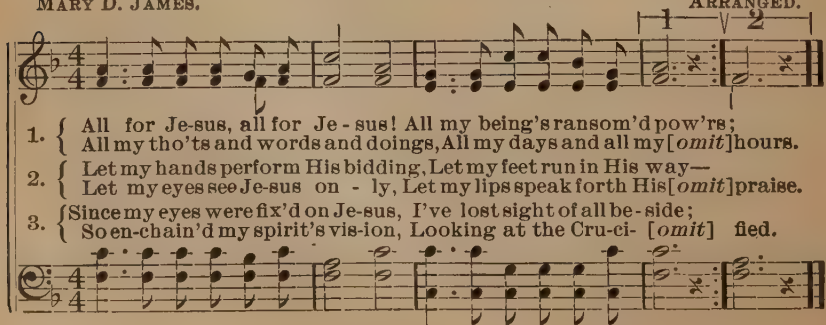
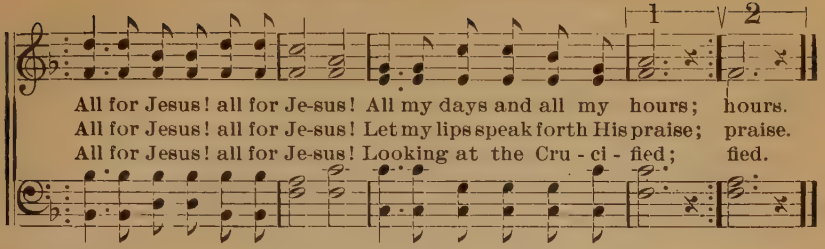
No. 106. All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. ARRANGED.

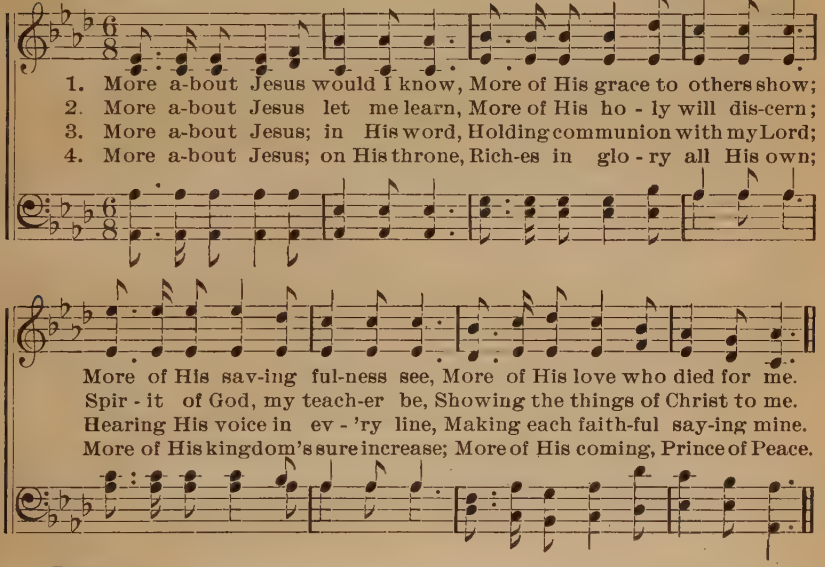

1
2
1. All for Je-sus, all for Je-sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my [omit] hours.
2. Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His way—
Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth His [omit] praise.
3. Since my eyes were fix'd on Je-sus, I've lost sight of all be-side;
So en-chain'd my spirit's vis-ion, Looking at the Cru-ci- [omit] fied.

All for Jesus. Concluded.

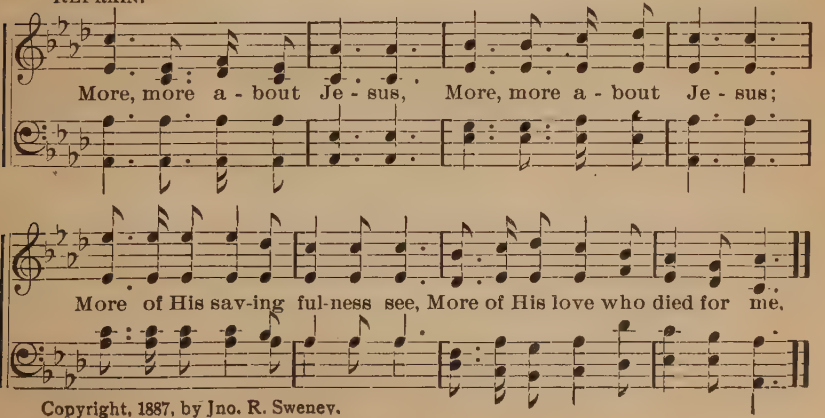

1
2
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! Looking at the Cru - ci - fied; fied.

No. 107. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Jesus would I know, More of His grace to others show;
2. More a-bout Jesus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Jesus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Jesus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

Refrain.



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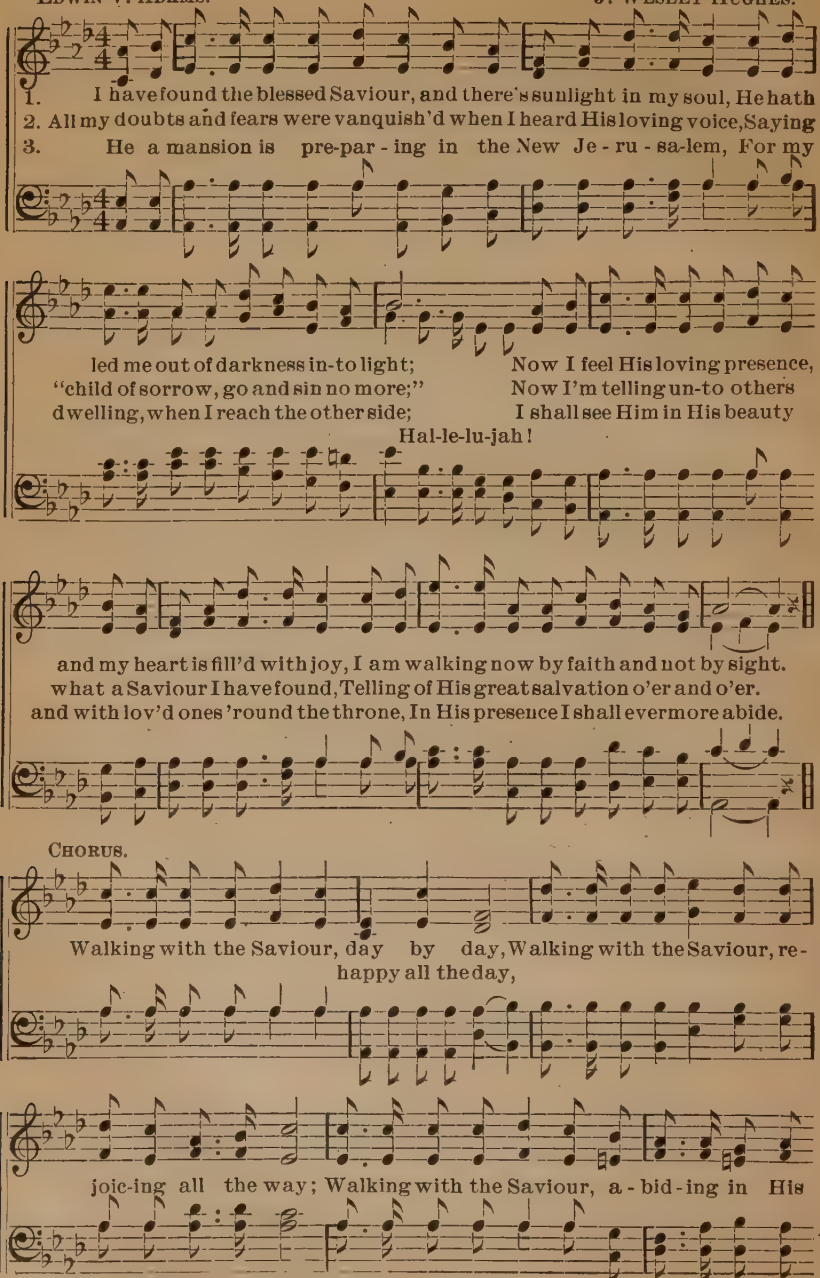
No. 108. Walking with the Saviour.

EDWIN V. ADAMS. J. WESLEY HUGHES.


1. I have found the blessed Saviour, and there's sunlight in my soul, He hath led me out of darkness in-to light; Now I feel His loving presence,
2. All my doubts and fears were vanquish'd when I heard His loving voice, Saying "child of sorrow, go and sin no more;" Now I'm telling un-to others
3. He a mansion is pre-par - ing in the New Je - ru - sa-lem, For my dwelling, when I reach the other side; I shall see Him in His beauty
Hal-le-lu-jah!
and my heart is fill'd with joy, I am walking now by faith and not by sight.
what a Saviour I have found, Telling of His great salvation o'er and o'er.
and with lov'd ones 'round the throne, In His presence I shall evermore abide.
CHORUS.
Walking with the Saviour, day by day, Walking with the Saviour, re-
happy all the day,
joic-ing all the way; Walking with the Saviour, a - bid - ing in His

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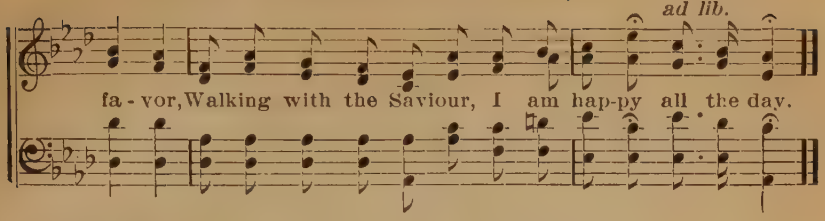
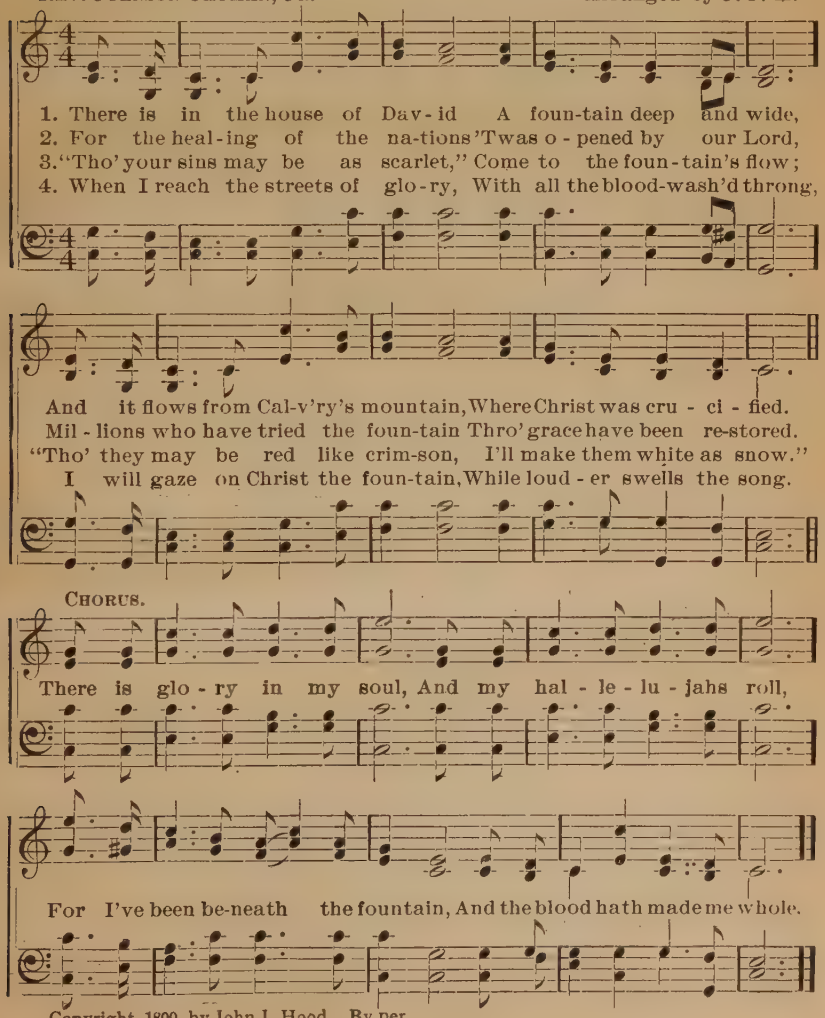


No. 109. Beneath the Fountain.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Arranged by J. J. H.

1. There is in the house of Dav - id A foun-tain deep and wide,
2. For the heal - ing of the na-tions 'Twas o - pened by our Lord,
3. "Tho' your sins may be as scarlet," Come to the foun - tain's flow;
4. When I reach the streets of glo - ry, With all the blood-wash'd throng,
And it flows from Cal-v'ry's mountain, Where Christ was cru - ci - fied.
Mil - lions who have tried the foun-tain Thro' grace have been re-stored.
"Tho' they may be red like crim-son, I'll make them white as snow."
I will gaze on Christ the foun-tain, While loud - er swells the song.
CHORUS.
There is glo - ry in my soul, And my hal - le - lu - jahs roll,
For I've been be-neath the fountain, And the blood hath made me whole.

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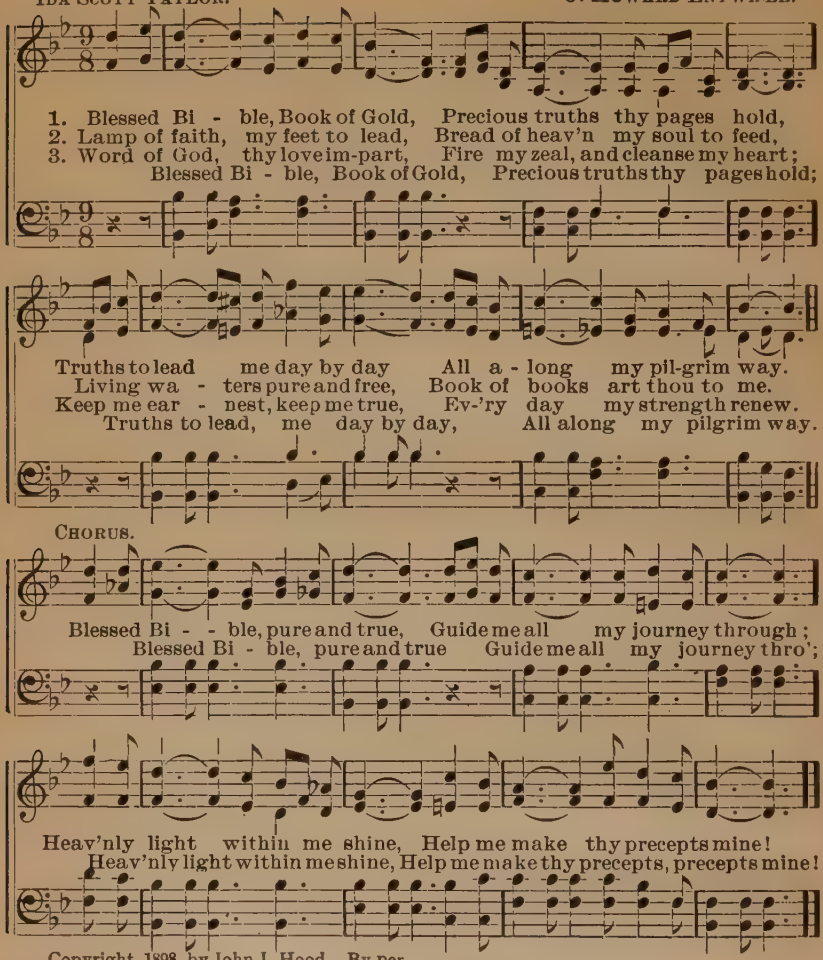
No. 110. Blessed Bible.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pages hold,
2. Lamp of faith, my feet to lead, Bread of heav'n my soul to feed,
3. Word of God, thy love im-part, Fire my zeal, and cleanse my heart;
Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pages hold;
Truths to lead me day by day All a - long my pil-grim way.
Living wa - ters pure and free, Book of books art thou to me.
Keep me ear - nest, keep me true, Ev-'ry day my strength renew.
Truths to lead, me day by day, All along my pilgrim way.
CHORUS.
Blessed Bi - - ble, pure and true, Guide me all my journey through;
Blessed Bi - ble, pure and true Guide me all my journey thro';
Heav'nly light within me shine, Help me make thy precepts mine!
Heav'nly light within me shine, Help me make thy precepts, precepts mine!

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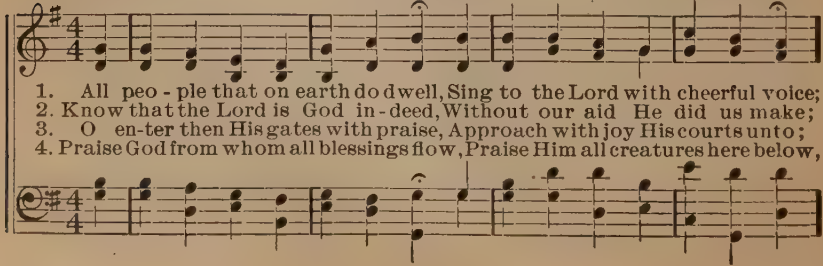
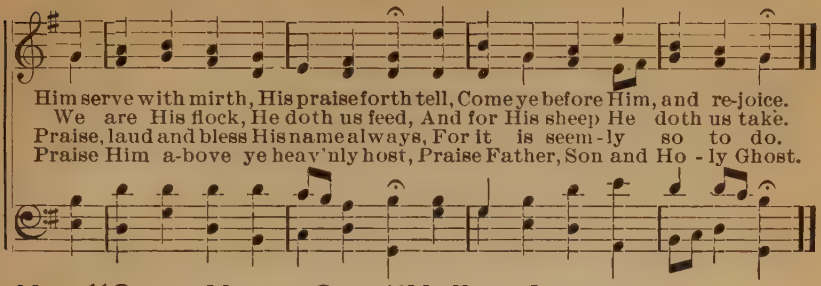
No. 111. All People That on Earth do Dwell.

WM. KETHE. *Tune—Old Hundred.* LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

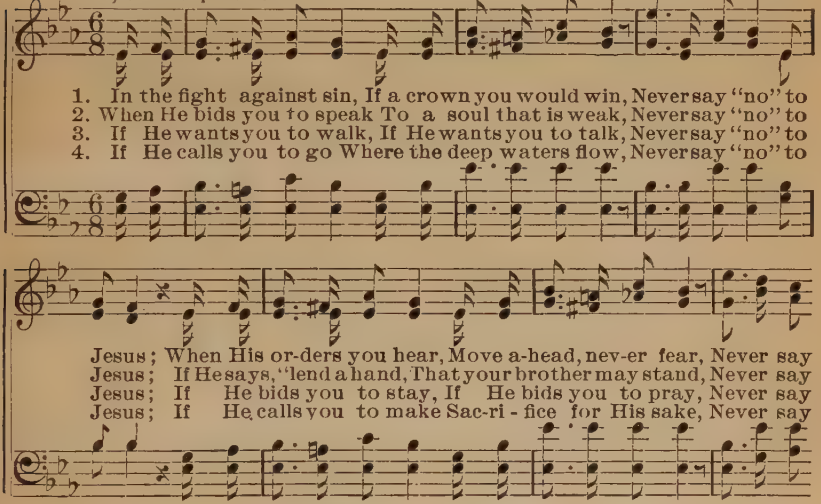

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed, Without our aid He did us make;
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto;
4. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below,


Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him, and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud and bless His name always, For it is seem-ly so to do.
Praise Him a-bove ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

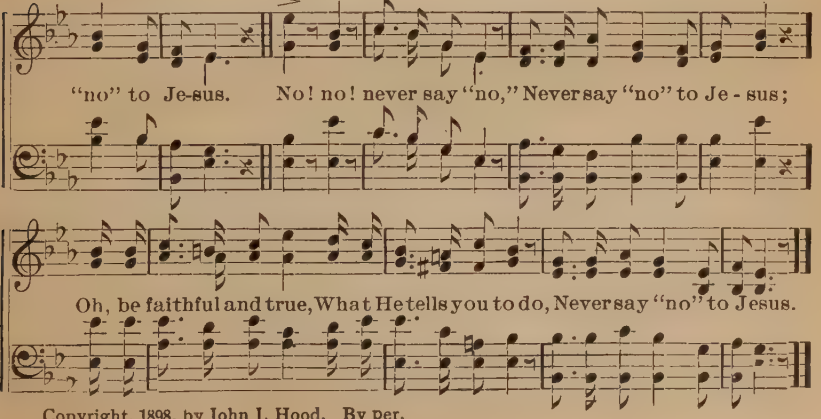
No. 112. Never Say "No" to Jesus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Slow, with expression.


1. In the fight against sin, If a crown you would win, Never say "no" to
2. When He bids you to speak To a soul that is weak, Never say "no" to
3. If He wants you to walk, If He wants you to talk, Never say "no" to
4. If He calls you to go Where the deep waters flow, Never say "no" to
Jesus; When His or-ders you hear, Move a-head, nev-er fear, Never say
Jesus; If He says, "lend a hand, That your brother may stand, Never say
Jesus; If He bids you to stay, If He bids you to pray, Never say
Jesus; If He calls you to make Sac-ri - fice for His sake, Never say

CHORUS.



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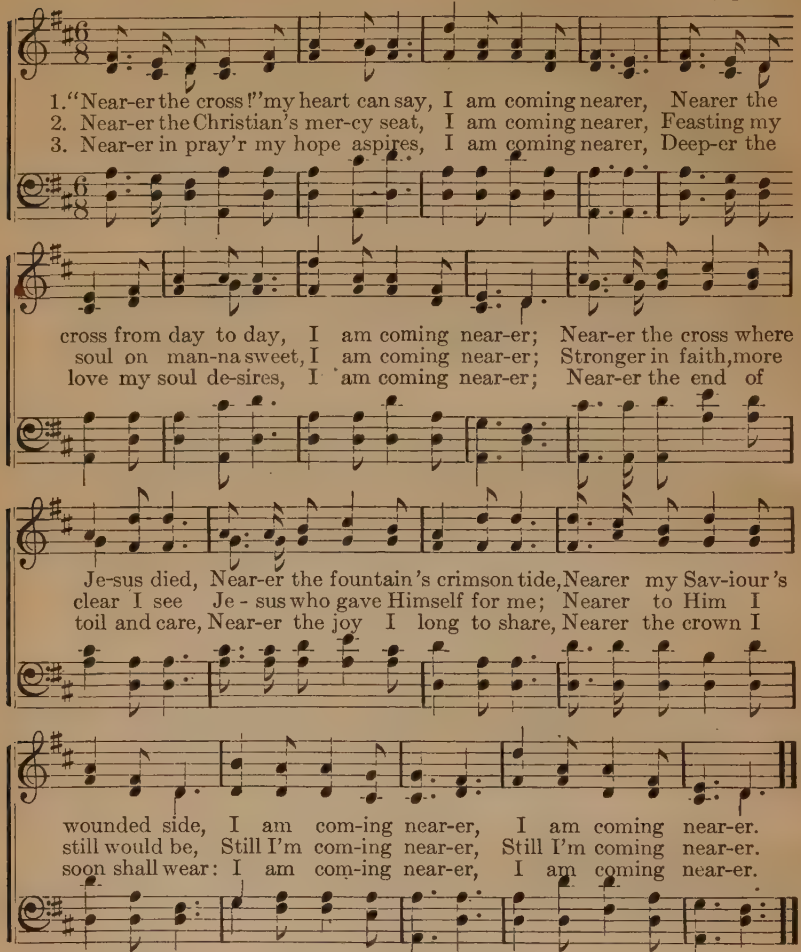
No. 113. Nearer The Cross.

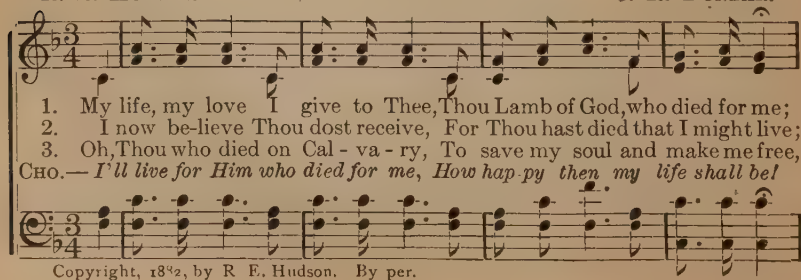
"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. By per.


1."Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Nearer the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am coming nearer, Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am coming nearer, Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am coming near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am coming near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am coming near-er; Near-er the end of
Je-sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Nearer my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Nearer to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Nearer the crown I
wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am coming near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm coming near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am coming near-er.

No. 114. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.— I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

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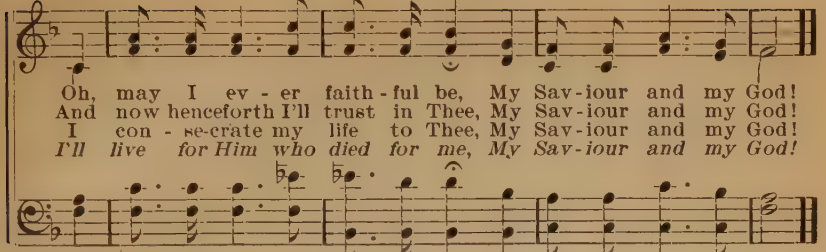
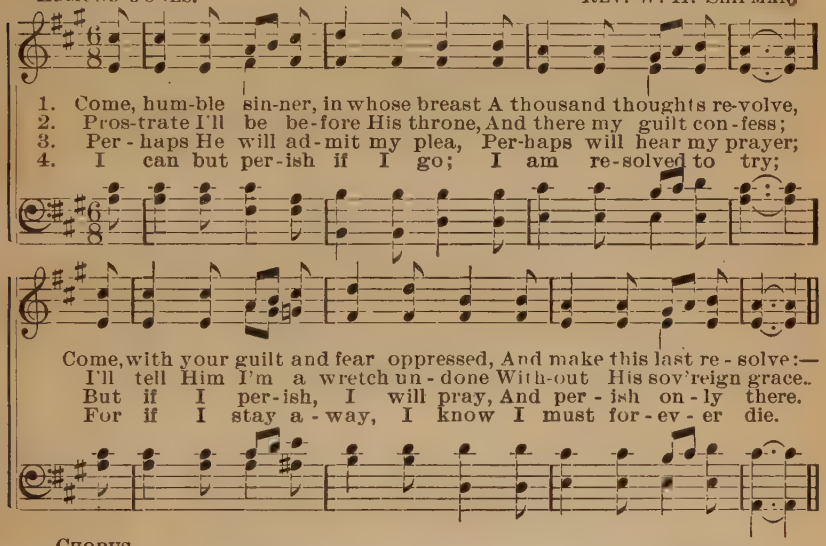
I'll Live for Him. Concluded.

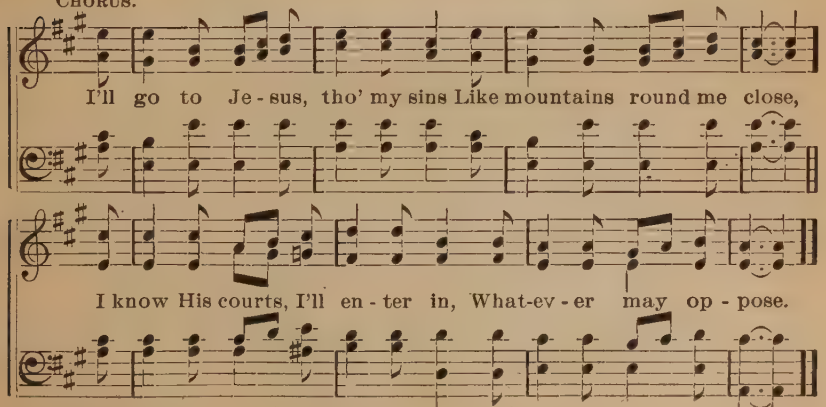

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

No. 115. Invitation.

EDMUND JONES. REV. W. H. SHIPMAN.


1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve,
2. Pros-trate I'll be be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
3. Per - haps He will ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve:—
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With-out His sov'reign grace.
But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

CHORUS.



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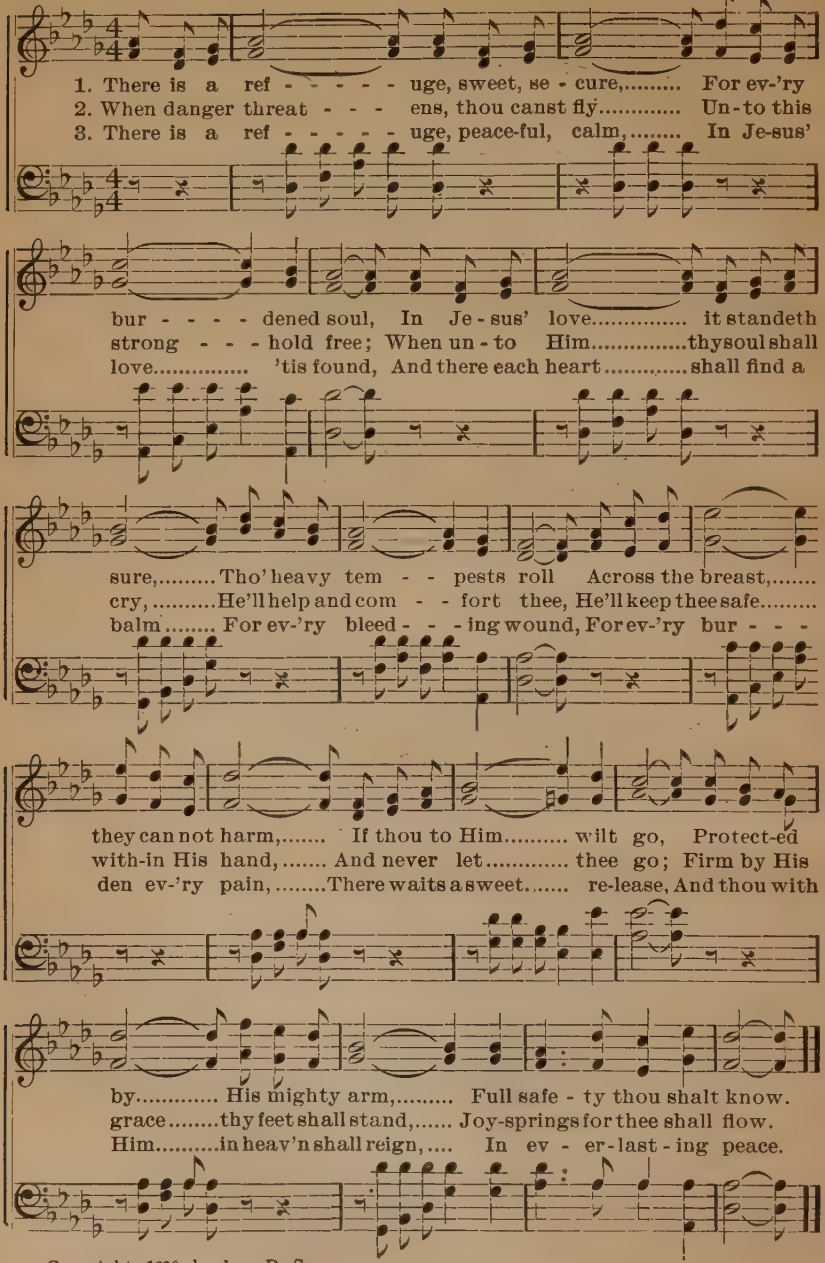
No. 116. There is a Refuge.

IDA L. REED. W. T. DASHIELL.


1. There is a ref - - - - - uge, sweet, se - cure,..... For ev-'ry
2. When danger threat - - - ens, thou canst fly..... Un-to this
3. There is a ref - - - - - uge, peace-ful, calm,..... In Je-sus'
bur - - - - dened soul, In Je - sus' love..... it standeth
strong - - - hold free; When un - to Him.....thysoul shall
love..... 'tis found, And there each heart.....shall find a
sure,.....Tho' heavy tem - - pests roll Across the breast,.....
cry,.....He'll help and com - - fort thee, He'll keep thee safe.....
balm..... For ev-'ry bleed - - - ing wound, For ev-'ry bur - - -
they can not harm,..... If thou to Him..... wilt go, Protect-ed
with-in His hand,..... And never let..... thee go; Firm by His
den ev-'ry pain,.....There waits a sweet..... re-lease, And thou with
by..... His mighty arm,..... Full safe - ty thou shalt know.
grace.....thy feet shall stand,..... Joy-springs for thee shall flow.
Him.....in heav'n shall reign,.... In ev - er-last - ing peace.

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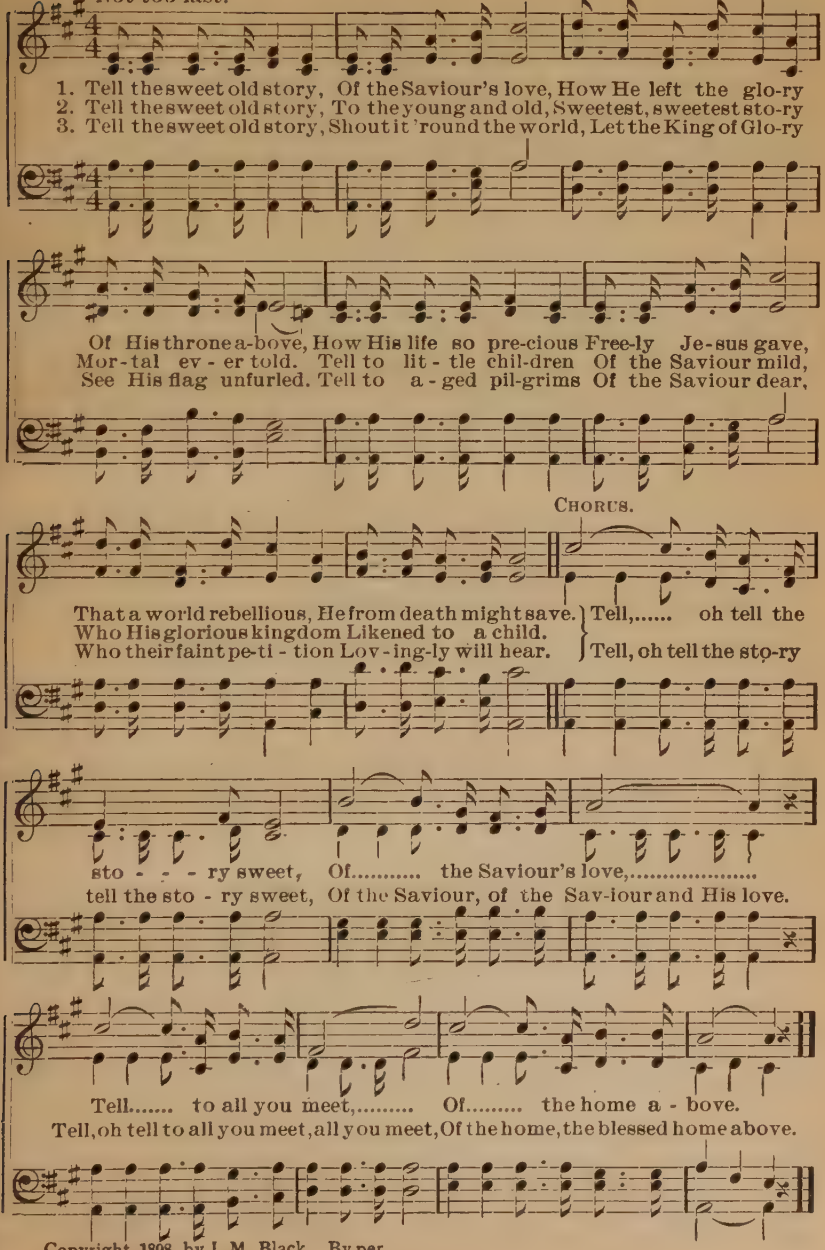
No. 117. Tell the Sweet Old Story.

LIDA M. KECK. J. M. BLACK.

Not too fast.


1. Tell the sweet old story, Of the Saviour's love, How He left the glo-ry
2. Tell the sweet old story, To the young and old, Sweetest, sweetest sto-ry
3. Tell the sweet old story, Shout it 'round the world, Let the King of Glo-ry
Of His throne a-bove, How His life so pre-cious Free-ly Je-sus gave,
Mor-tal ev - er told. Tell to lit - tle chil-dren Of the Saviour mild,
See His flag unfurled. Tell to a - ged pil-grims Of the Saviour dear,
CHORUS.
That a world rebellious, He from death might save.
Who His glorious kingdom Likened to a child.
Who their faint pe-ti - tion Lov - ing-ly will hear.
Tell,..... oh tell the
Tell, oh tell the sto-ry
sto - - - ry sweet, Of..... the Saviour's love,.....
tell the sto - ry sweet, Of the Saviour, of the Sav-iour and His love.
Tell..... to all you meet,..... Of..... the home a - bove.
Tell, oh tell to all you meet, all you meet, Of the home, the blessed home above.

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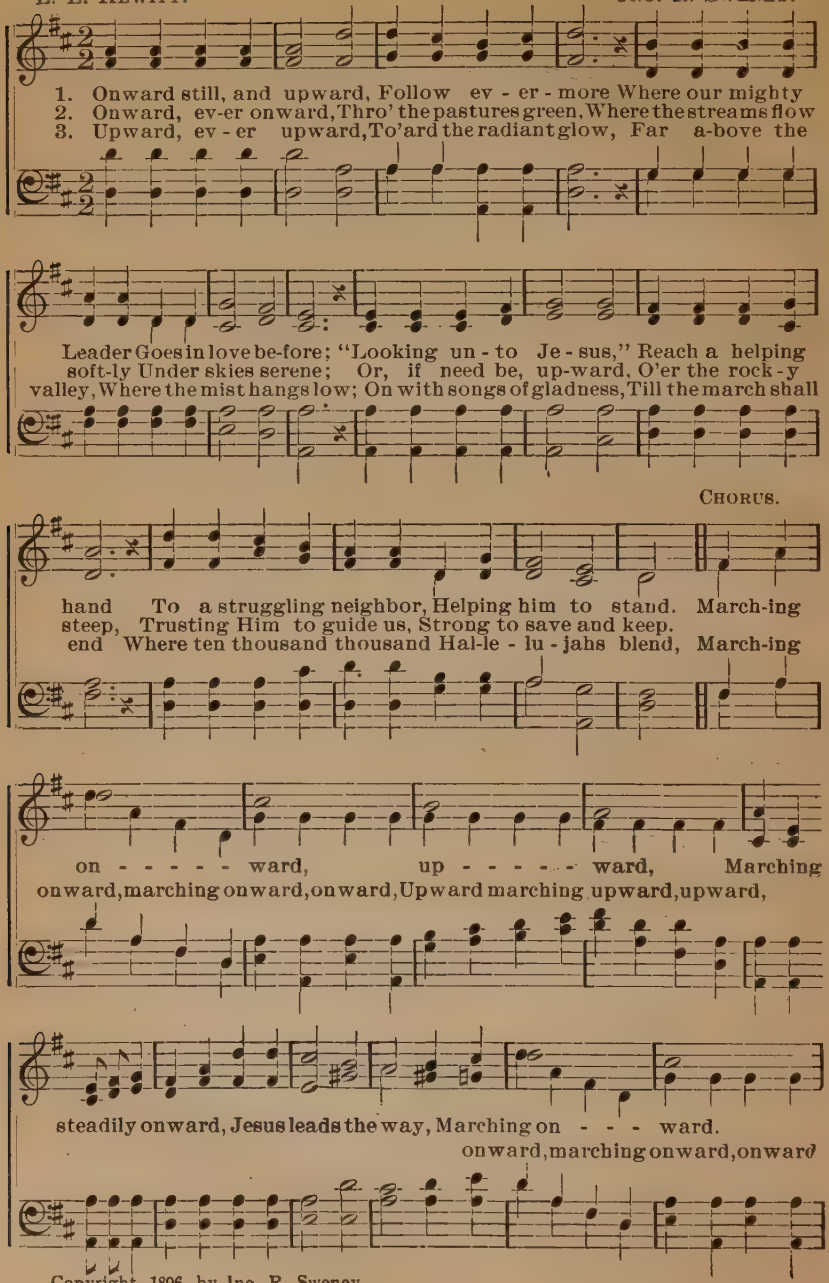
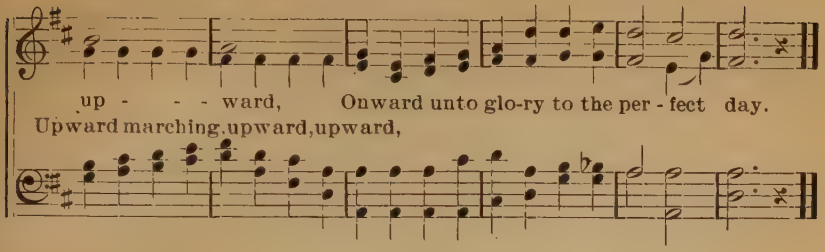
No. 118. Onward and Upward.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

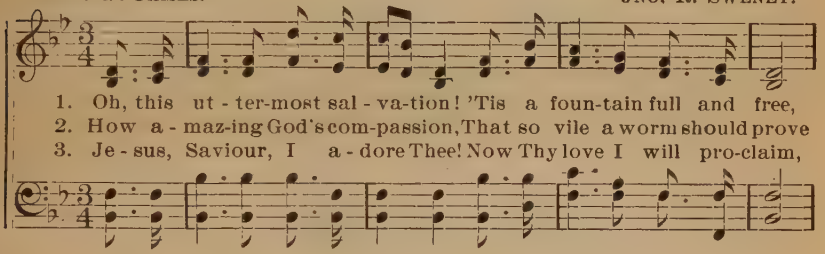

1. Onward still, and upward, Follow ev - er - more Where our mighty
2. Onward, ev-er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Upward, ev - er upward, To'ard the radiant glow, Far a-bove the
Leader Goes in love be-fore; "Looking un - to Je - sus," Reach a helping
soft-ly Under skies serene; Or, if need be, up-ward, O'er the rock - y
valley, Where the mist hangs low; On with songs of gladness, Till the march shall
Chorus.
hand To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. March-ing
steep, Trusting Him to guide us, Strong to save and keep.
end Where ten thousand thousand Hal-le - lu - jahs blend, March-ing
on - - - - - ward, up - - - - - ward, Marching
onward, marching onward, onward, Upward marching upward, upward,
steadily onward, Jesus leads the way, Marching on - - - ward.
onward, marching onward, onward

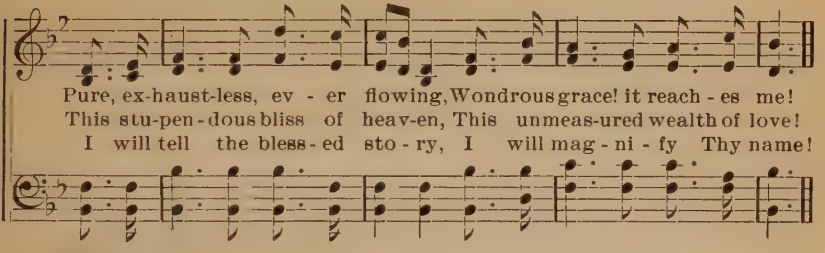
Copyright, 1896, by Jno. R. Sweney.



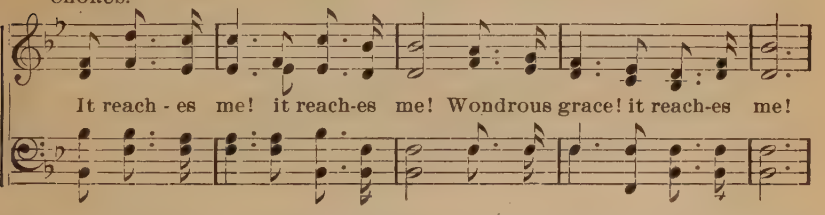
No. 119. It Reaches Me.

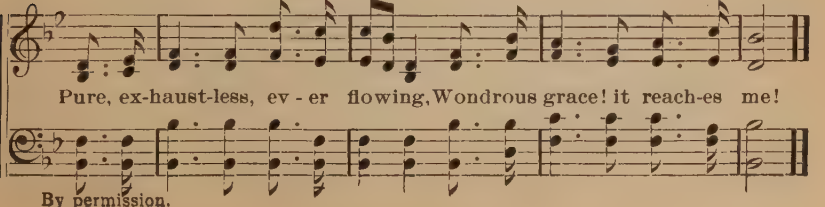
MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
2. How a - maz-ing God's com-passion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro-claim,


Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!
This stu-pen - dous bliss of heav-en, This unmeas-ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless - ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!

CHORUS.





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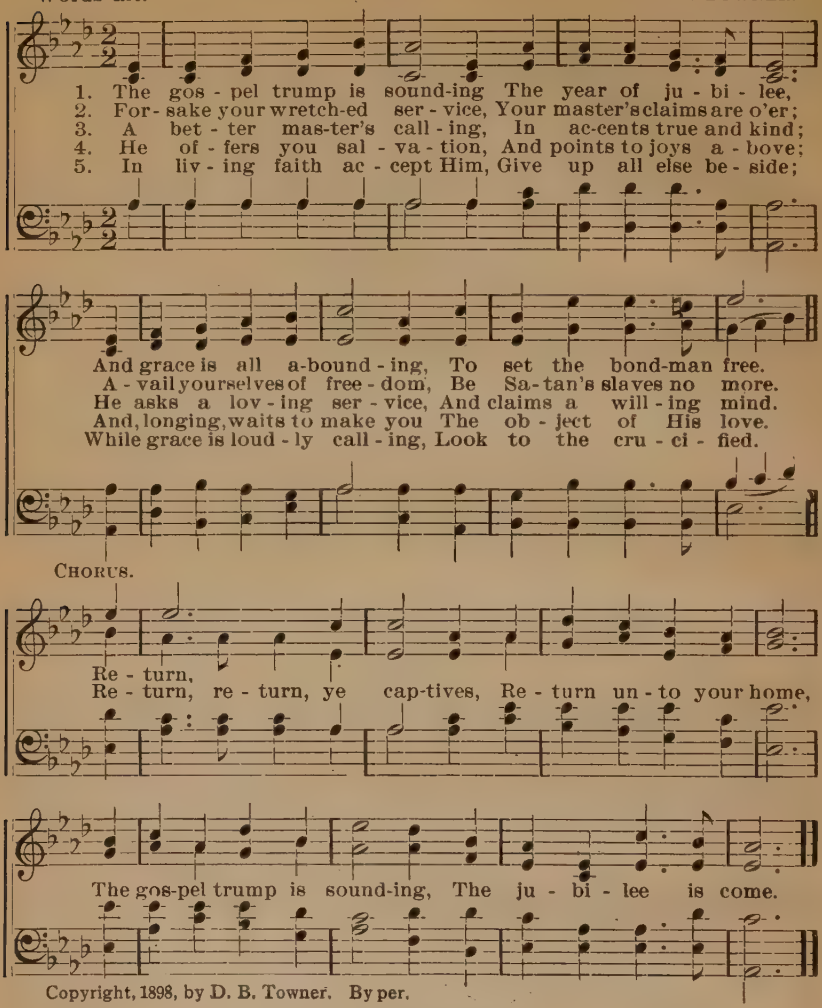
No. 120. The Gospel Trump is Sounding.

Words alt. D. B. Towner.


1. The gos - pel trump is sound-ing The year of ju - bi - lee,
2. For - sake your wretch-ed ser - vice, Your master's claims are o'er;
3. A bet - ter mas-ter's call - ing, In ac-cents true and kind;
4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;
And grace is all a-bound - ing, To set the bond-man free.
A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa-tan's slaves no more.
He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
And, longing, waits to make you The ob - ject of His love.
While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the cru - ci - fied.
Chorus.
Re - turn,
Re - turn, re - turn, ye cap-tives, Re - turn un - to your home,
The gos-pel trump is sound-ing, The ju - bi - lee is come.

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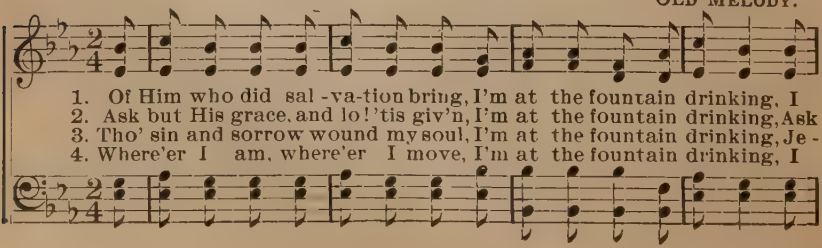
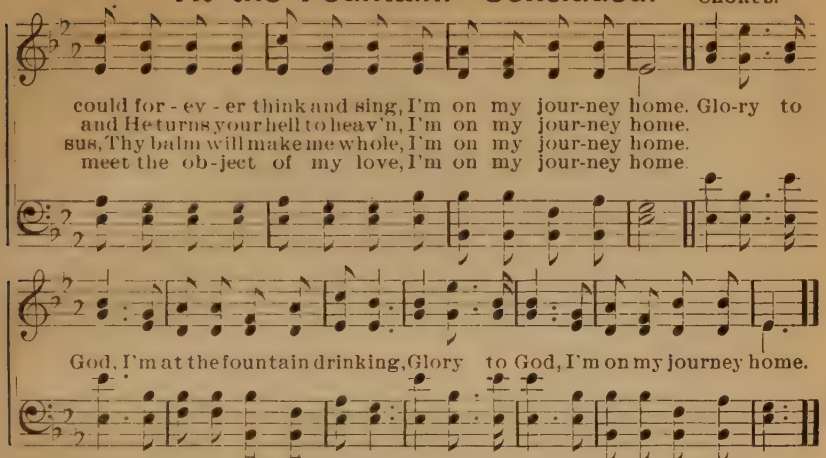
No. 121. At the Fountain.

Old Melody.

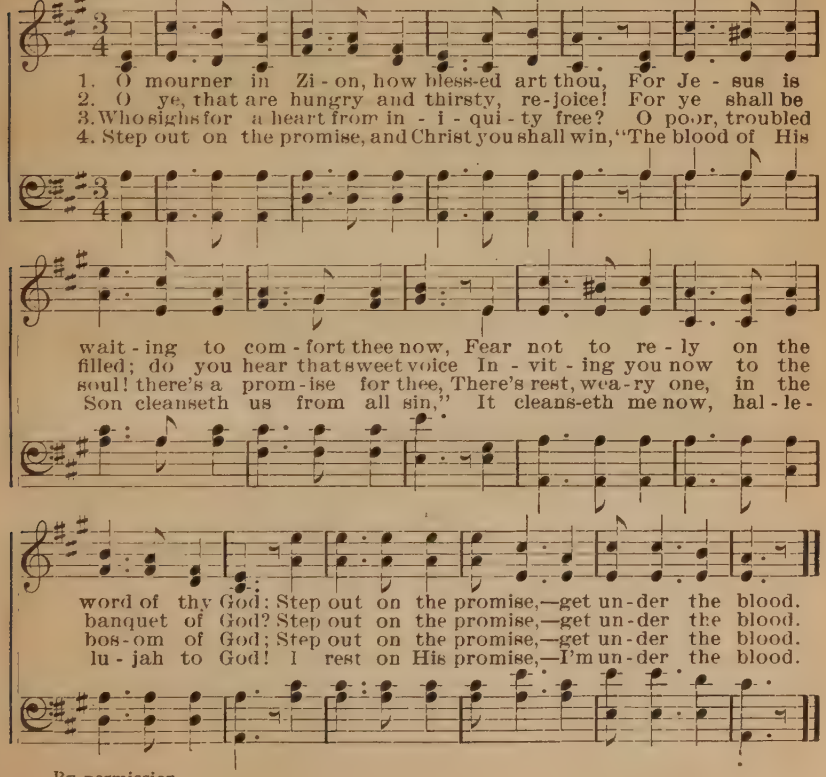

1. Of Him who did sal - va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking, I
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking, Ask
3. Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking, Je -
4. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking, I

At the Fountain. Concluded.

CHORUS.

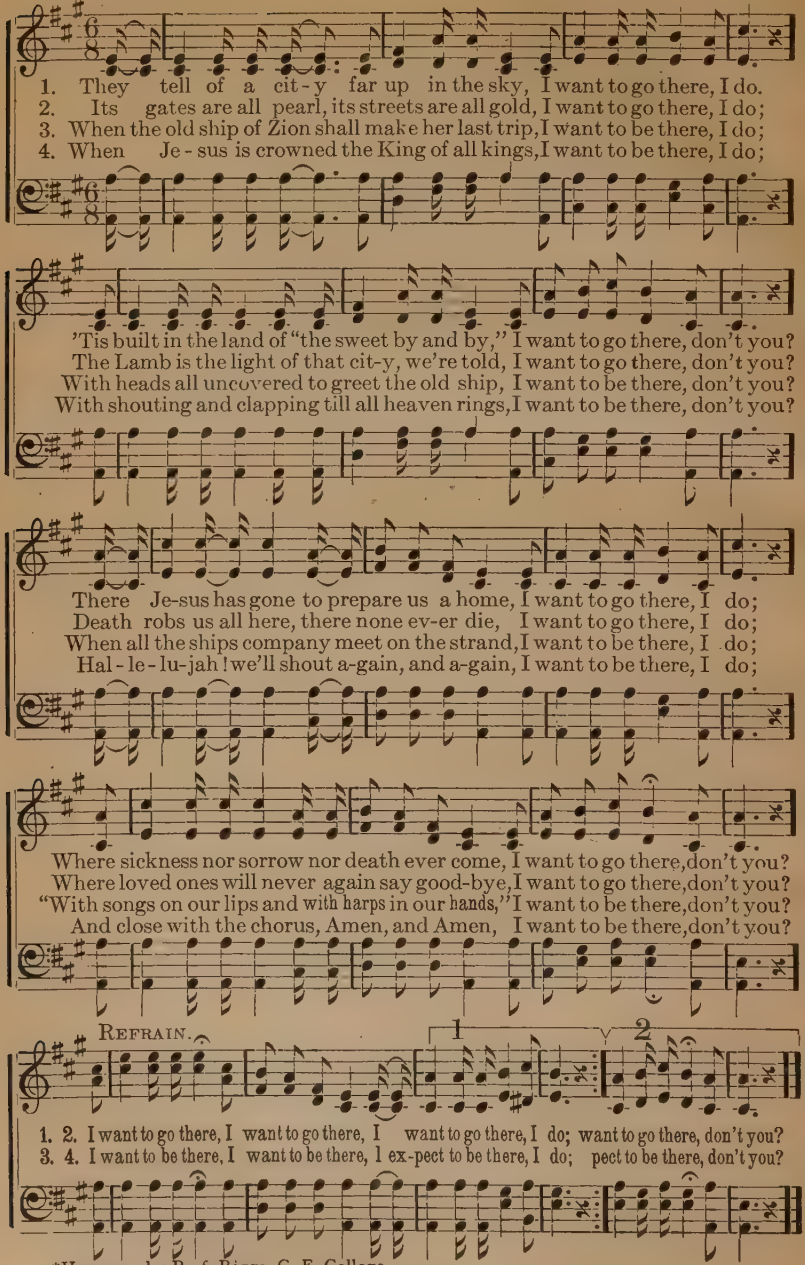

could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home. Glo-ry to
and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home.
sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my jour-ney home.
meet the ob-ject of my love, I'm on my jour-ney home.
God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.

No. 122. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER, arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye, that are hungry and thirsty, re-joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled
4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of His
wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleans-eth me now, hal - le -
word of thy God: Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
banquet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
bos - om of God; Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
lu - jah to God! I rest on His promise,—I'm un - der the blood.

By permission.

No. 123. I Want to Go There.

Rev. D. S. Rev. D. Sullins.*

1. They tell of a cit-y far up in the sky, I want to go there, I do.
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go there, I do;
3. When the old ship of Zion shall make her last trip, I want to be there, I do;
4. When Je-sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be there, I do;
'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by," I want to go there, don't you?
The Lamb is the light of that cit-y, we're told, I want to go there, don't you?
With heads all uncovered to greet the old ship, I want to be there, don't you?
With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings, I want to be there, don't you?
There Je-sus has gone to prepare us a home, I want to go there, I do;
Death robs us all here, there none ev-er die, I want to go there, I do;
When all the ships company meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do;
Hal-le-lu-jah! we'll shout a-gain, and a-gain, I want to be there, I do;
Where sickness nor sorrow nor death ever come, I want to go there, don't you?
Where loved ones will never again say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
"With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands," I want to be there, don't you?
And close with the chorus, Amen, and Amen, I want to be there, don't you?
Refrain.
1 2
1. 2. I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, I do; want to go there, don't you?
3. 4. I want to be there, I want to be there, I ex-pect to be there, I do; pect to be there, don't you?

*Harmony by Prof. Riggs, C. F. College.

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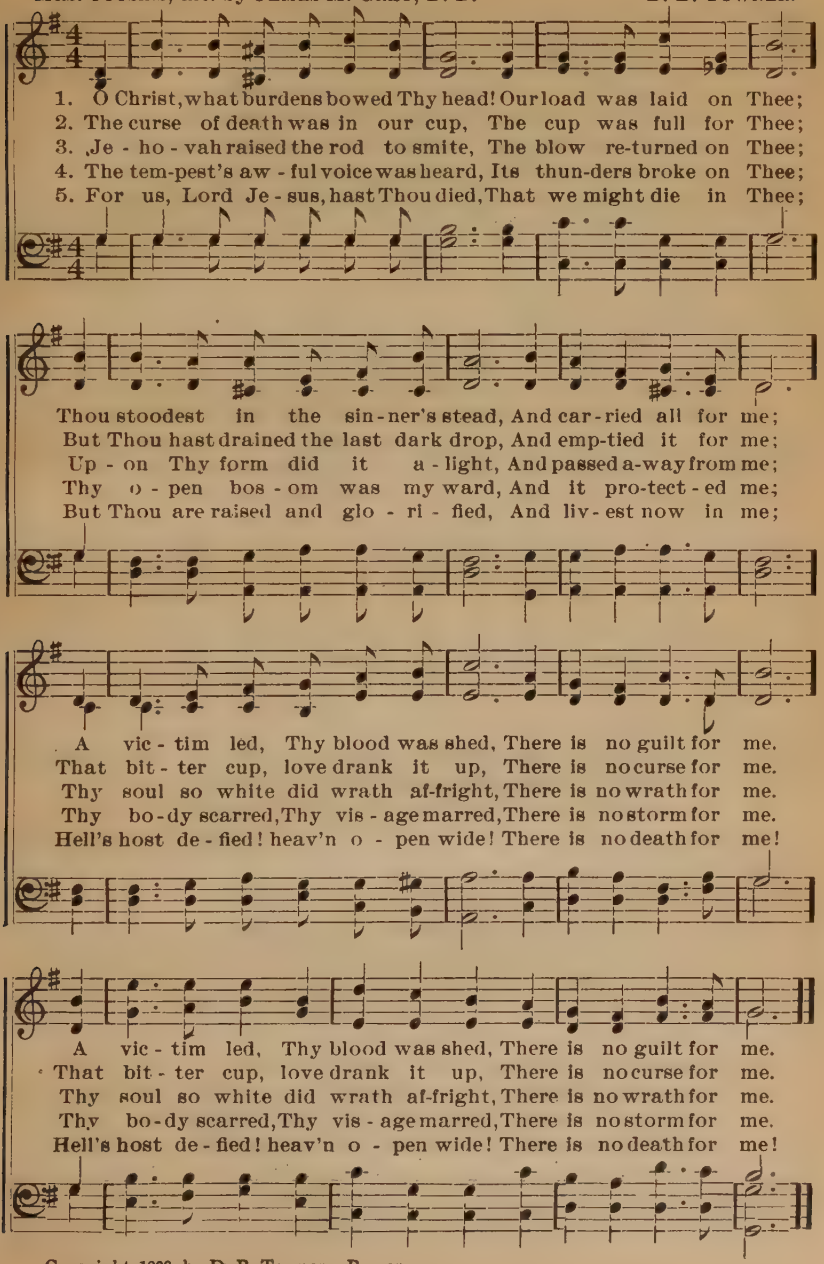
No. 124. The Sinner's Substitute.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isa. 53:6.

MRS. COUSINS, alt. by JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.


1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
2. The curse of death was in our cup, The cup was full for Thee;
3. Je - ho - vah raised the rod to smite, The blow re-turned on Thee;
4. The tem-pest's aw - ful voice was heard, Its thun-ders broke on Thee;
5. For us, Lord Je - sus, hast Thou died, That we might die in Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sin-ner's stead, And car-ried all for me;
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop, And emp-tied it for me;
Up - on Thy form did it a - light, And passed a-way from me;
Thy o - pen bos - om was my ward, And it pro-tect - ed me;
But Thou are raised and glo - ri - fied, And liv-est now in me;
A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed, There is no guilt for me.
That bit - ter cup, love drank it up, There is no curse for me.
Thy soul so white did wrath af-fright, There is no wrath for me.
Thy bo-dy scarred, Thy vis - age marred, There is no storm for me.
Hell's host de - fied! heav'n o - pen wide! There is no death for me!
A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed, There is no guilt for me.
That bit - ter cup, love drank it up, There is no curse for me.
Thy soul so white did wrath af-fright, There is no wrath for me.
Thy bo-dy scarred, Thy vis - age marred, There is no storm for me.
Hell's host de - fied! heav'n o - pen wide! There is no death for me!

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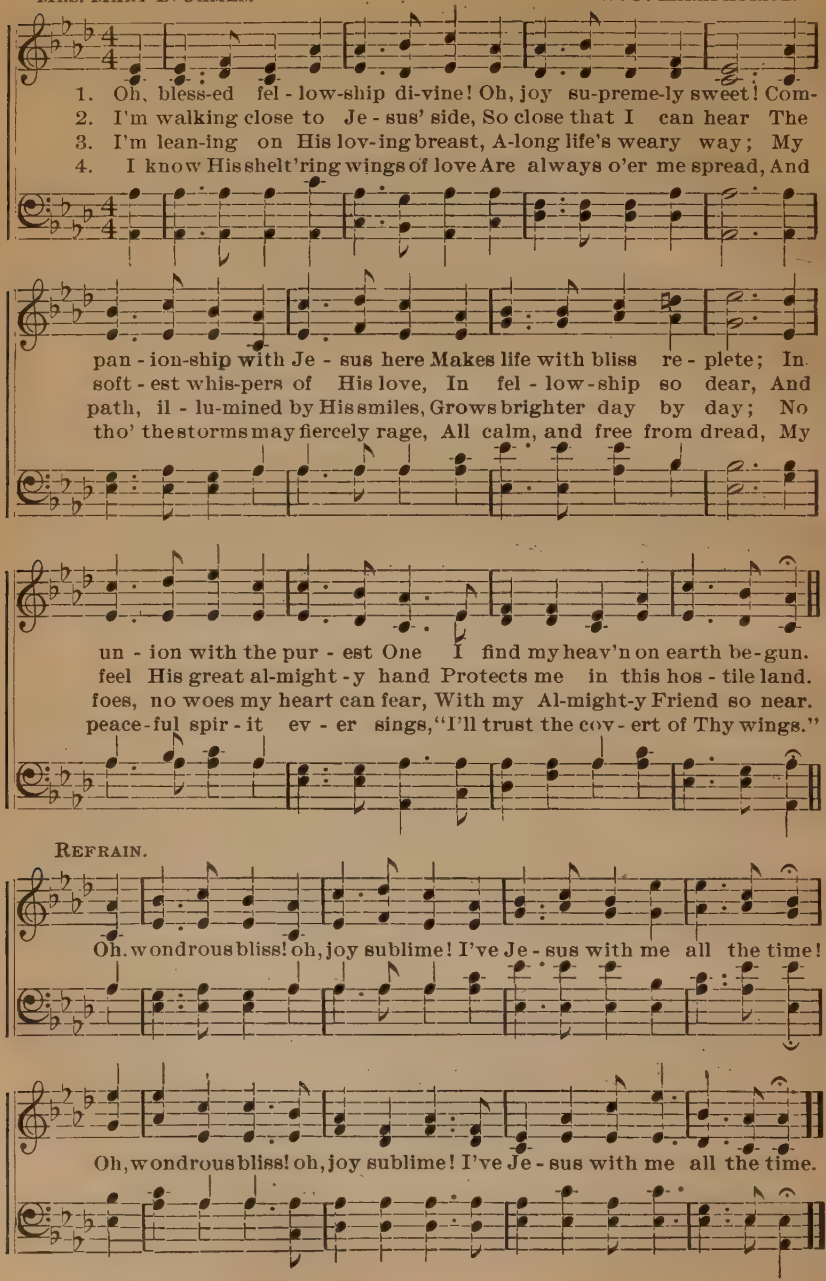
No. 125. Companionship with Jesus.

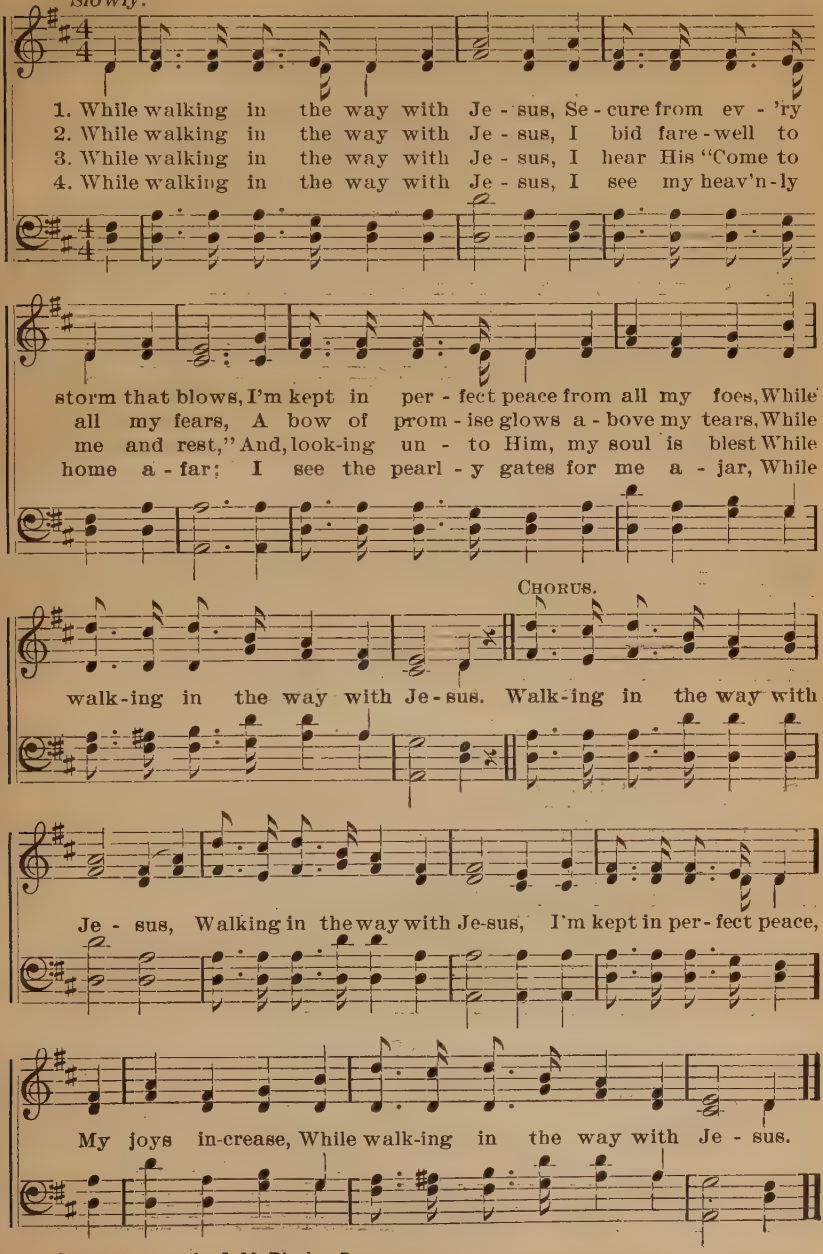
MRS. MARY D. JAMES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Oh, bless-ed fel - low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walking close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on His lov-ing breast, A-long life's weary way; My
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And
pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete; In
soft - est whis-pers of His love, In fel - low-ship so dear, And
path, il - lu-mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day; No
tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm, and free from dread, My
un - ion with the pur - est One I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel His great al-might - y hand Protects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
peace-ful spir - it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the cov - ert of Thy wings."
REFRAIN.
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.

By permission.

No. 126. Walking in the Way with Jesus.

LIDA M. KECK. J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.

1. While walking in the way with Je - sus, Se - cure from ev - 'ry
2. While walking in the way with Je - sus, I bid fare - well to
3. While walking in the way with Je - sus, I hear His "Come to
4. While walking in the way with Je - sus, I see my heav'n - ly
storm that blows, I'm kept in per - fect peace from all my foes, While
all my fears, A bow of prom - ise glows a - bove my tears, While
me and rest," And, look-ing un - to Him, my soul is blest While
home a - far; I see the pearl - y gates for me a - jar, While
CHORUS.
walk-ing in the way with Je - sus. Walk-ing in the way with
Je - sus, Walking in the way with Je-sus, I'm kept in per - fect peace,
My joys in-crease, While walk-ing in the way with Je - sus.

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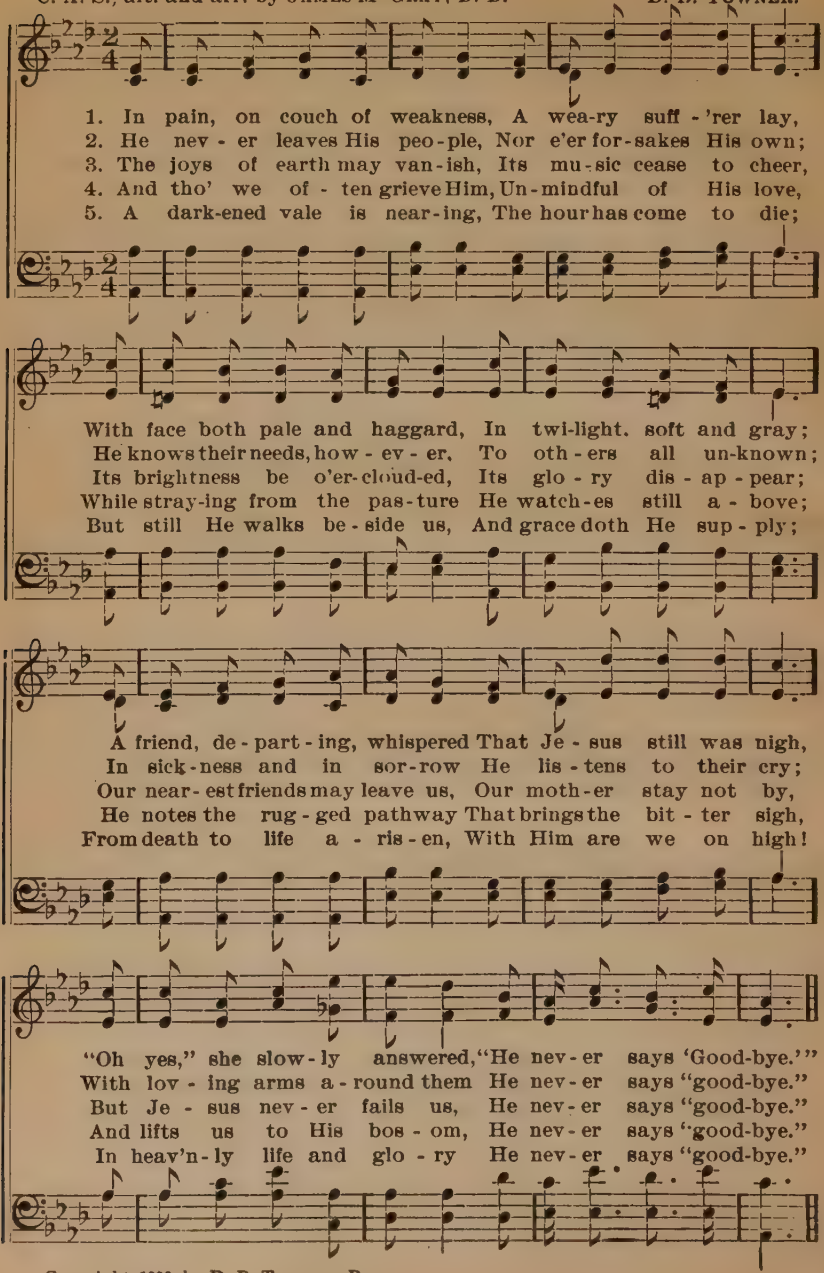
No. 127. He Never Says "Good-bye."

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—Heb 13 5.

C. A. S., alt. and arr. by JAMES M GRAY, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.


1. In pain, on couch of weakness, A wea-ry suff-'rer lay,
2. He nev-er leaves His peo-ple, Nor e'er for-sakes His own;
3. The joys of earth may van-ish, Its mu-sic cease to cheer,
4. And tho' we of-ten grieve Him, Un-mindful of His love,
5. A dark-ened vale is near-ing, The hour has come to die;
With face both pale and haggard, In twi-light, soft and gray;
He knows their needs, how-ev-er, To oth-ers all un-known;
Its brightness be o'er-cloud-ed, Its glo-ry dis-ap-pear;
While stray-ing from the pas-ture He watch-es still a-bove;
But still He walks be-side us, And grace doth He sup-ply;
A friend, de-part-ing, whispered That Je-sus still was nigh,
In sick-ness and in sor-row He lis-tens to their cry;
Our near-est friends may leave us, Our moth-er stay not by,
He notes the rug-ged pathway That brings the bit-ter sigh,
From death to life a-ris-en, With Him are we on high!
"Oh yes," she slow-ly answered, "He nev-er says 'Good-bye.'"
With lov-ing arms a-round them He nev-er says "good-bye."
But Je-sus nev-er fails us, He nev-er says "good-bye."
And lifts us to His bos-om, He nev-er says "good-bye."
In heav'n-ly life and glo-ry He nev-er says "good-bye."

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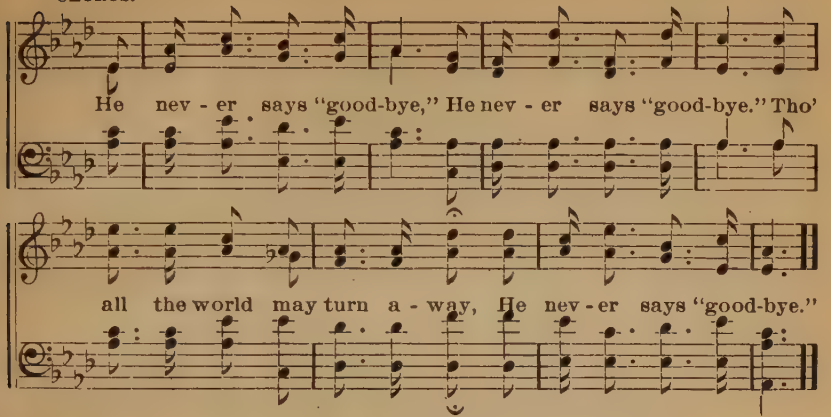
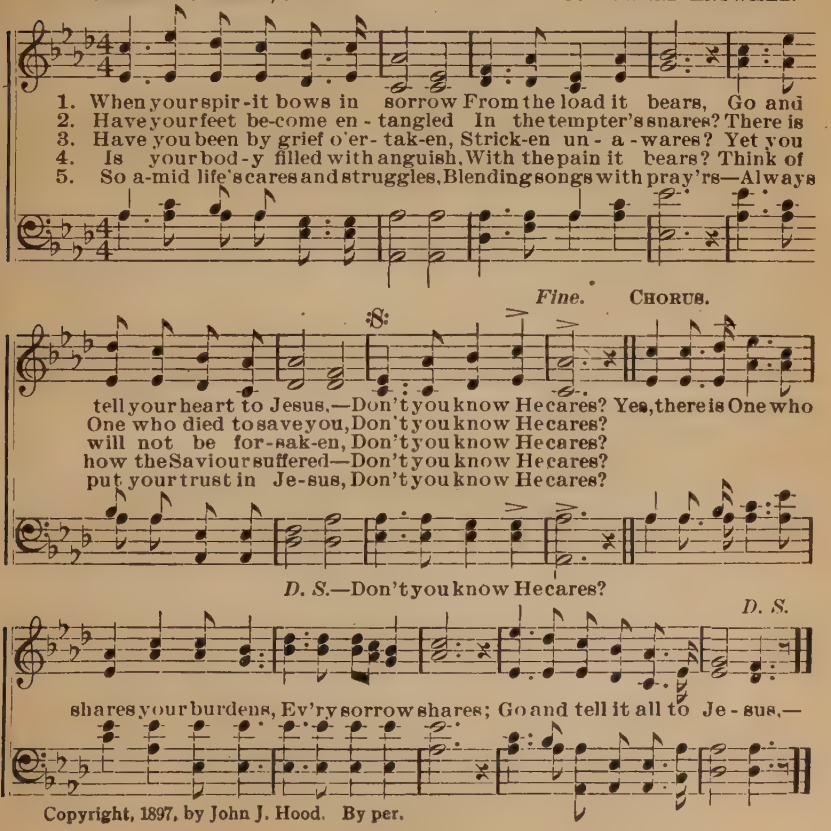
He Never Says "Good-bye." Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 128. Don't You Know He Cares?

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When your spir - it bows in sorrow From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet be-come en - tangled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'er - tak-en, Strick-en un - a - wares? Yet you
4. Is your bod - y filled with anguish, With the pain it bears? Think of
5. So a-mid life's cares and struggles, Blending songs with pray'rs—Always
Fine.
CHORUS.
tell your heart to Jesus.—Don't you know He cares? Yes, there is One who
One who died to save you, Don't you know He cares?
will not be for-sak-en, Don't you know He cares?
how the Saviour suffered—Don't you know He cares?
put your trust in Je-sus, Don't you know He cares?
D. S.—Don't you know He cares?
D. S.
shares your burdens, Ev'ry sorrow shares; Go and tell it all to Je - sus,—

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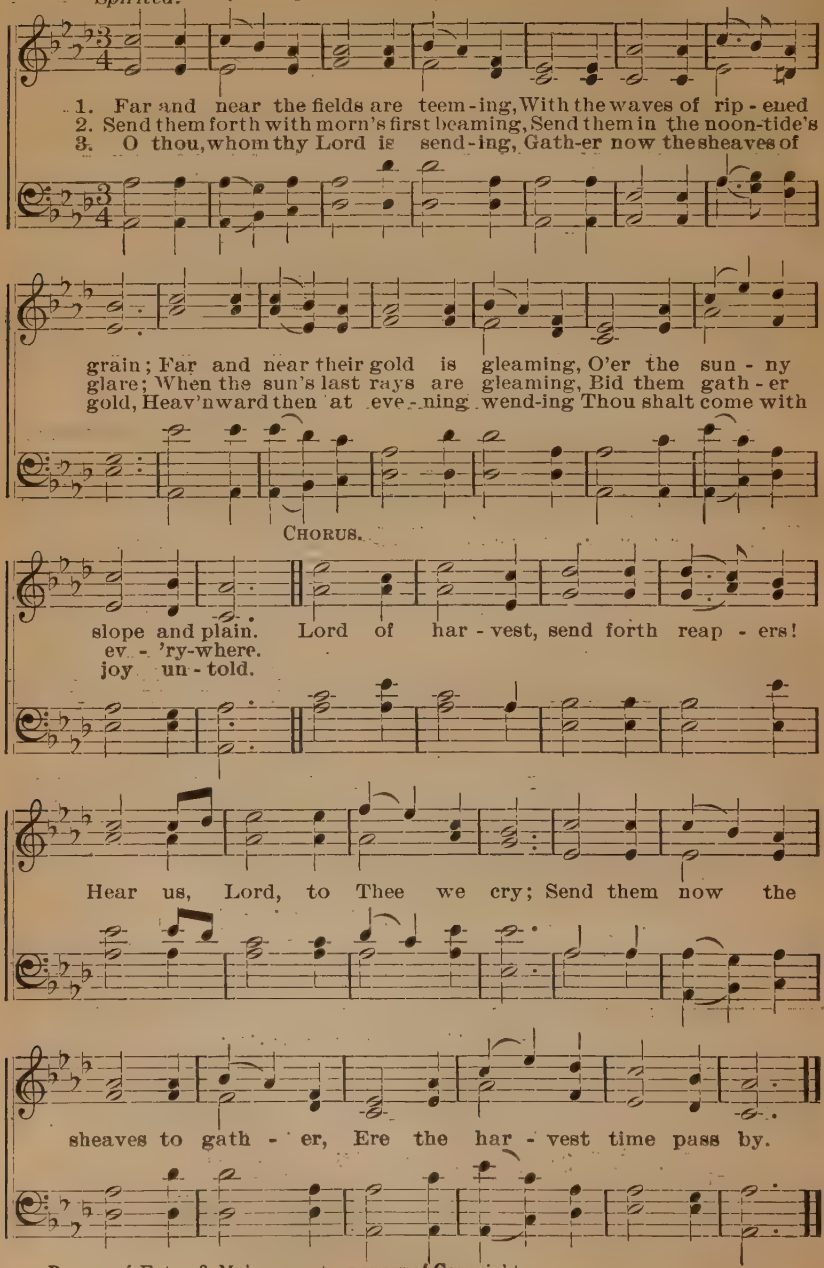
No. 129. The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.

Spirited.


1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing, With the waves of rip-ened
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noon-tide's
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of
grain; Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sun-ny
glare; When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath-er
gold, Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing Thou shalt come with
Chorus.
slope and plain. Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers!
ev-'ry-where.
joy un-told.
Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them now the
sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest time pass by.

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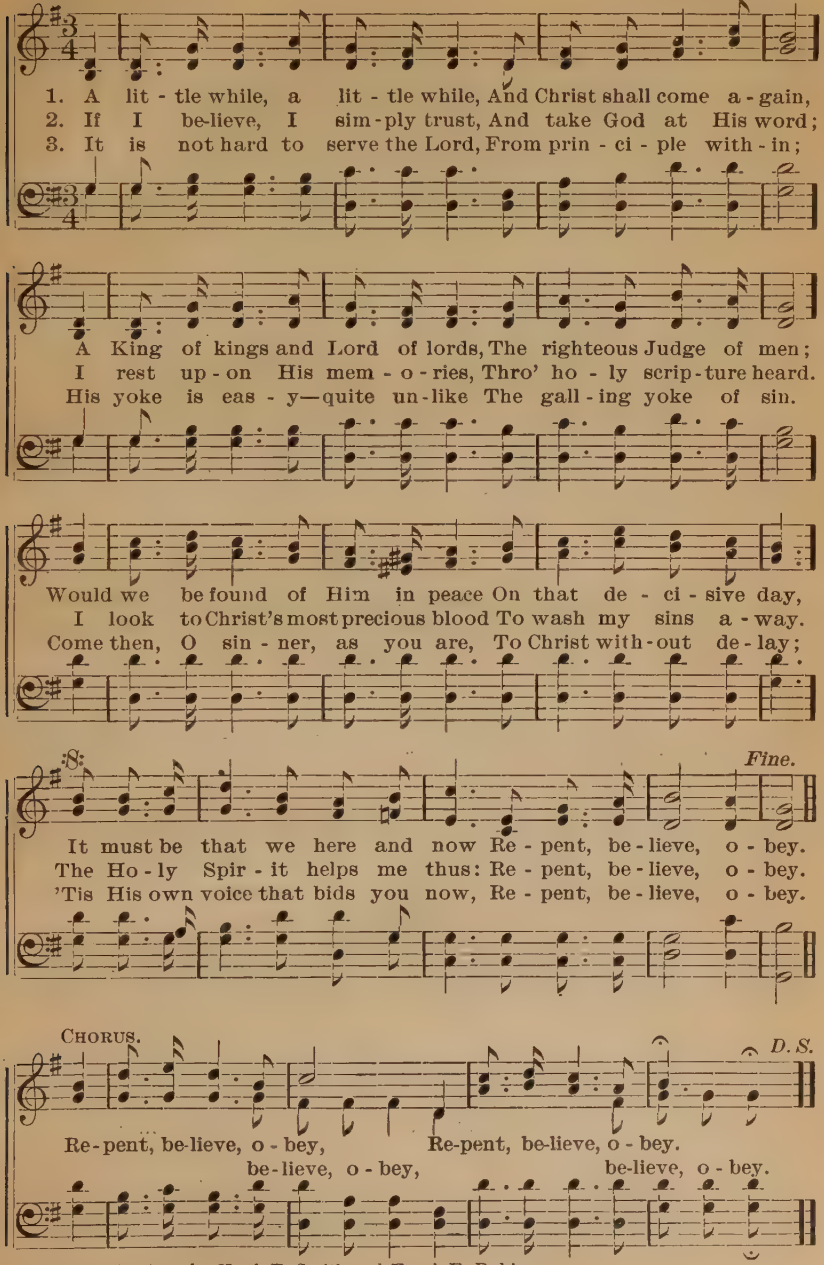
No. 130. Repent, Believe, Obey.

REV. J. M. ORROCK. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And Christ shall come a - gain,
2. If I be-lieve, I sim-ply trust, And take God at His word;
3. It is not hard to serve the Lord, From prin - ci - ple with - in;
A King of kings and Lord of lords, The righteous Judge of men;
I rest up - on His mem - o - ries, Thro' ho - ly scrip - ture heard.
His yoke is eas - y—quite un - like The gall - ing yoke of sin.
Would we be found of Him in peace On that de - ci - sive day,
I look to Christ's most precious blood To wash my sins a - way.
Come then, O sin - ner, as you are, To Christ with - out de - lay;
S:
Fine.
It must be that we here and now Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.
The Ho - ly Spir - it helps me thus: Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.
'Tis His own voice that bids you now, Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Re - pent, be-lieve, o - bey, Re-pent, be-lieve, o - bey.
be - lieve, o - bey, be-lieve, o - bey.

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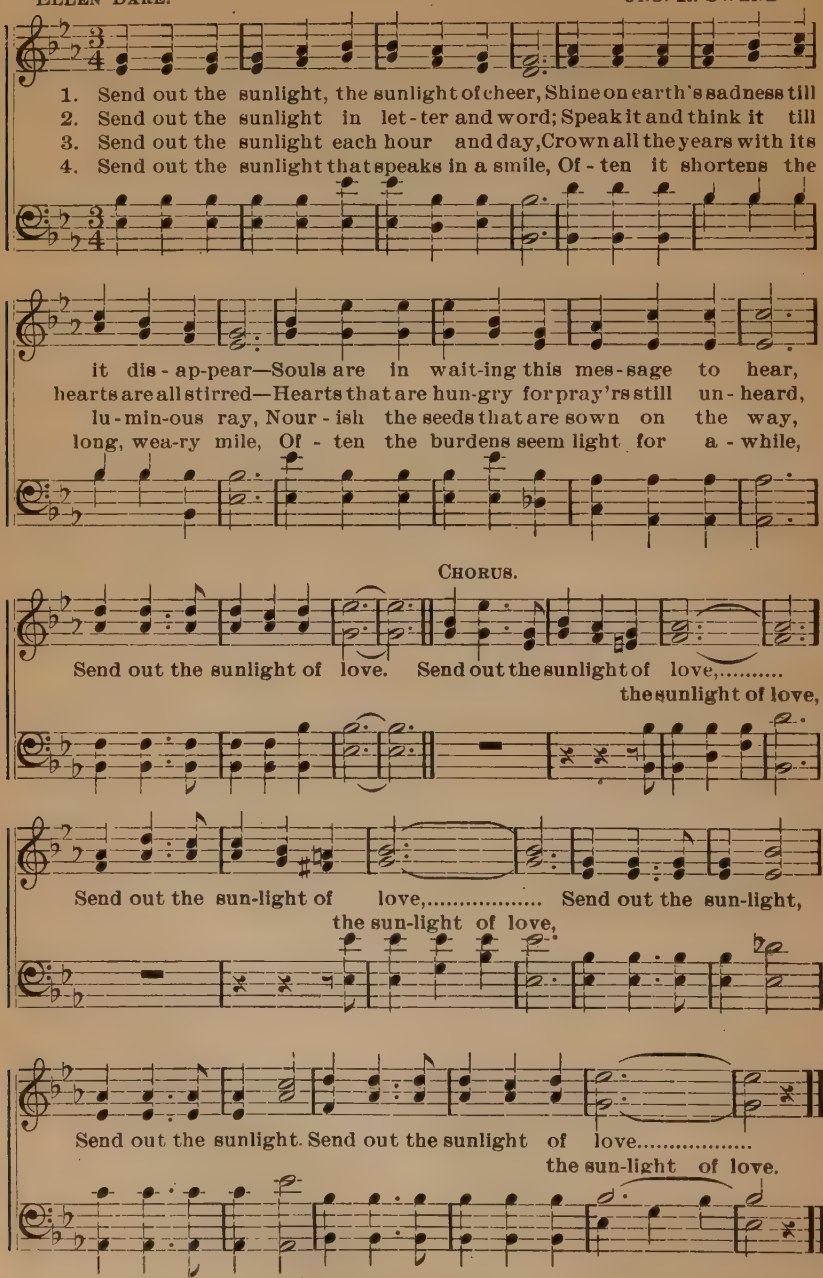
No. 131. Send Out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till
2. Send out the sunlight in let-ter and word; Speak it and think it till
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its
4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Of-ten it shortens the
it dis-ap-pear—Souls are in wait-ing this mes-sage to hear,
hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun-gry for pray'rs still un-heard,
lu-min-ous ray, Nour-ish the seeds that are sown on the way,
long, wea-ry mile, Of-ten the burdens seem light for a-while,
CHORUS.
Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love,.....
the sunlight of love,
Send out the sun-light of love,..... Send out the sun-light,
the sun-light of love,
Send out the sunlight. Send out the sunlight of love.....
the sun-light of love.

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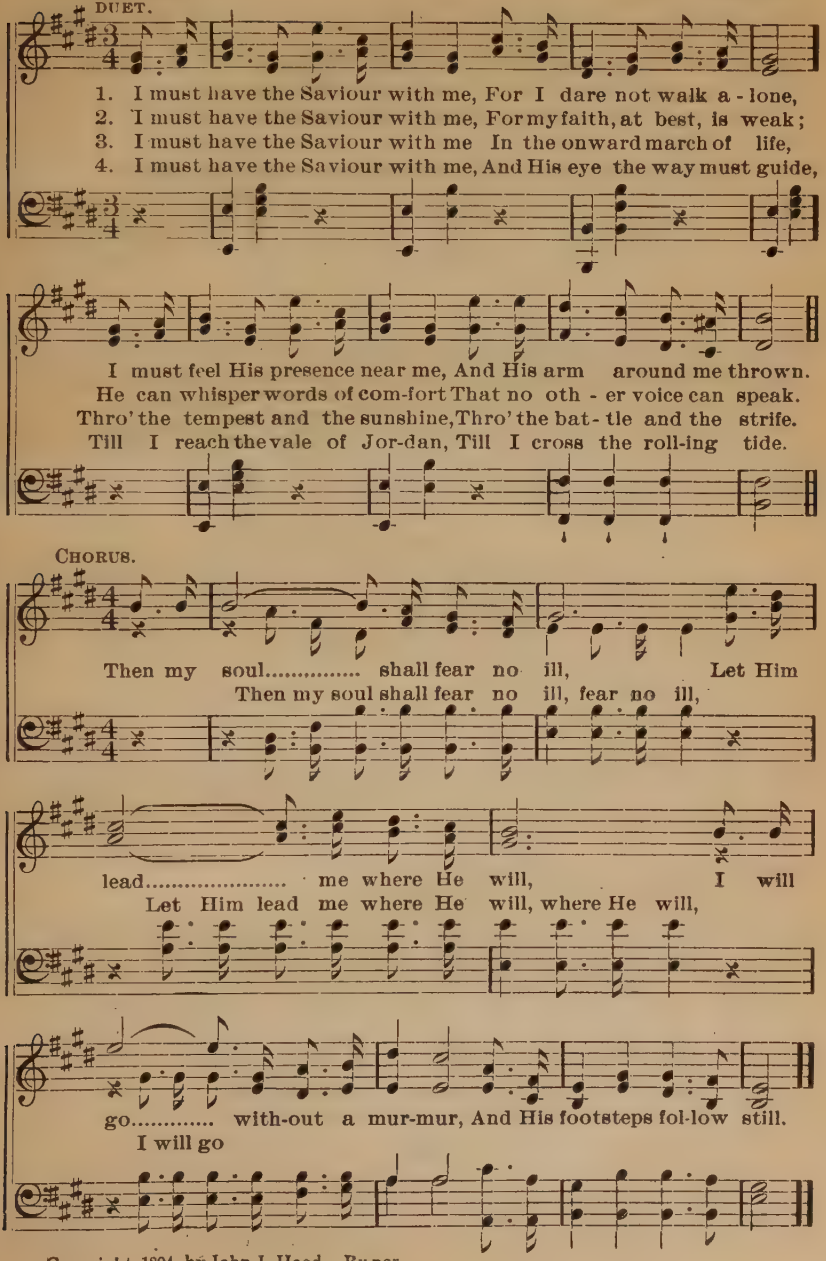
No. 132. The Saviour with Me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.


1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life,
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And His eye the way must guide,
I must feel His presence near me, And His arm around me thrown.
He can whisper words of com-fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jor-dan, Till I cross the roll-ing tide.
CHORUS.
Then my soul..... shall fear no ill, Let Him
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill,
lead..... me where He will, I will
Let Him lead me where He will, where He will,
go..... with-out a mur-mur, And His footsteps fol-low still.
I will go

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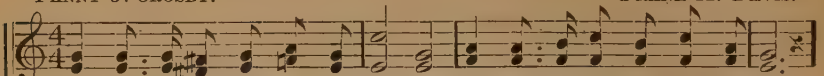
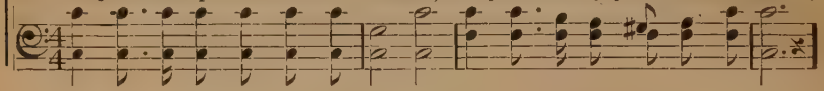
No. 133. Come, O Come.

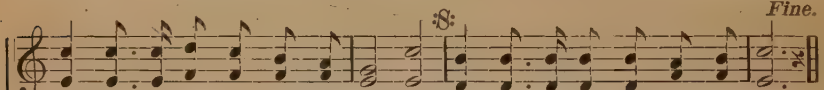
"A fountain is opened for sin."—Zech. xiii: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. FRANK M. DAVIS.



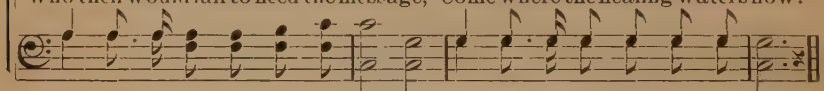
1. Je - sus has opened up a fountain, Where weary, sin-sick souls may go;
2. Many have wash'd in these pure waters, Wash'd all their stains as white as [snow;
3. They who are pure in heart are blessed, They heaven's joys alone shall know;





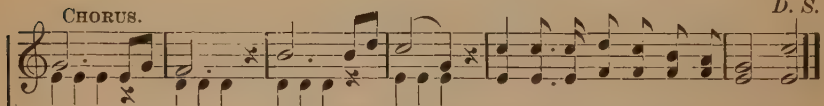
Fine.

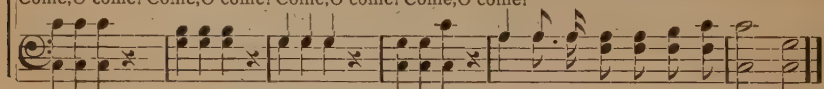
Hear Him in ten - der ac-cents saying, "Come where the healing waters flow."
Oh, may the millions hear the message, "Come where the healing waters flow."
Who then would fail to heed the message, "Come where the healing waters flow?"



D. S.—"Come where the healing waters flow."

D. S.

CHORUS.

Come, O come! Come, O come! Hear Him in tender accents saying,
Come, O come! Come, O come! Come, O come! Come, O come!



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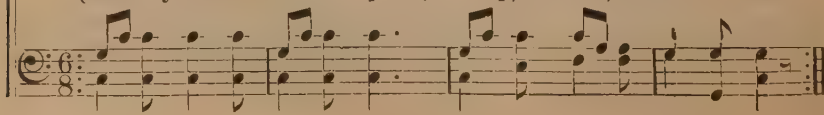
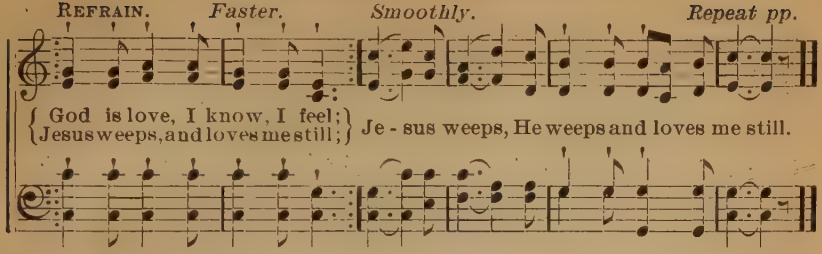
No. 134. God is Love.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.

1. {Depth of mercy, can there be / Can my God His wrath for-bear,} Mer-cy still reserved for me? / Me, the chief of sinners spare?
2. {I have long withstood His grace; / Would not hearken to His calls;} Long provoked Him to His face; / Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
3. {Now in-cline me to re - pent; / Now my foul re - volt de - plore;} Let me now my sins la - ment; / Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

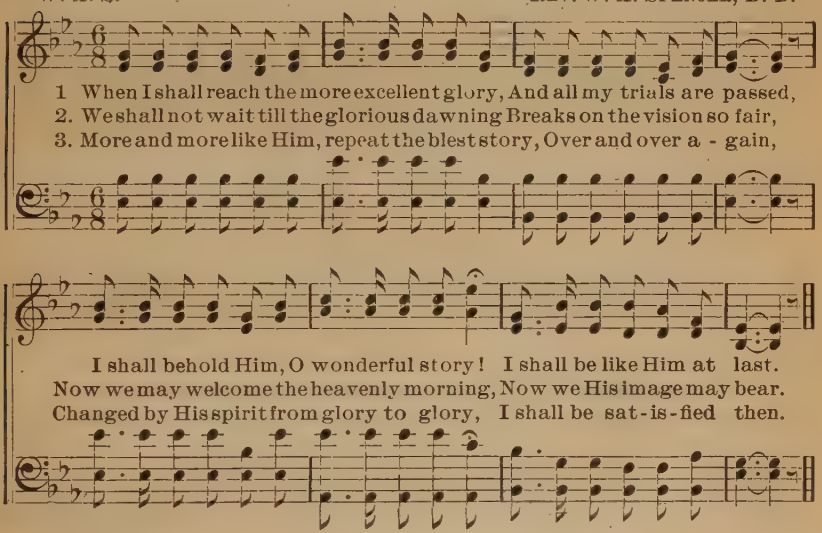


God is Love. Concluded.

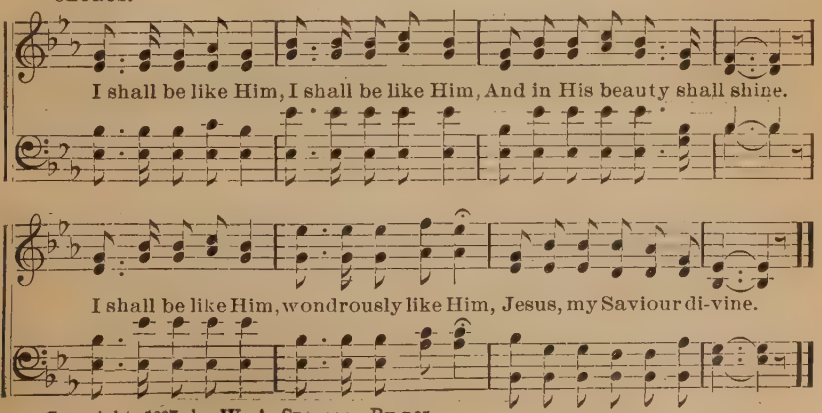

REFRAIN.
Faster.
Smoothly.
Repeat pp.
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

No. 135. I Shall be Like Him.

W. A. S. REV. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.


1 When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story, Over and over a - gain,
I shall behold Him, O wonderful story! I shall be like Him at last.
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we His image may bear.
Changed by His spirit from glory to glory, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

CHORUS.


I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beauty shall shine.
I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Jesus, my Saviour di-vine.

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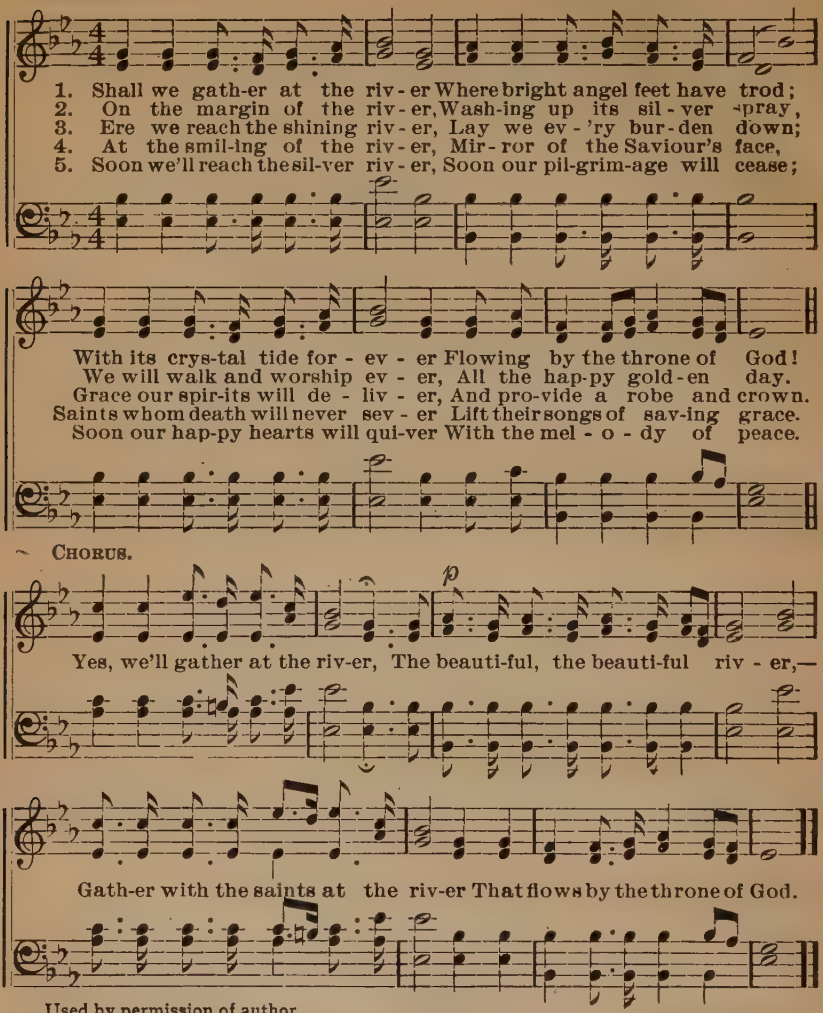
No. 136. Shall We Gather at the River.

ROBERT LOWRY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. At the smil-ing of the riv-er, Mir-ror of the Saviour's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing by the throne of God!
We will walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will never sev-er Lift their songs of sav-ing grace.
Soon our hap-py hearts will qui-ver With the mel-o-dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beauti-ful, the beauti-ful riv-er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

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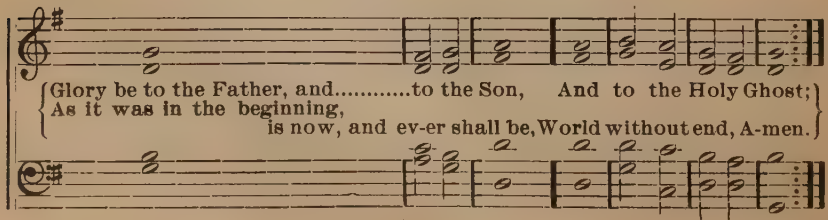
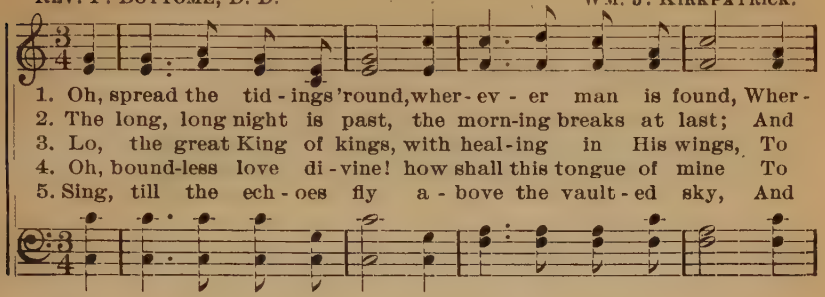
No. 137. Gloria Patri.

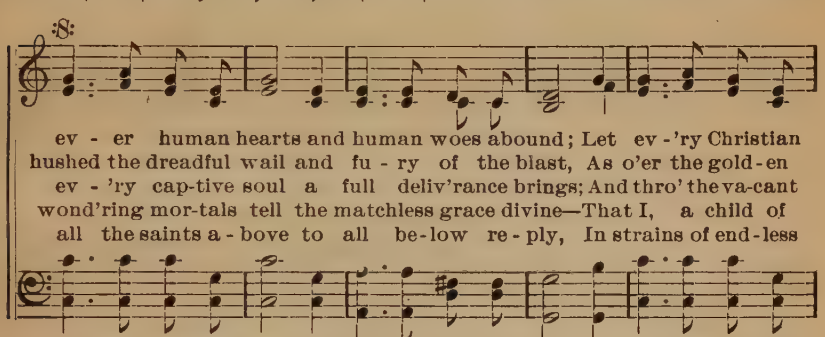

Glory be to the Father, and.....to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev-er shall be, World without end, A-men.

No. 138. The Comforter has Come.

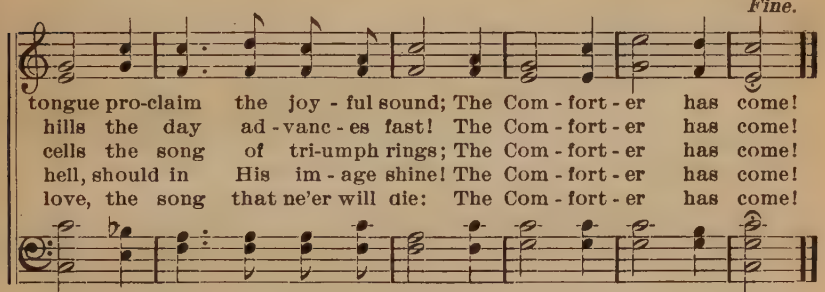
"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."—John xiv; 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Oh, spread the tid - ings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. Oh, bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

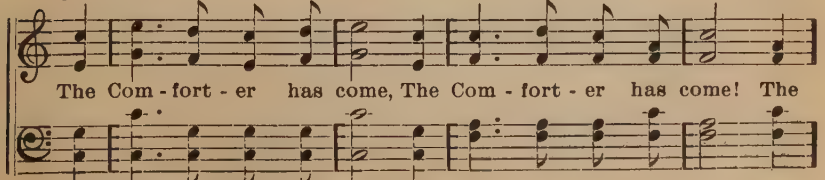

ev - er human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

D.S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings


Fine.
tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS. *D. S.*



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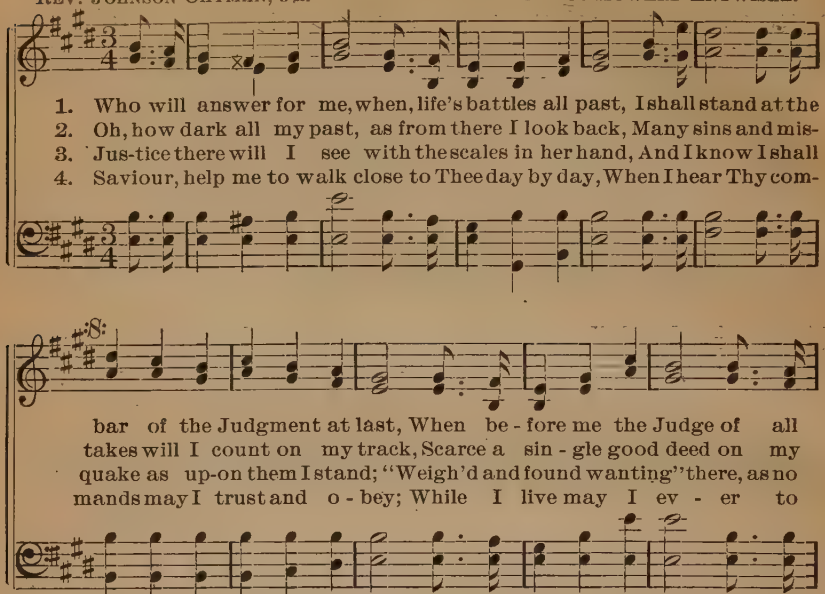
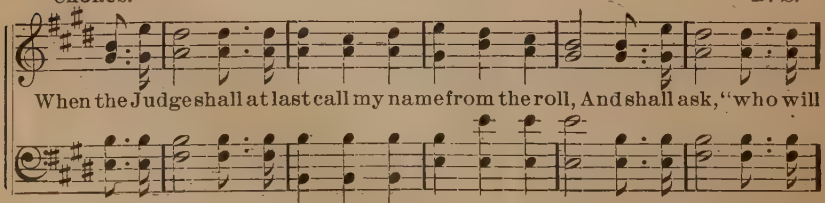
No. 139. Who will Answer for Me?

The late Rev. Daniel Curry once dreamed that he had died and gone to Judgment. As he stood trembling before the bar, the Judge asked this question "Who will answer for Daniel Curry?" Then he heard the sweet voice of Jesus reply, "I will answer for him."

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. Who will answer for me, when, life's battles all past, I shall stand at the bar of the Judgment at last, When be - fore me the Judge of all
2. Oh, how dark all my past, as from there I look back, Many sins and mis- takes will I count on my track, Scarce a sin - gle good deed on my
3. Jus-tice there will I see with the scales in her hand, And I know I shall quake as up-on them I stand; "Weigh'd and found wanting" there, as no
4. Saviour, help me to walk close to Thee day by day, When I hear Thy com- mands may I trust and o - bey; While I live may I ev - er to
D. S.—answer for this guilt-y soul?" Then my Saviour will turn with com -
Fine.
na-tions I see, In that ter - ri - ble hour, who will answer for me?
rec-ord I see, And I cry in despair, "who will answer for me?"
doubt I shall be In my weakness and fear;—who will answer for me?
Thee faithful be, Then at last hear Thee say, "I will answer for thee!"
passion to'ard me, And His sweet voice will say, "I will answer for thee!"

CHORUS. D. S.



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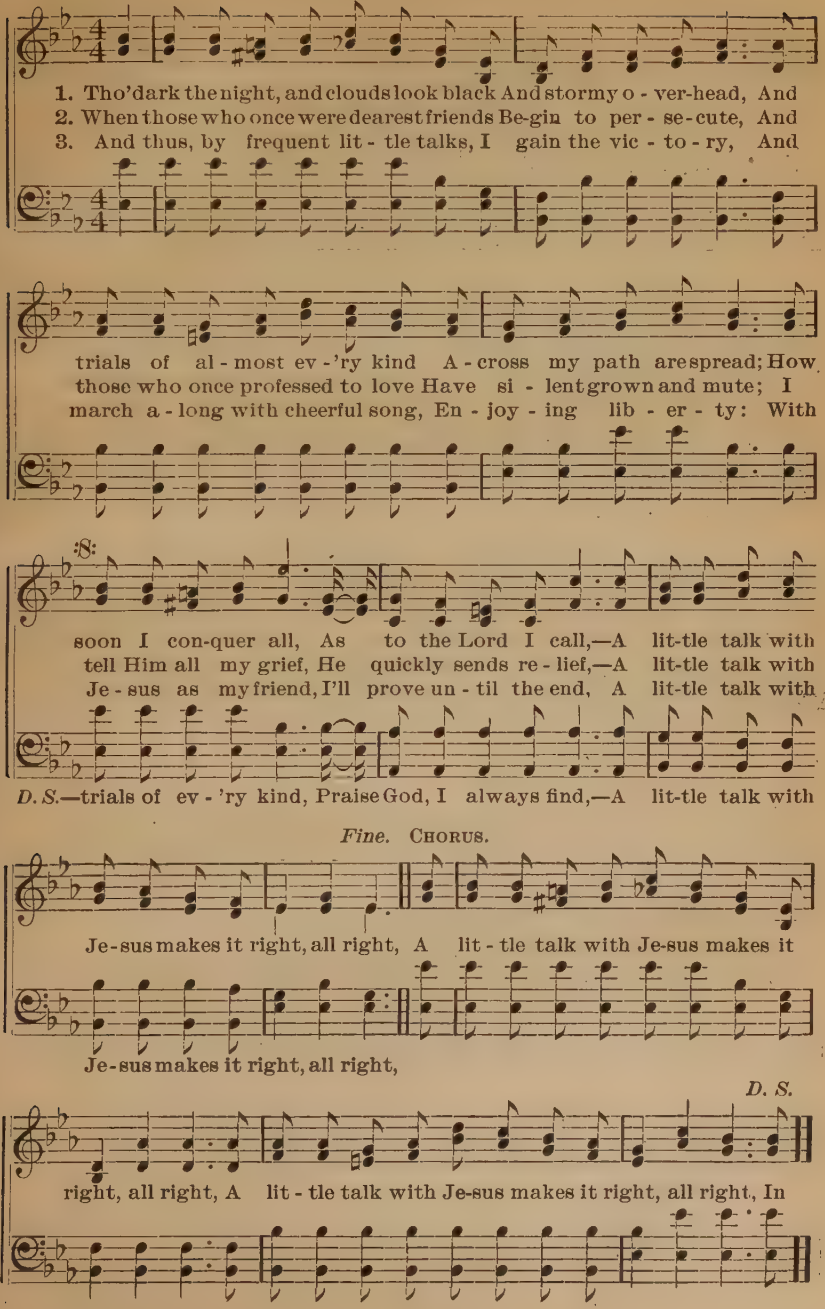
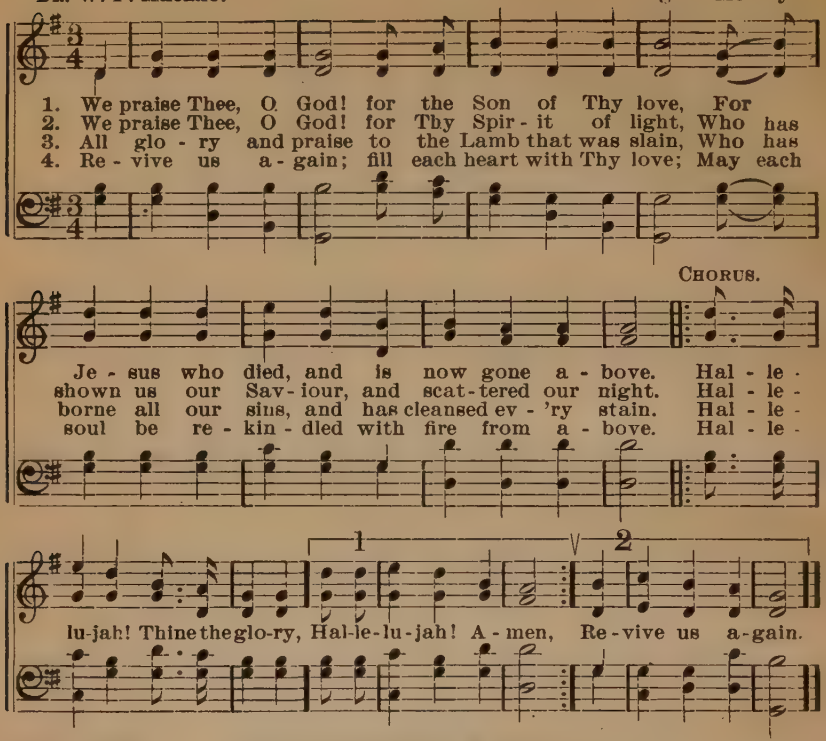
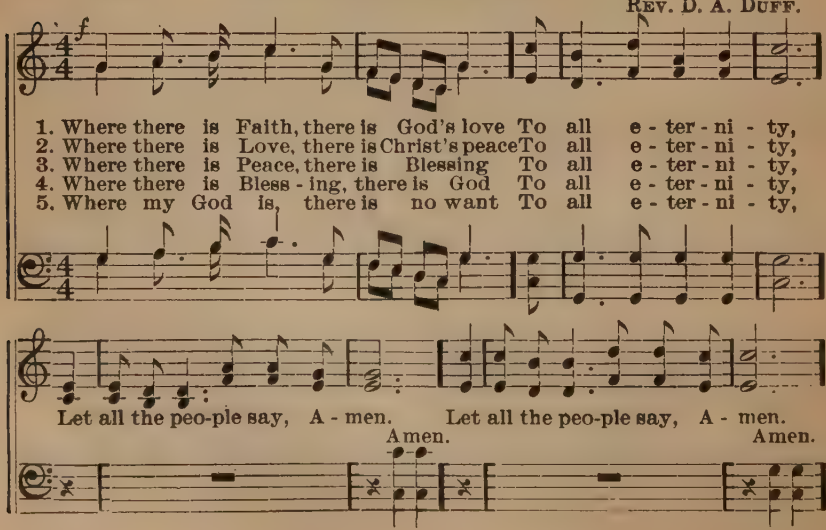
No. 140. A Little Talk with Jesus.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se-cute, And
3. And thus, by frequent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty: With
:S:
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,—A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief,—A lit-tle talk with
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit-tle talk with
D. S.—trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I always find,—A lit-tle talk with
Fine. CHORUS.
Je-sus makes it right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it
Je-sus makes it right, all right,
D. S.
right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right, In

No. 141. Revive Us Again.

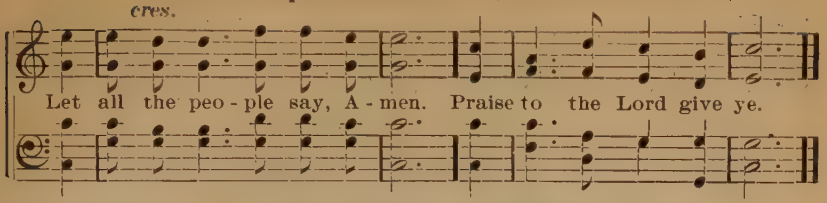
DR. W. P. MACKAY. English Melody.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each
CHORUS.
Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le -
shown us our Sav - iour, and scat-tered our night. Hal - le -
borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le -
soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Hal - le -
1
2
lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men, Re - vive us a-gain.

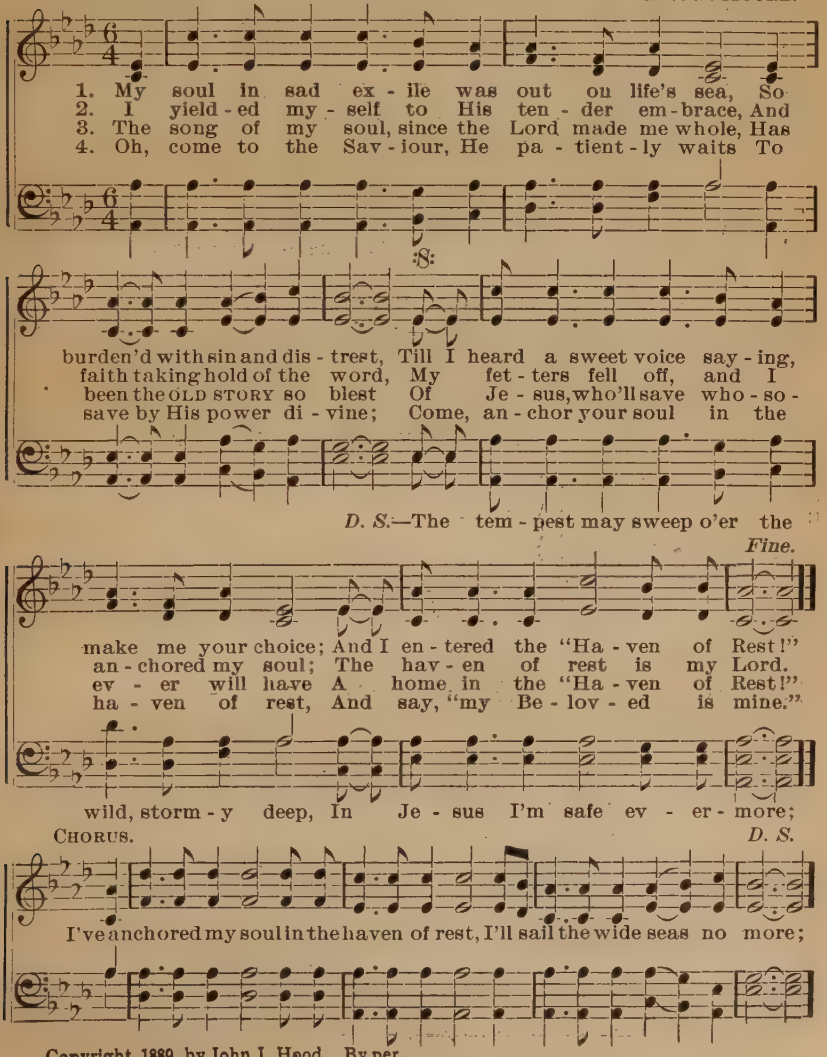
No. 142. The People's Amen.

REV. D. A. DUFF.

1. Where there is Faith, there is God's love To all e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Where there is Love, there is Christ's peace To all e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Where there is Peace, there is Blessing To all e - ter - ni - ty,
4. Where there is Bless - ing, there is God To all e - ter - ni - ty,
5. Where my God is, there is no want To all e - ter - ni - ty,
Let all the peo-ple say, A - men. Let all the peo-ple say, A - men.
Amen. Amen.

The People's Amen. Concluded.



No. 143. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To
burden'd with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
faith taking hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
save by His power di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the
D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the
Fine.
make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The hav - en of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more;
CHORUS.
D. S.
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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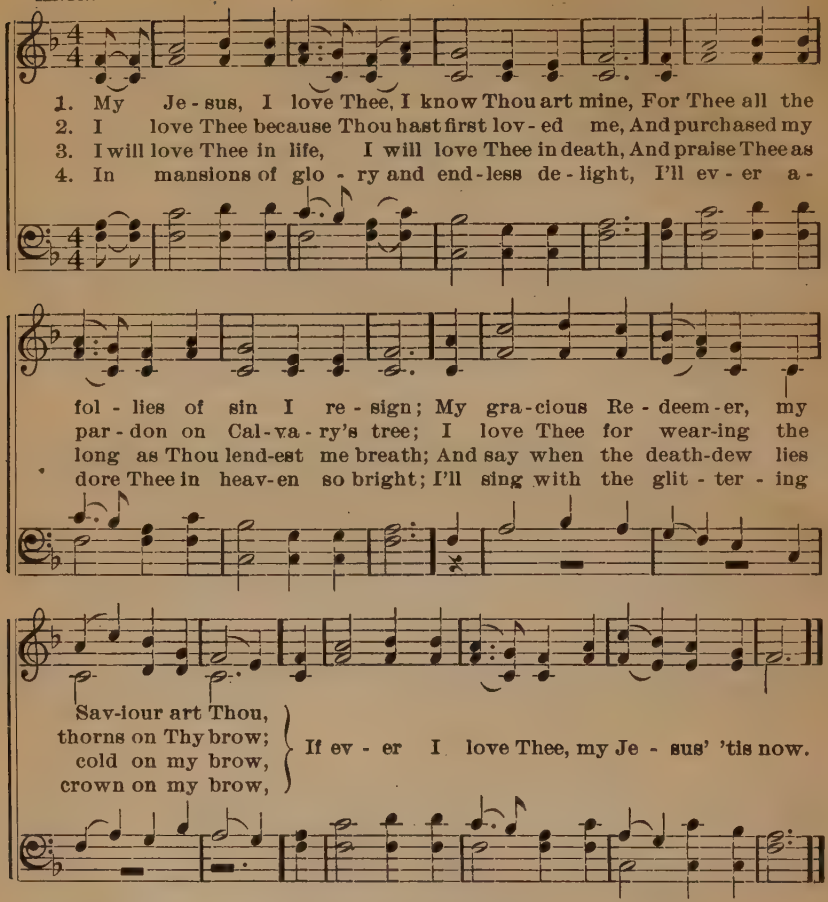
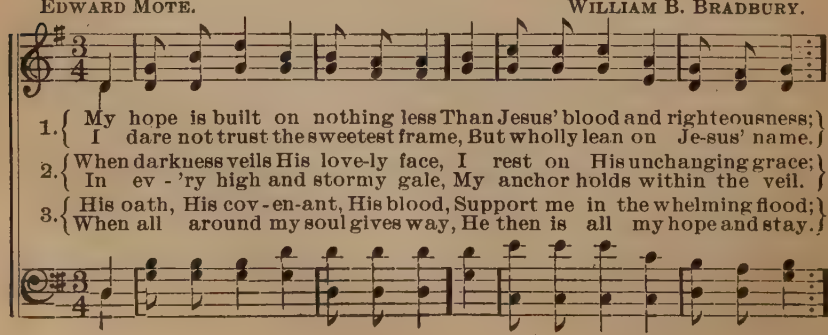
No. 144. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

ANON. ADONIRAM J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou,
thorns on Thy brow;
cold on my brow,
crown on my brow,
If ev - er I love Thee, my Je - sus' 'tis now.

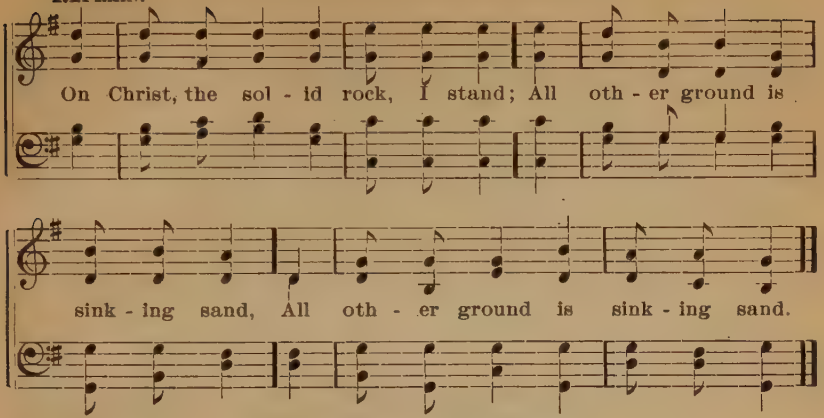
No. 145. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name.
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
3. His oath, His cov - en - ant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

The Solid Rock. Concluded.

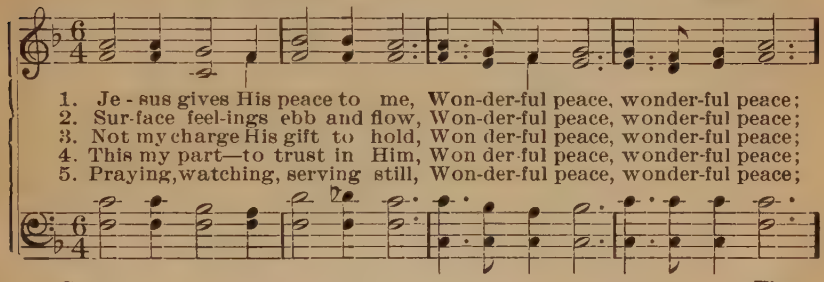
REFRAIN.

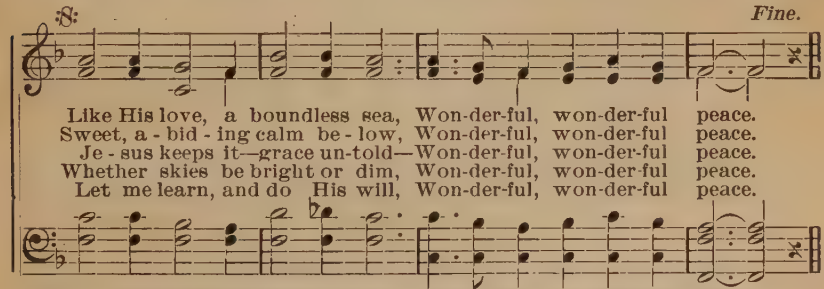


No. 146. His Wonderful Peace.

"My peace I give unto you." John xiv: 27.

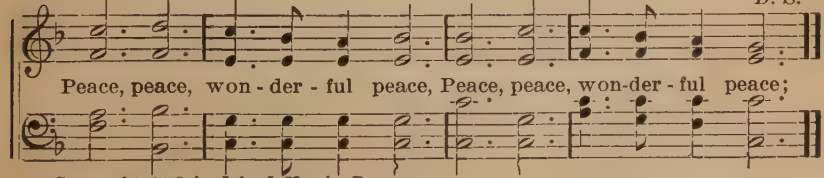
L. H. E. L. H. EDMUNDS.


1. Je - sus gives His peace to me, Won-der-ful peace, wonder-ful peace;
2. Sur-face feel-ings ebb and flow, Won-der-ful peace, wonder-ful peace;
3. Not my charge His gift to hold, Won der-ful peace, wonder-ful peace;
4. This my part—to trust in Him, Won der-ful peace, wonder-ful peace;
5. Praying, watching, serving still, Won-der-ful peace, wonder-ful peace;


Fine.
Like His love, a boundless sea, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace.
Sweet, a - bid - ing calm be - low, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace.
Je - sus keeps it—grace un-told—Won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace.
Whether skies be bright or dim, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace.
Let me learn, and do His will, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace.

D. S.—Je - sus gives His peace to me, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



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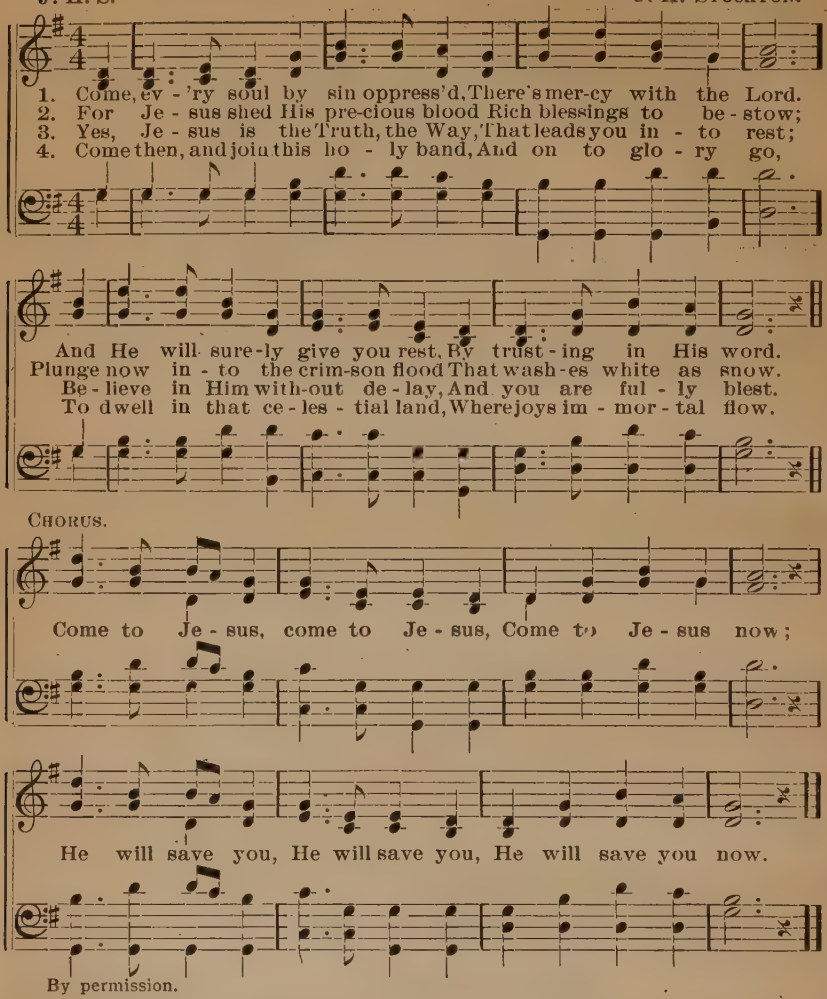
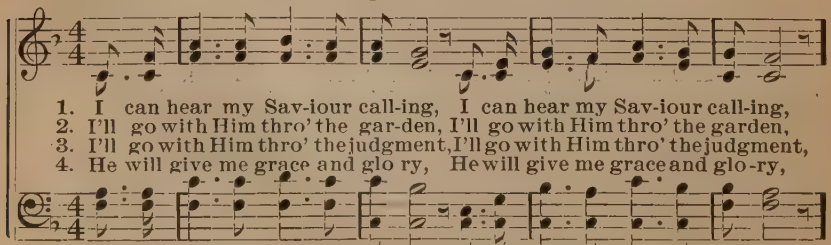
No. 147. He Will Save You Now.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord.
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
Chorus.
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

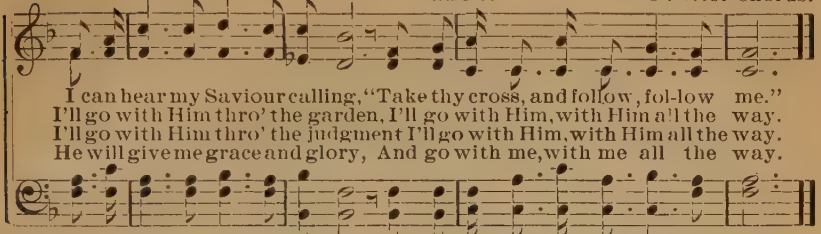
By permission.

No. 148. The Way of the Cross.


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
D.C.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

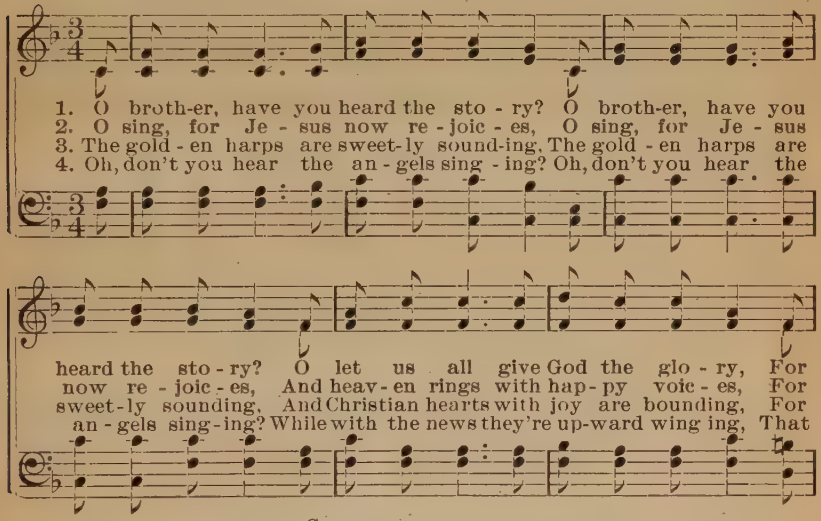
The Way of the Cross. Concluded.

ad lib. *D. C. for Chorus.*

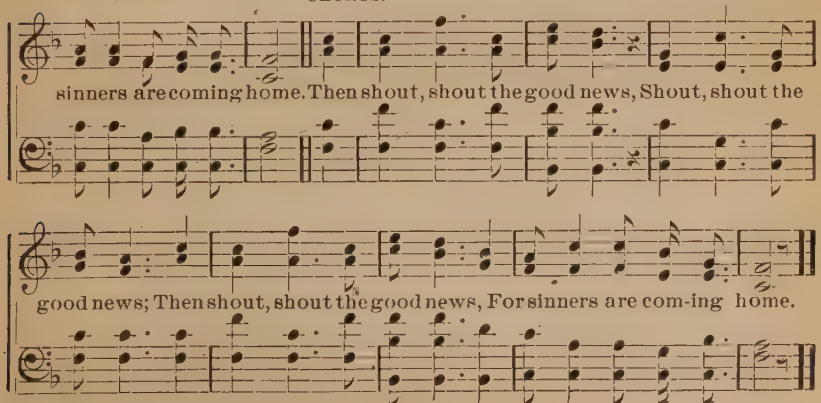

I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 149. Sinners Are Coming Home.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. O broth-er, have you heard the sto - ry? O broth-er, have you
2. O sing, for Je - sus now re - joic - es, O sing, for Je - sus
3. The gold - en harps are sweet-ly sound-ing, The gold - en harps are
4. Oh, don't you hear the an - gels sing - ing? Oh, don't you hear the
heard the sto - ry? O let us all give God the glo - ry, For
now re - joic - es, And heav - en rings with hap - py voic - es, For
sweet-ly sounding, And Christian hearts with joy are bounding, For
an - gels sing - ing? While with the news they're up-ward wing ing, That

CHORUS.


sinners are coming home. Then shout, shout the good news, Shout, shout the
good news; Then shout, shout the good news, For sinners are com-ing home.

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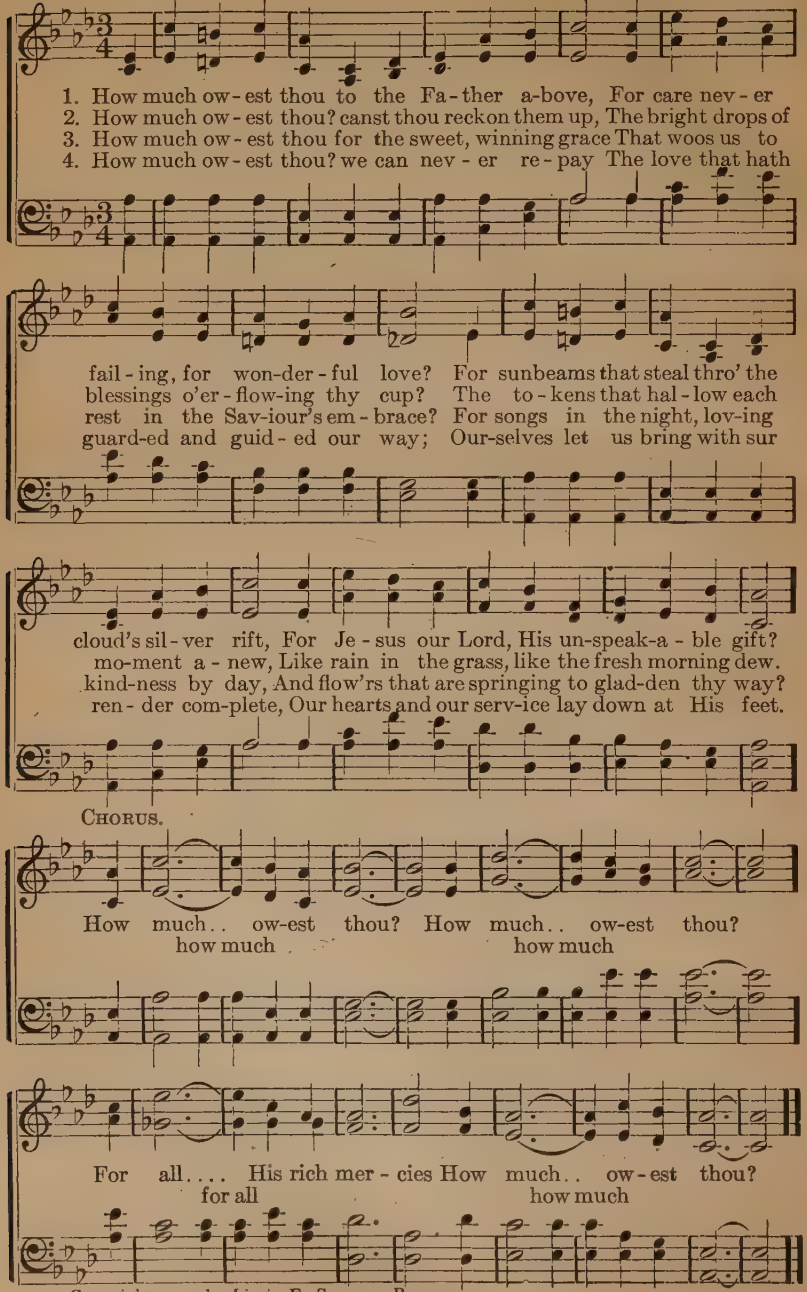
No. 150. How Much Owest Thou?.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. How much ow - est thou to the Fa - ther a-bove, For care nev - er fail - ing, for won-der - ful love? For sunbeams that steal thro' the cloud's sil - ver rift, For Je - sus our Lord, His un-speak-a - ble gift?
2. How much ow - est thou? canst thou reckon them up, The bright drops of blessings o'er - flow-ing thy cup? The to - kens that hal - low each mo-ment a - new, Like rain in the grass, like the fresh morning dew.
3. How much ow - est thou for the sweet, winning grace That woos us to rest in the Sav-iour's em - brace? For songs in the night, lov-ing kind-ness by day, And flow'rs that are springing to glad-den thy way?
4. How much ow - est thou? we can nev - er re - pay The love that hath guard-ed and guid - ed our way; Our-selves let us bring with sur ren - der com-plete, Our hearts and our serv-ice lay down at His feet.
Chorus.
How much.. ow-est thou? How much.. ow-est thou?
how much how much
For all.... His rich mer - cies How much.. ow - est thou?
for all how much

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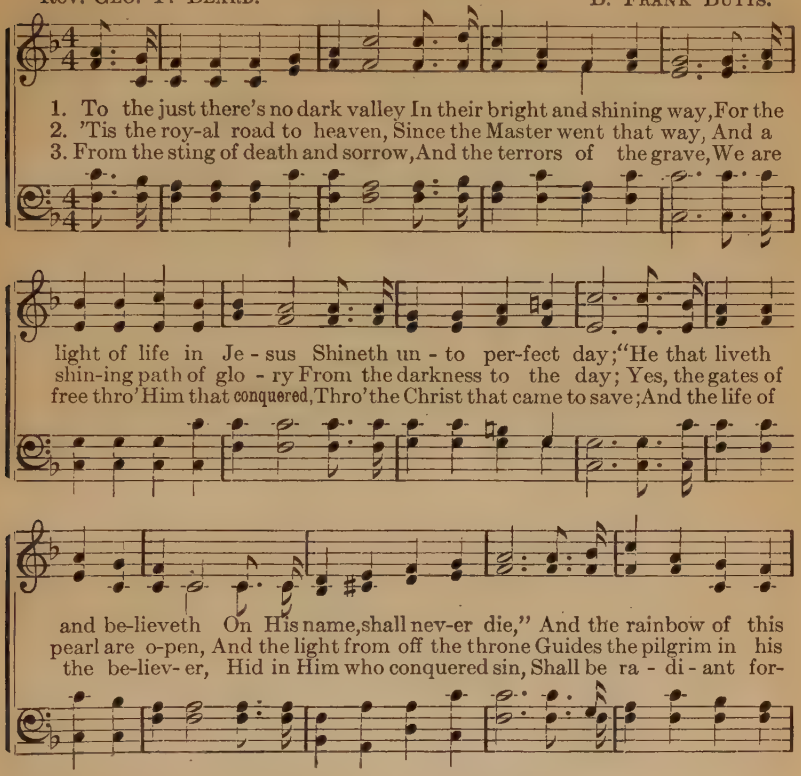
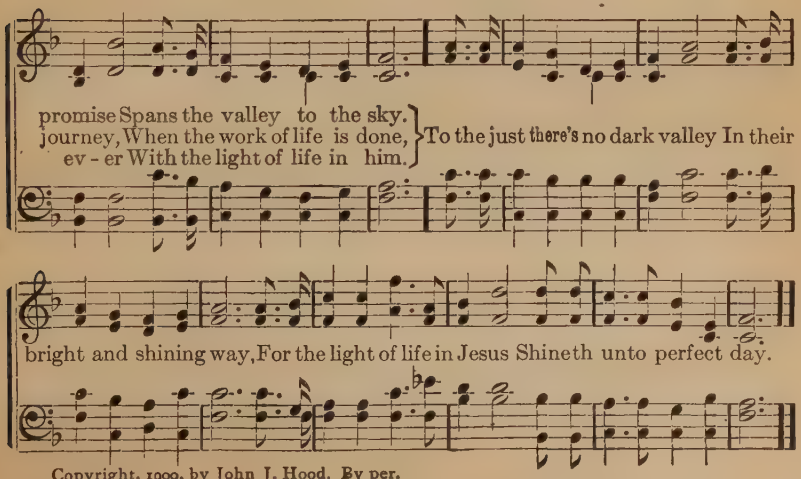
No. 151. "There is No Dark Valley."

Dying words of Dwight L. Moody.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.


1. To the just there's no dark valley In their bright and shining way, For the
2. 'Tis the roy-al road to heaven, Since the Master went that way, And a
3. From the sting of death and sorrow, And the terrors of the grave, We are
light of life in Je - sus Shineth un - to per-fect day; "He that liveth
shin-ing path of glo - ry From the darkness to the day; Yes, the gates of
free thro' Him that conquered, Thro' the Christ that came to save; And the life of
and be-lieveth On His name, shall nev-er die," And the rainbow of this
pearl are o-pen, And the light from off the throne Guides the pilgrim in his
the be-liev- er, Hid in Him who conquered sin, Shall be ra - di - ant for-

Chorus.


promise Spans the valley to the sky.
journey, When the work of life is done,
ev - er With the light of life in him.
To the just there's no dark valley In their
bright and shining way, For the light of life in Jesus Shineth unto perfect day.

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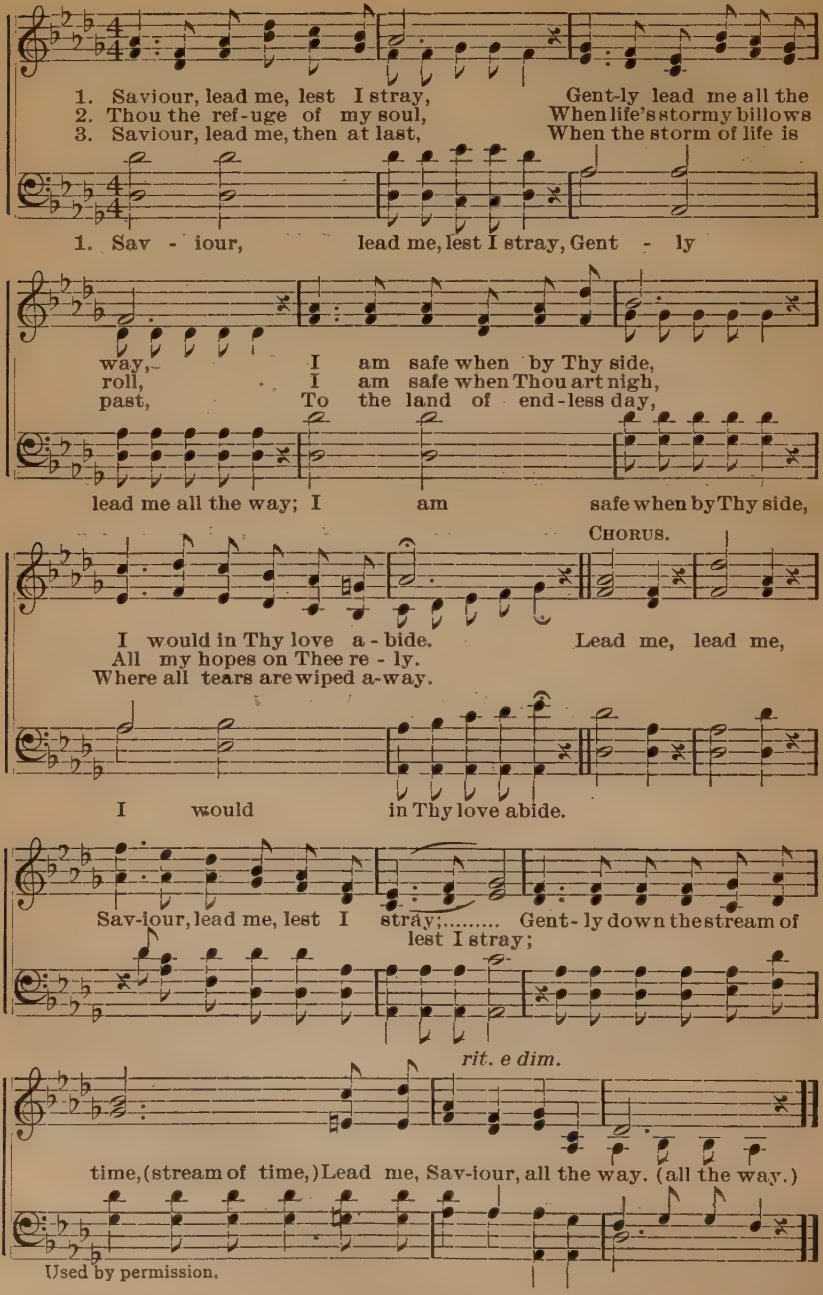
No. 152. Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul, When life's stormy billows
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is
1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly
way, I am safe when by Thy side,
roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
past, To the land of end-less day,
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
CHORUS.
I would in Thy love a - bide. Lead me, lead me,
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I would in Thy love abide.
Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gent-ly down the stream of
lest I stray;
rit. e dim.
time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way. (all the way.)

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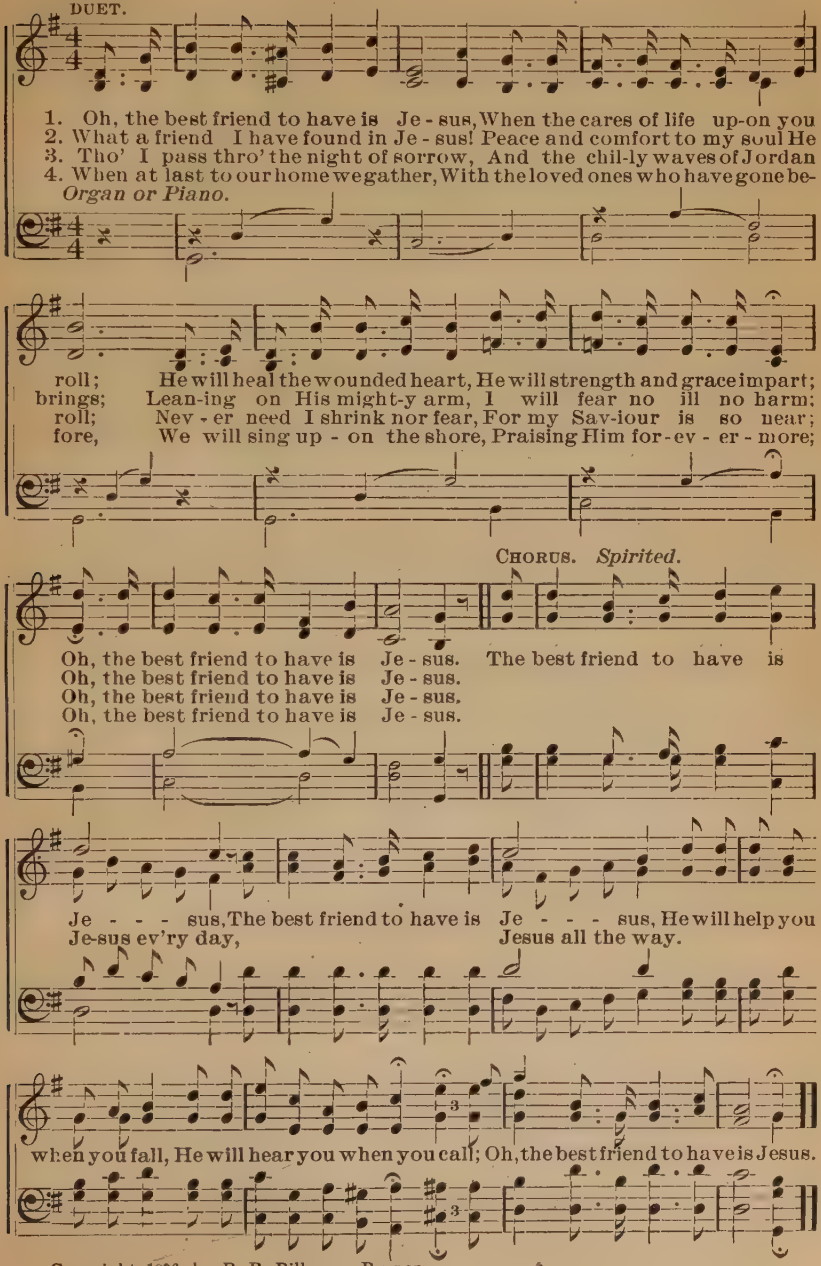
No. 153. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sorrow, And the chil-ly waves of Jordan
4. When at last to our home we gather, With the loved ones who have gone be-
Organ or Piano.
roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;
brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill no harm;
roll; Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Praising Him for-ev - er - more;
Chorus. Spirited.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev'ry day, Jesus all the way.
when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus.

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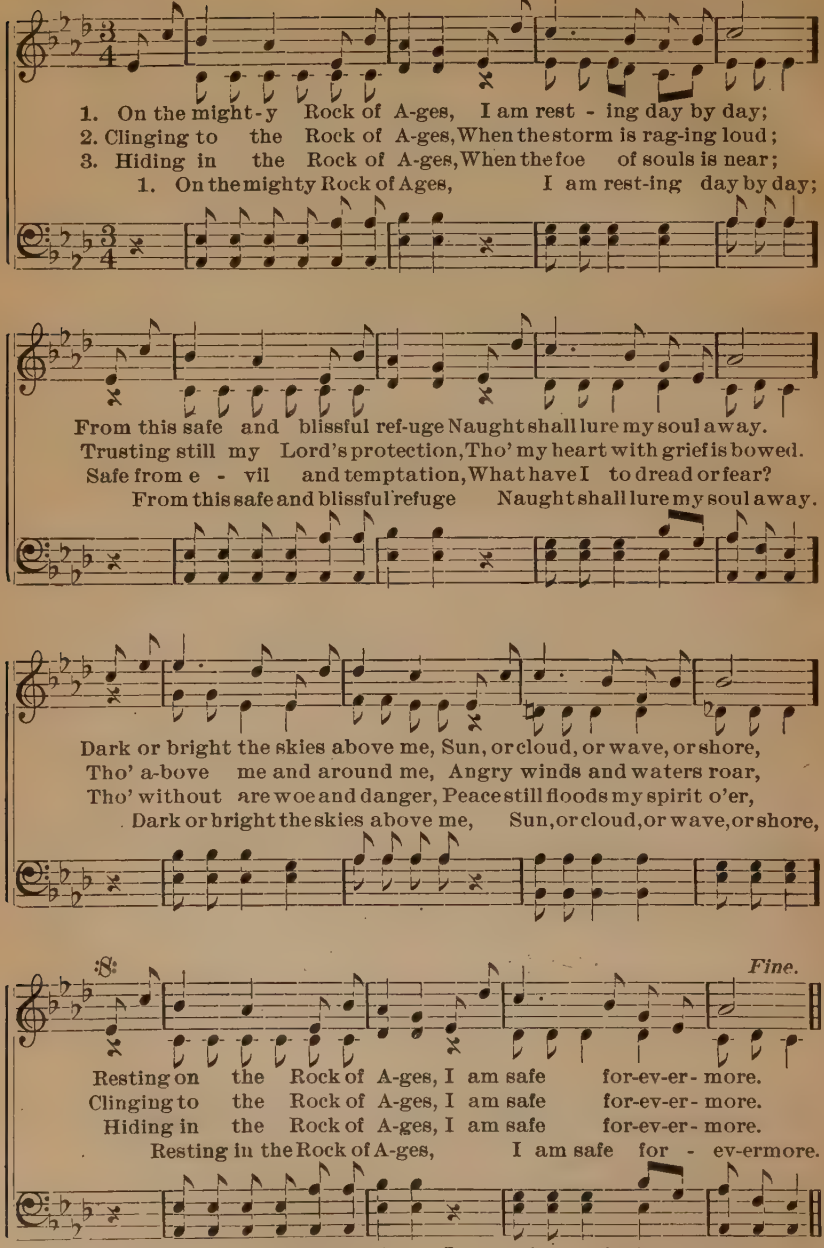
No. 154. Safe Forevermore.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On the might-y Rock of A-ges, I am rest - ing day by day;
2. Clinging to the Rock of A-ges, When the storm is rag-ing loud;
3. Hiding in the Rock of A-ges, When the foe of souls is near;
1. On the mighty Rock of Ages, I am rest-ing day by day;
From this safe and blissful ref-uge Naught shall lure my soul away.
Trusting still my Lord's protection, Tho' my heart with grief is bowed.
Safe from e - vil and temptation, What have I to dread or fear?
From this safe and blissful refuge Naught shall lure my soul away.
Dark or bright the skies above me, Sun, or cloud, or wave, or shore,
Tho' a-bove me and around me, Angry winds and waters roar,
Tho' without are woe and danger, Peace still floods my spirit o'er,
Dark or bright the skies above me, Sun, or cloud, or wave, or shore,
:S:
Fine.
Resting on the Rock of A-ges, I am safe for-ev-er-more.
Clinging to the Rock of A-ges, I am safe for-ev-er-more.
Hiding in the Rock of A-ges, I am safe for-ev-er-more.
Resting in the Rock of A-ges, I am safe for - ev-ermore.
D. S.—Resting on the Rock of A-ges, I am safe for-ev-er-more.

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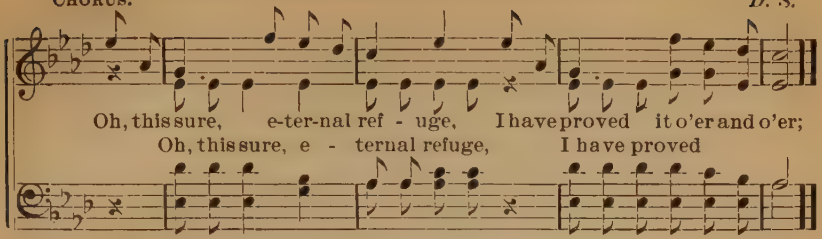
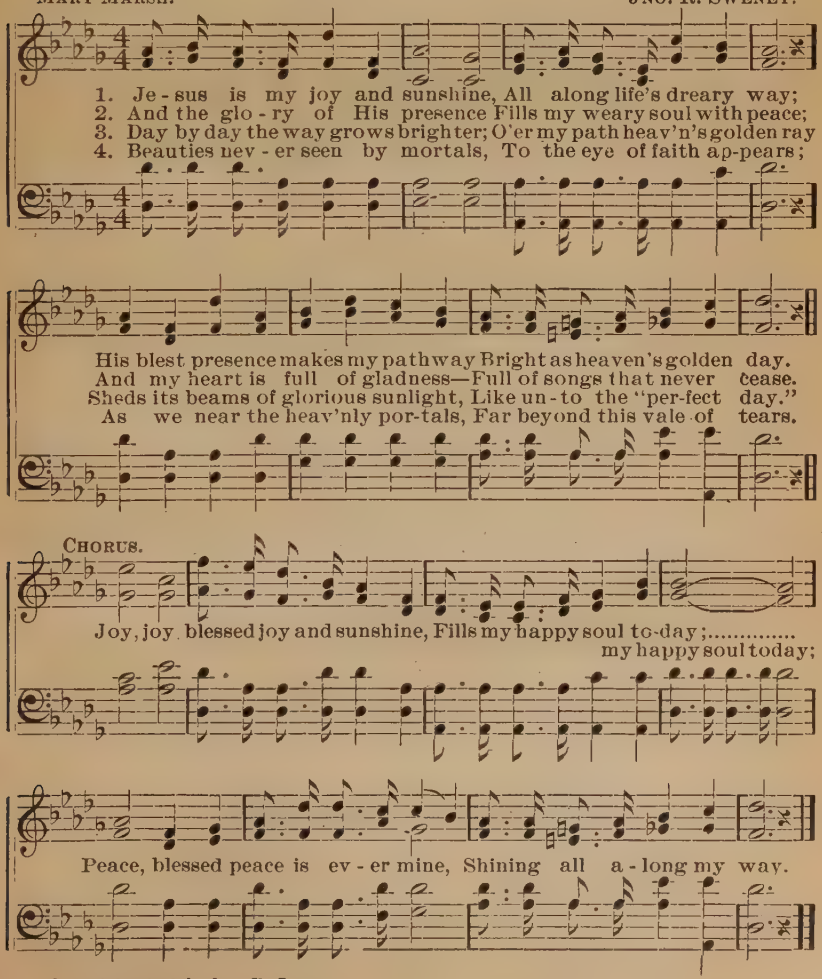
Safe Forevermore. Concluded.

CHORUS. D. S.



No. 155. Joy and Sunshine.

MARY MARSH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is my joy and sunshine, All along life's dreary way;
2. And the glo - ry of His presence Fills my weary soul with peace;
3. Day by day the way grows brighter; O'er my path heav'n's golden ray
4. Beauties nev - er seen by mortals, To the eye of faith ap-pears;
His blest presence makes my pathway Bright as heaven's golden day.
And my heart is full of gladness—Full of songs that never cease.
Sheds its beams of glorious sunlight, Like un - to the "per-fect day."
As we near the heav'nly por-tals, Far beyond this vale of tears.
CHORUS.
Joy, joy blessed joy and sunshine, Fills my happy soul to-day;.....
my happy soul today;
Peace, blessed peace is ev - er mine, Shining all a - long my way.

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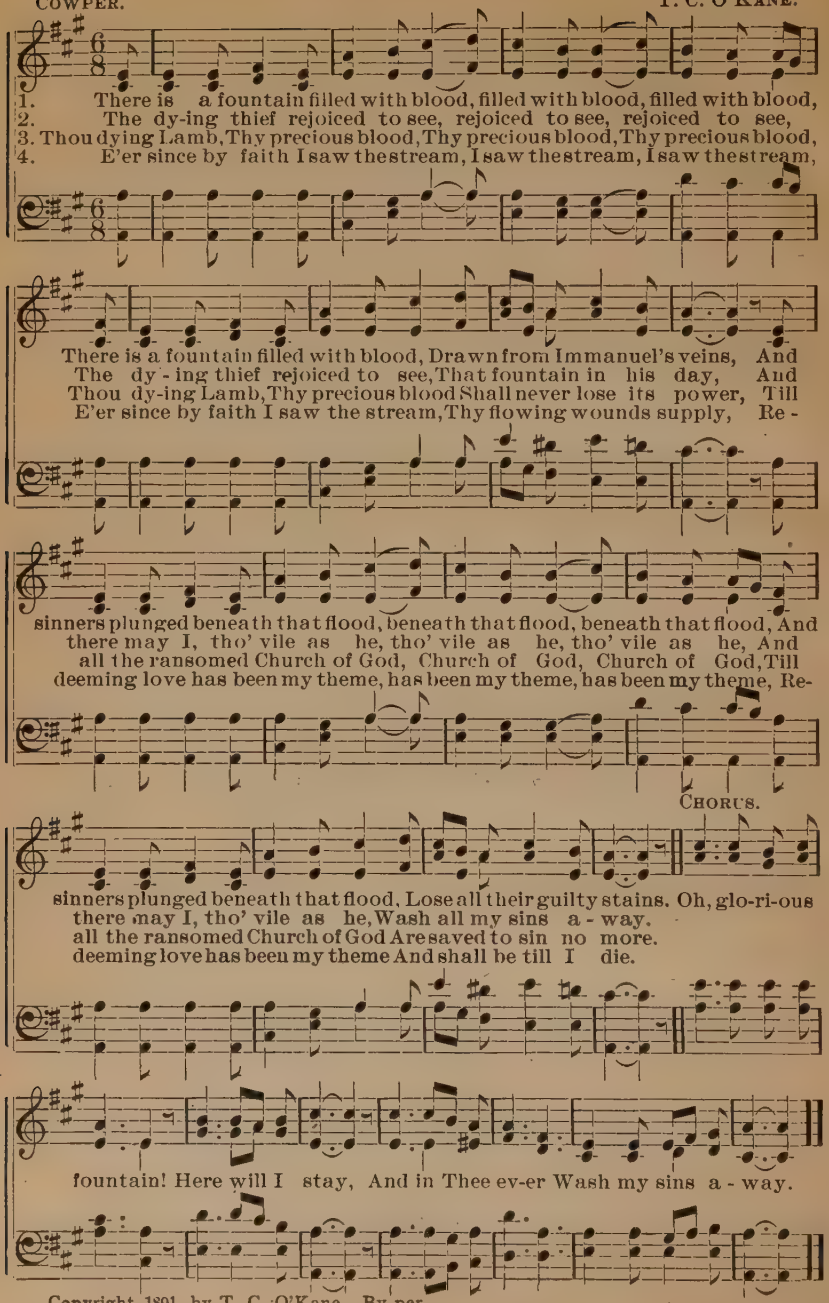
No. 156. Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, I saw the stream, I saw the stream,
There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And
The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in his day, And
Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till
E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-
sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And
all the ransomed Church of God, Church of God, Church of God, Till
deeming love has been my theme, has been my theme, has been my theme, Re-
CHORUS.
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Oh, glo-ri-ous
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
deeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
fountain! Here will I stay, And in Thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

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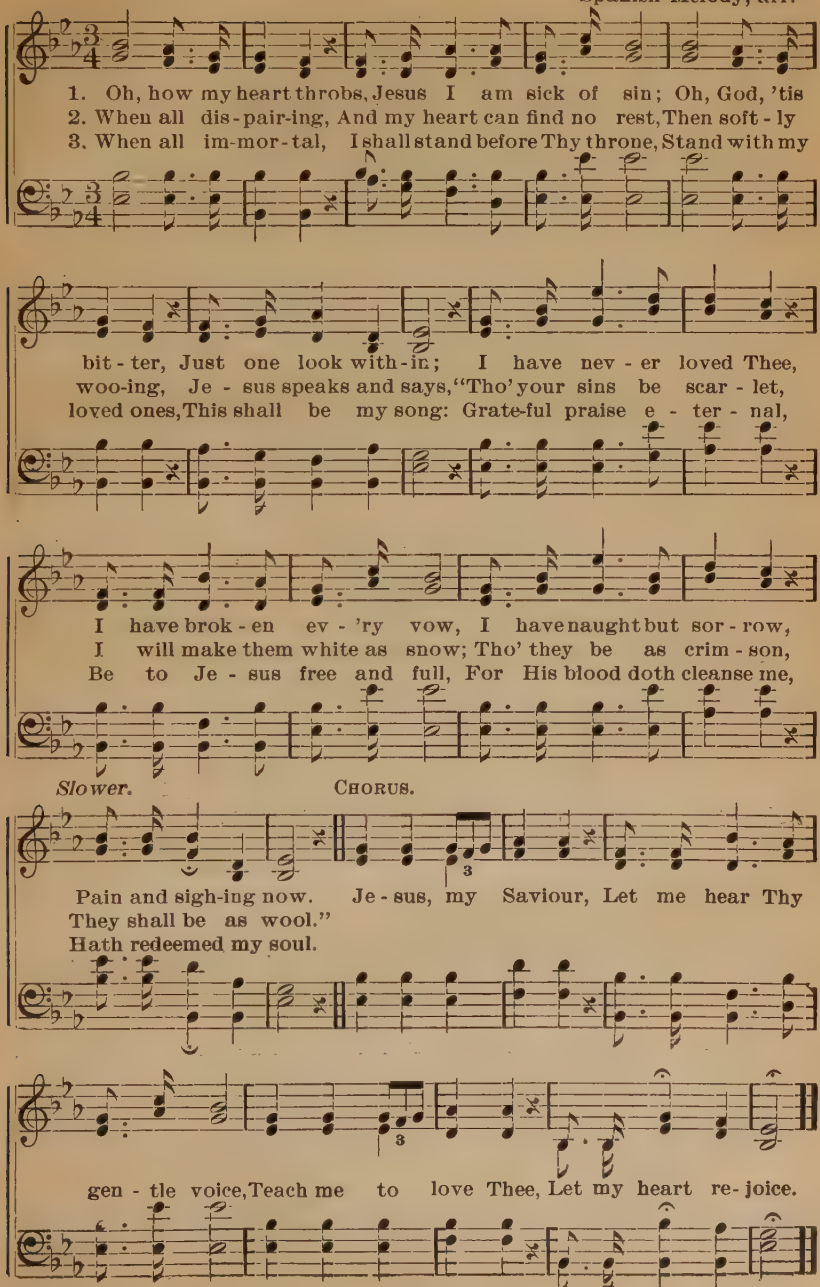
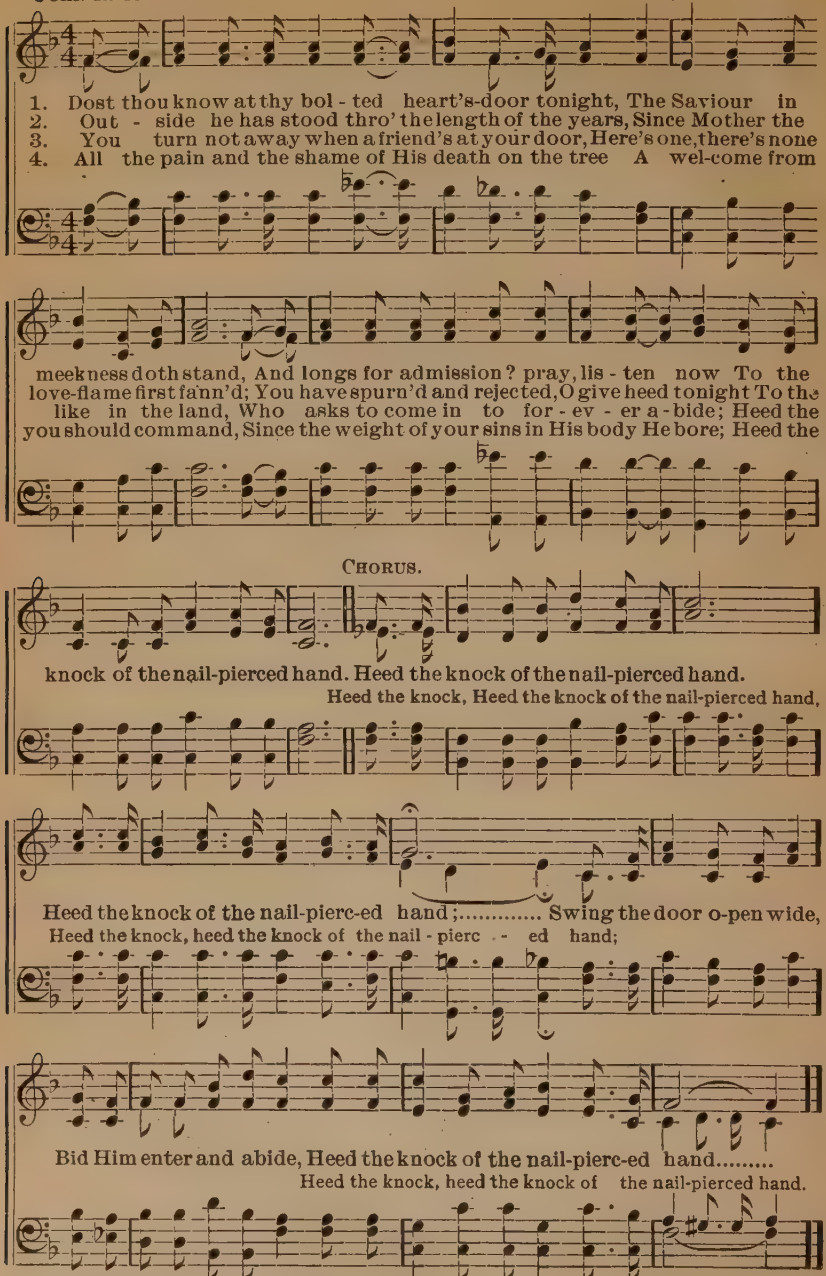
No. 157. The Penitent's Victory.

Spanish Melody, arr.


1. Oh, how my heart throbs, Jesus I am sick of sin; Oh, God, 'tis
2. When all dis-pair-ing, And my heart can find no rest, Then soft-ly
3. When all im-mor-tal, I shall stand before Thy throne, Stand with my
bit-ter, Just one look with-in; I have nev-er loved Thee,
woo-ing, Je-sus speaks and says, "Tho' your sins be scar-let,
loved ones, This shall be my song: Grate-ful praise e-ter-nal,
I have brok-en ev-'ry vow, I have naught but sor-row,
I will make them white as snow; Tho' they be as crim-son,
Be to Je-sus free and full, For His blood doth cleanse me,
Slower.
Chorus.
Pain and sigh-ing now. Je-sus, my Saviour, Let me hear Thy
They shall be as wool."
Hath redeemed my soul.
gen-tle voice, Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re-joice.

No. 158. The Knock of the Nail-Pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Dost thou know at thy bol - ted heart's-door tonight, The Saviour in
2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the
3. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one, there's none
4. All the pain and the shame of His death on the tree A wel-come from
meekness doth stand, And longs for admission? pray, lis - ten now To the
love-flame first fann'd; You have spurn'd and rejected, O give heed tonight To the
like in the land, Who asks to come in to for - ev - er a - bide; Heed the
you should command, Since the weight of your sins in His body He bore; Heed the
CHORUS.
knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.
Heed the knock, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand;..... Swing the door o-pen wide,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail - pierc - ed hand;
Bid Him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand.....
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

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No. 159. The Cross is Not Greater.

Words and Music by
BALLINGTON BOOTH.

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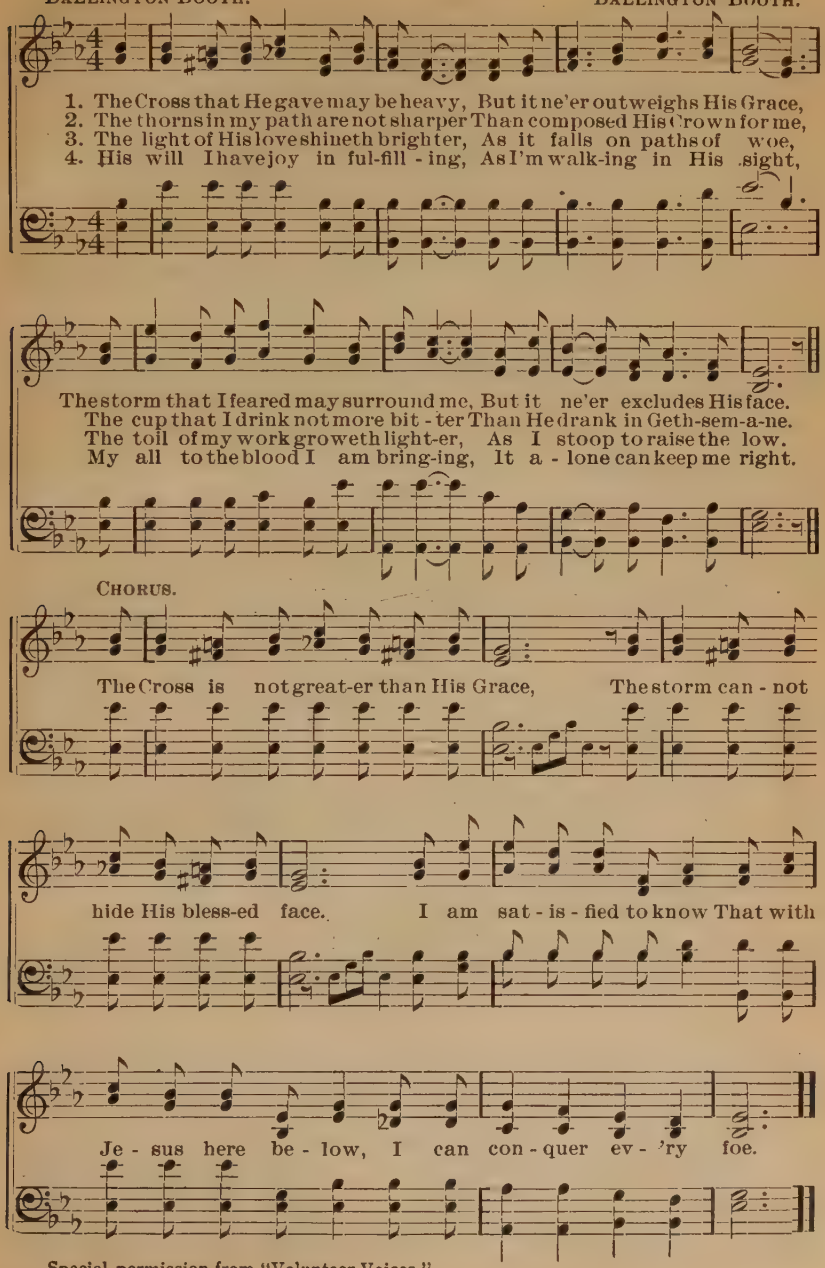
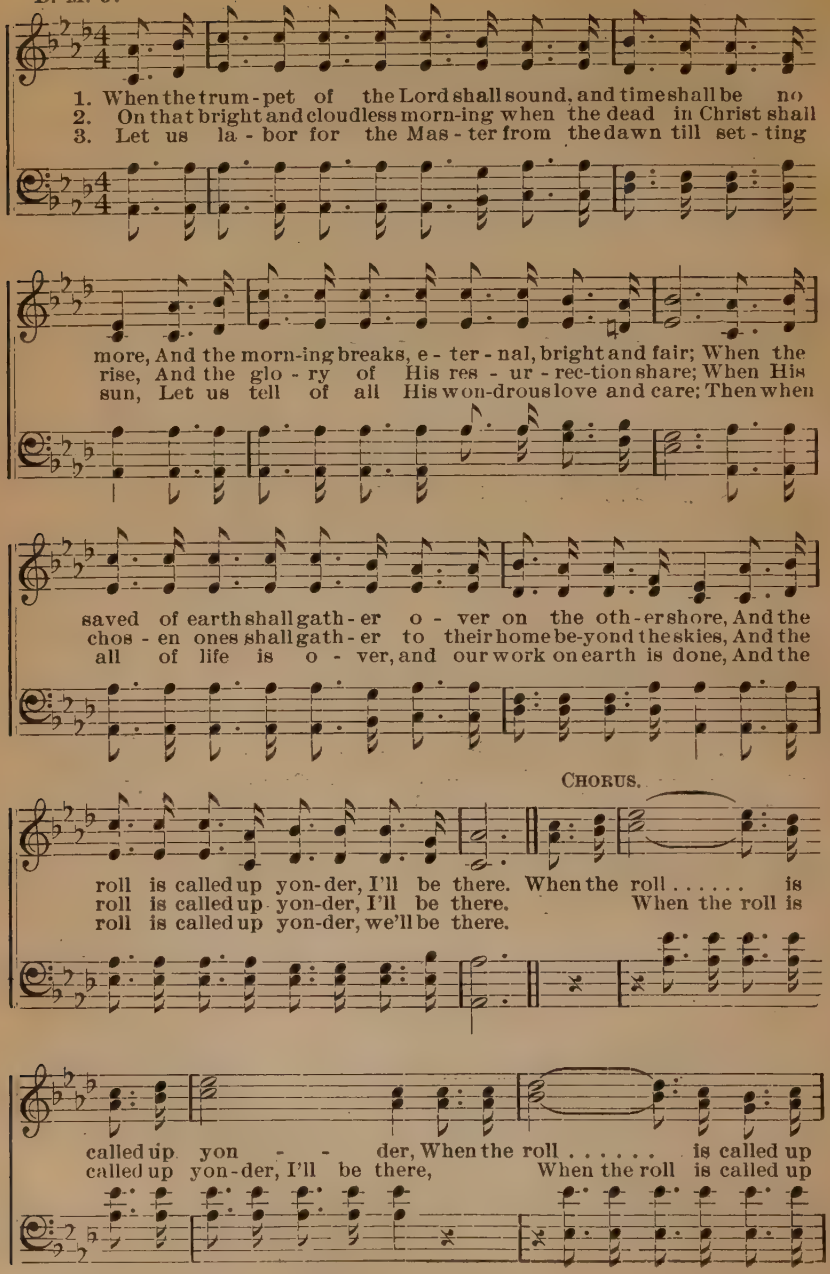
BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The Cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill - ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.
CHORUS.
The Cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can - not
hide His bless-ed face. I am sat - is - fied to know That with
Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

Special permission from "Volunteer Voices."

No. 160. When the Roll is Called.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us tell of all His won-drous love and care; Then when all of life is o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
CHORUS.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up yon-der, we'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.

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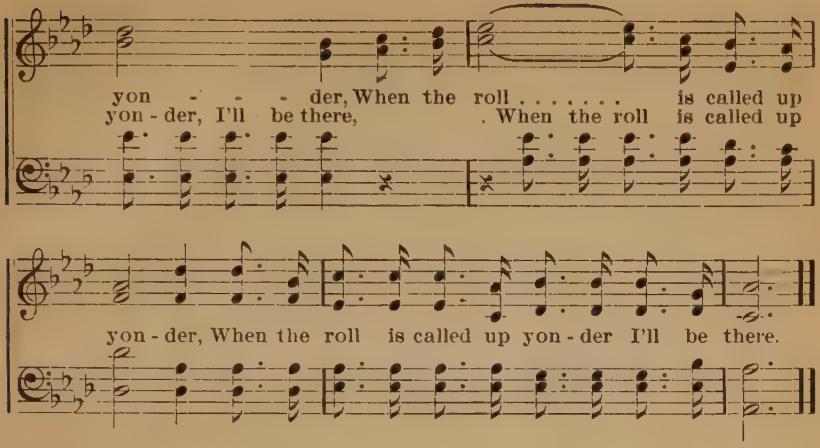
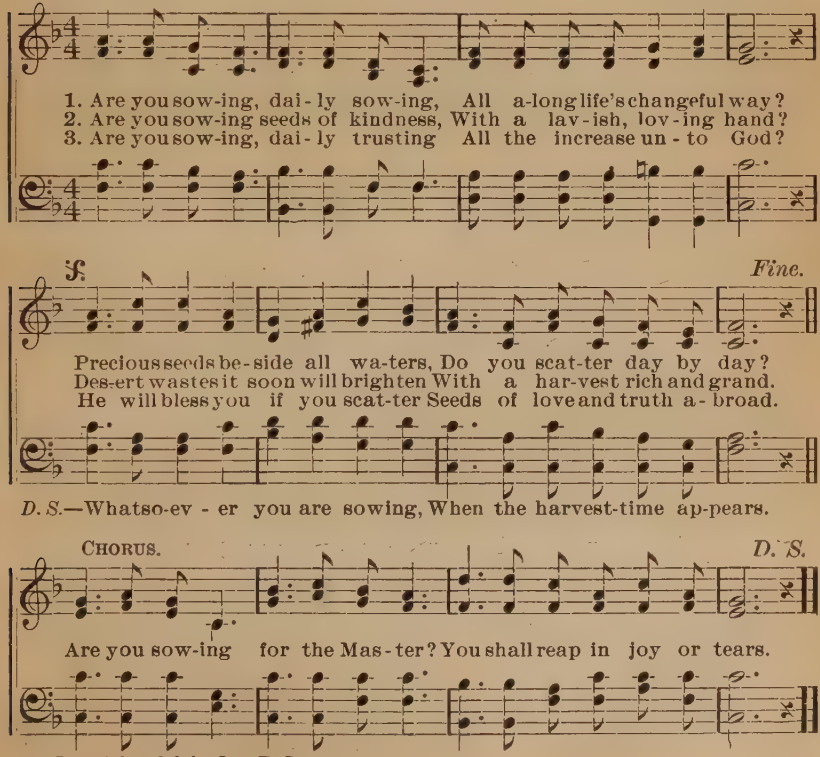

yon - - - der, When the roll . . . . . is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, . When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there.

No. 161. Are You Sowing for the Master?

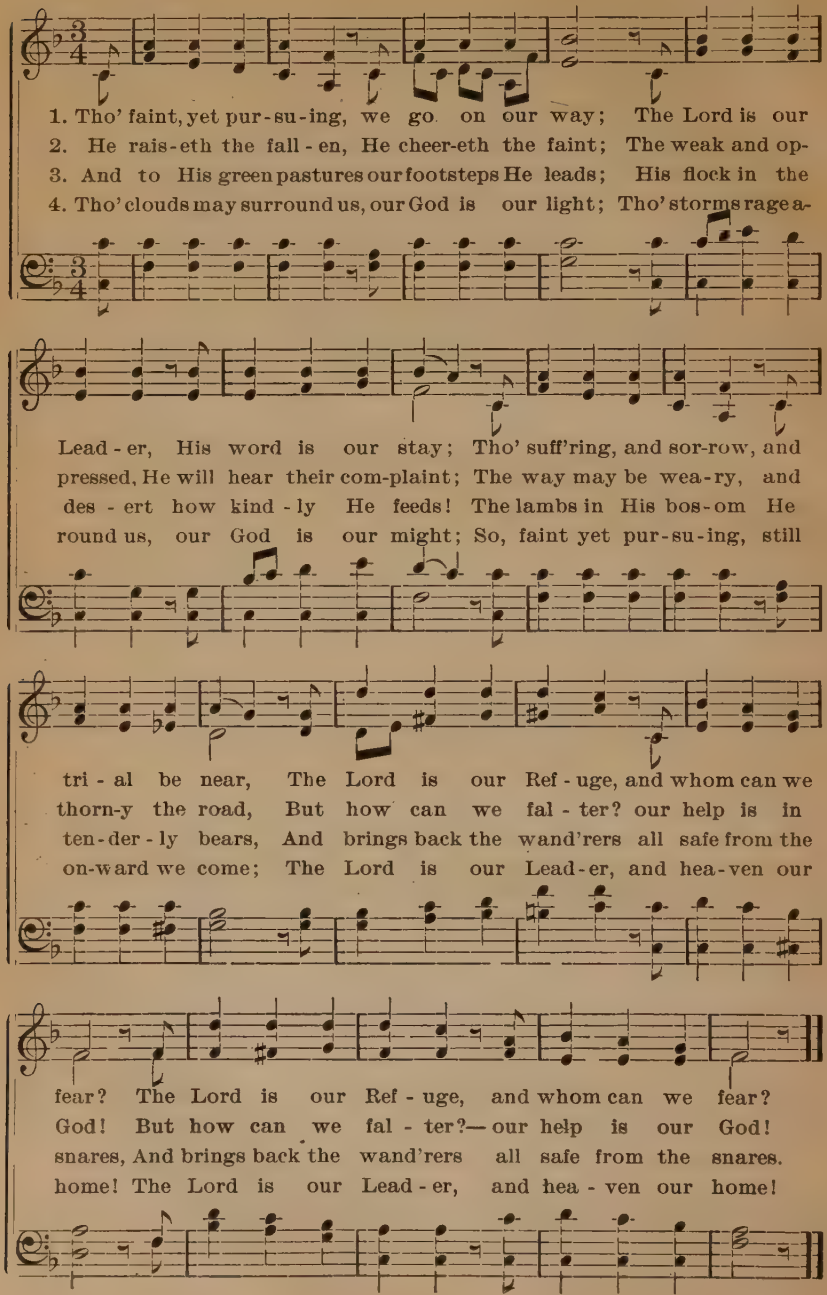
IDA L. REED. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Are you sow-ing, dai - ly sow-ing, All a-long life's changeful way?
2. Are you sow-ing seeds of kindness, With a lav-ish, lov-ing hand?
3. Are you sow-ing, dai - ly trusting All the increase un - to God?
Fine.
Precious seeds be - side all wa-ters, Do you scat-ter day by day?
Des-ert wastes it soon will brighten With a har-vest rich and grand.
He will bless you if you scat-ter Seeds of love and truth a - broad.
D. S.—Whatso-ev - er you are sowing, When the harvest-time ap-pears.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Are you sow-ing for the Mas - ter? You shall reap in joy or tears.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 162. The Lord is our Leader.

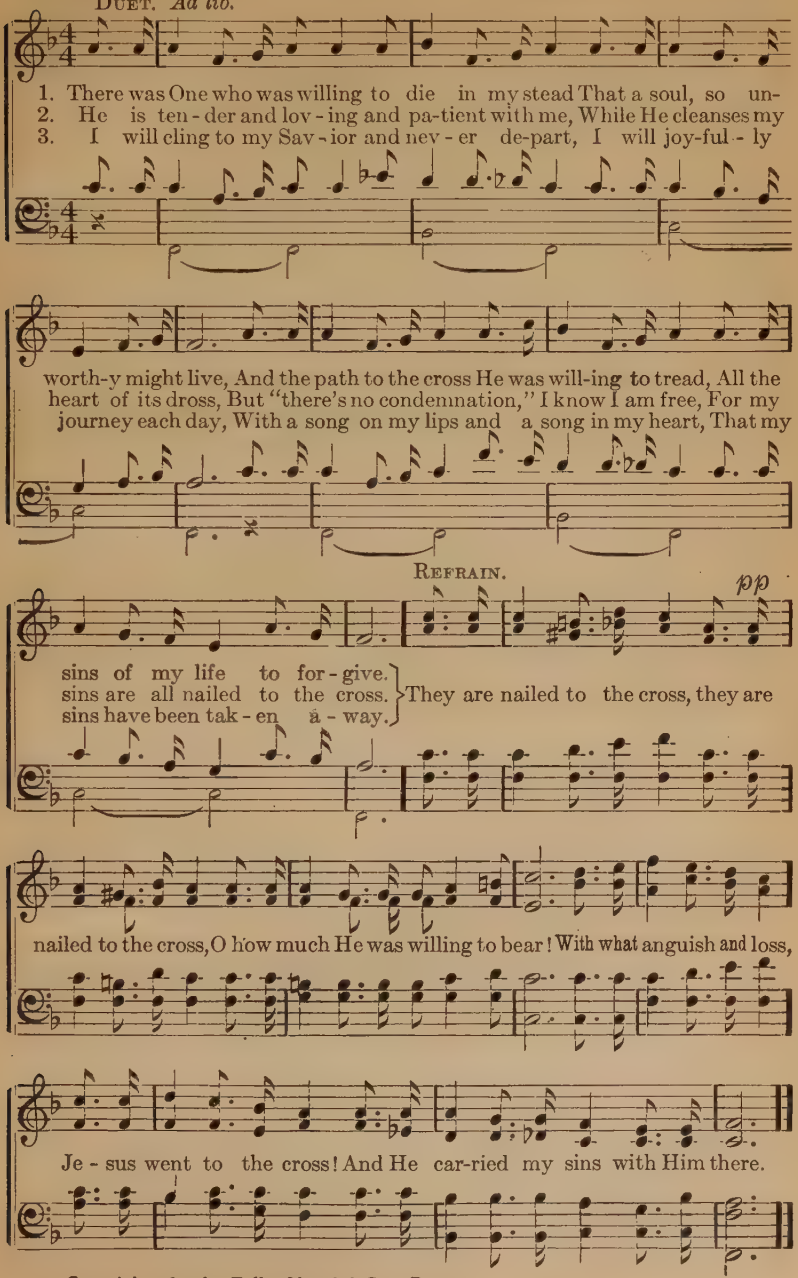
JOHN N. DARBY. THOS. KOSCHAT.


1. Tho' faint, yet pur-su-ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our
2. He rais-eth the fall-en, He cheer-eth the faint; The weak and op-
3. And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads; His flock in the
4. Tho' clouds may surround us, our God is our light; Tho' storms rage a-
Lead-er, His word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring, and sor-row, and
pressed, He will hear their com-plaint; The way may be wea-ry, and
des-ert how kind-ly He feeds! The lambs in His bos-om He
round us, our God is our might; So, faint yet pur-su-ing, still
tri-al be near, The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we
thorn-y the road, But how can we fal-ter? our help is in
ten-der-ly bears, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the
on-ward we come; The Lord is our Lead-er, and hea-ven our
fear? The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we fear?
God! But how can we fal-ter?—our help is our God!
snares, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.
home! The Lord is our Lead-er, and hea-ven our home!

No. 163. Nailed to the Cross.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*


1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead That a soul, so un-
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa-tient with me, While He cleanses my
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de-part, I will joy-ful - ly
worth-y might live, And the path to the cross He was will-ing to tread, All the
heart of its dross, But "there's no condemnation," I know I am free, For my
journey each day, With a song on my lips and a song in my heart, That my
REFRAIN.
pp
sins of my life to for - give.
sins are all nailed to the cross.
sins have been tak - en a - way.
They are nailed to the cross, they are
nailed to the cross, O how much He was willing to bear! With what anguish and loss,
Je - sus went to the cross! And He car-ried my sins with Him there.

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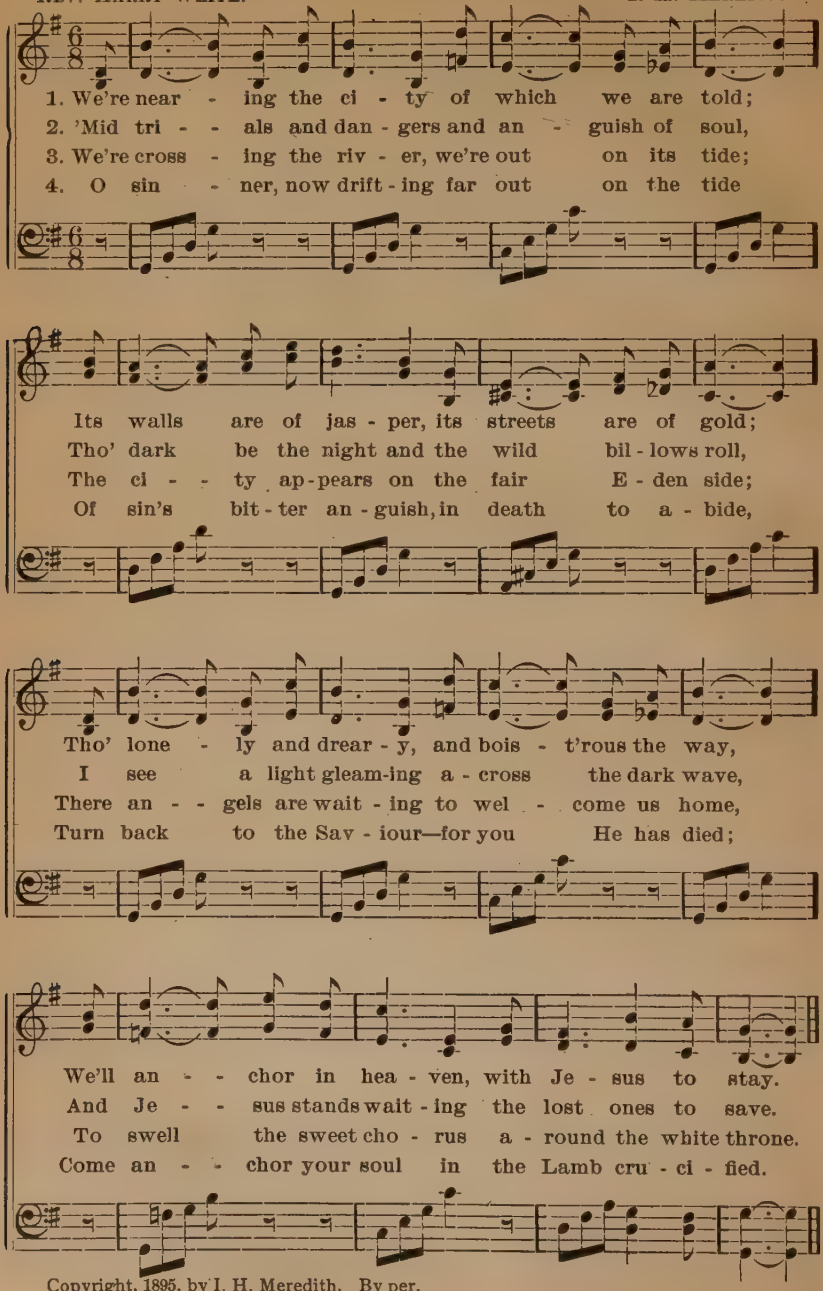
No. 164. We're Nearing the City.

REV. HARRY WHITE. I. H. MEREDITH.


1. We're near - ing the ci - ty of which we are told;
2. 'Mid tri - - als and dan - gers and an - guish of soul,
3. We're cross - ing the riv - er, we're out on its tide;
4. O sin - ner, now drift - ing far out on the tide
Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold;
Tho' dark be the night and the wild bil - lows roll,
The ci - - ty ap - pears on the fair E - den side;
Of sin's bit - ter an - guish, in death to a - bide,
Tho' lone - ly and drear - y, and bois - t'rous the way,
I see a light gleam-ing a - cross the dark wave,
There an - - gels are wait - ing to wel - come us home,
Turn back to the Sav - iour—for you He has died;
We'll an - - chor in hea - ven, with Je - sus to stay.
And Je - - sus stands wait - ing the lost ones to save.
To swell the sweet cho - rus a - round the white throne.
Come an - - chor your soul in the Lamb cru - ci - fied.

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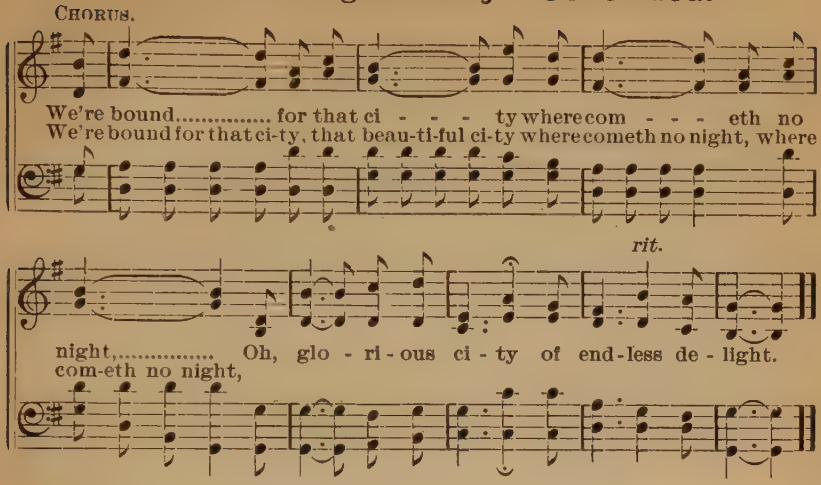
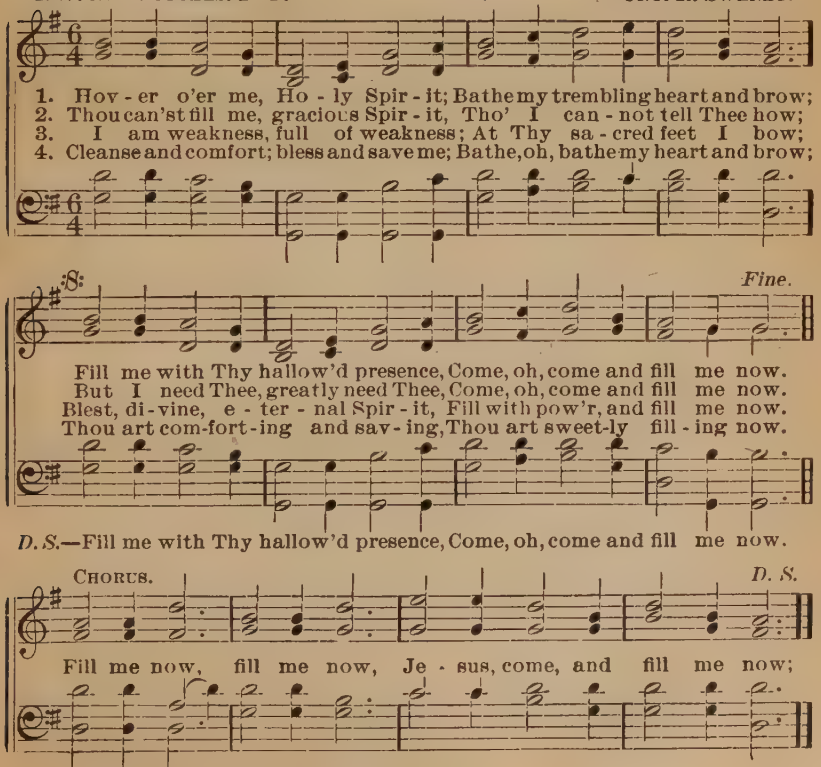
We're Nearing the City. Concluded.


Chorus.
We're bound..... for that ci - - - ty where com - - - eth no
We're bound for that ci-ty, that beau-ti-ful ci-ty where cometh no night, where
rit.
night,..... Oh, glo - ri - ous ci - ty of end-less de - light.
com-eth no night,

No. 165. Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes. D D. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
:S:
Fine.
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill - ing now.

D. S.—Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

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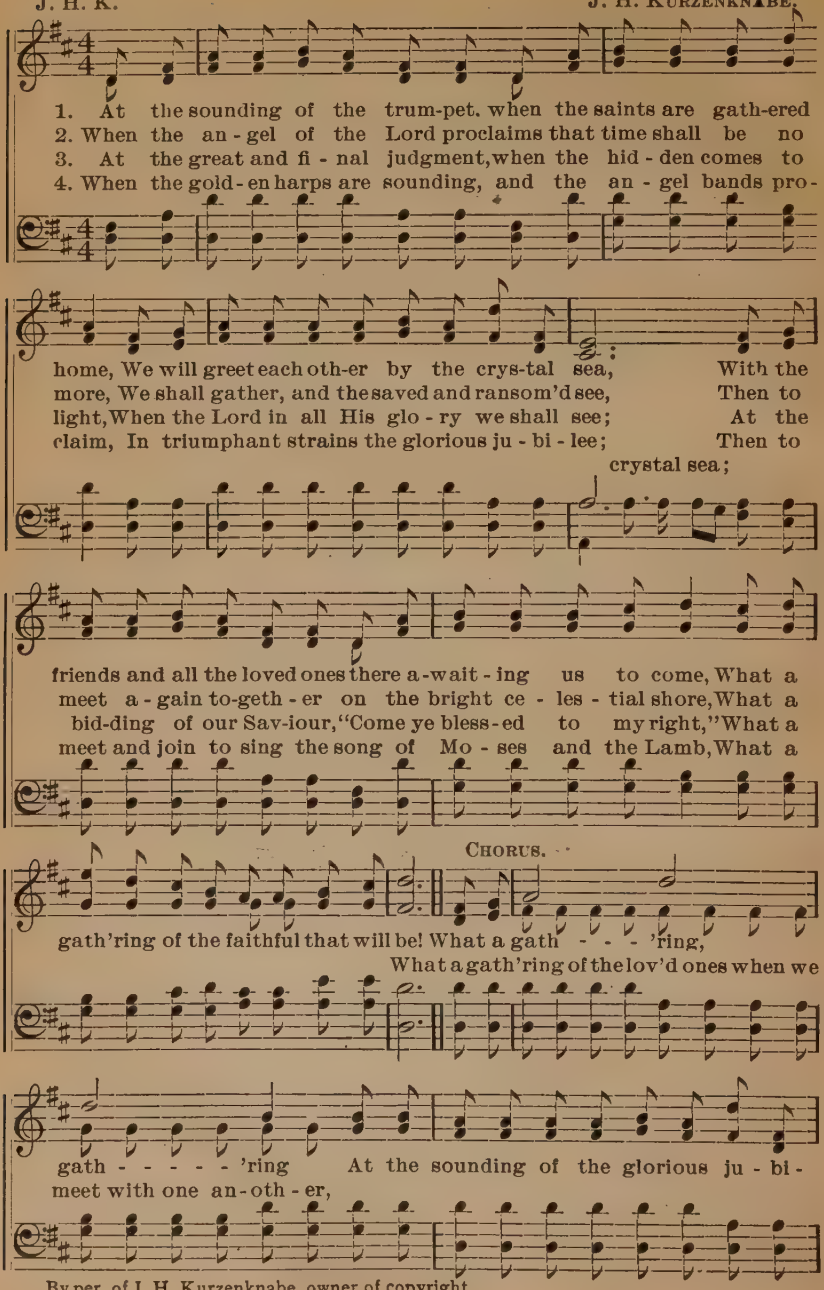
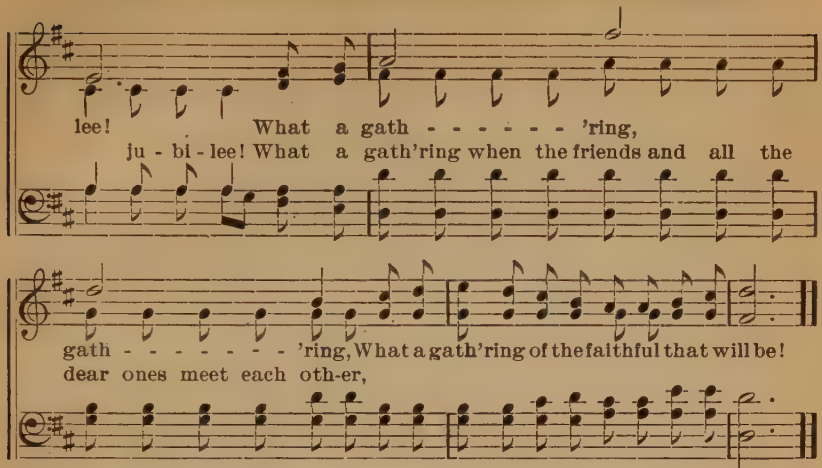
No. 166. What a Gathering That will Be.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

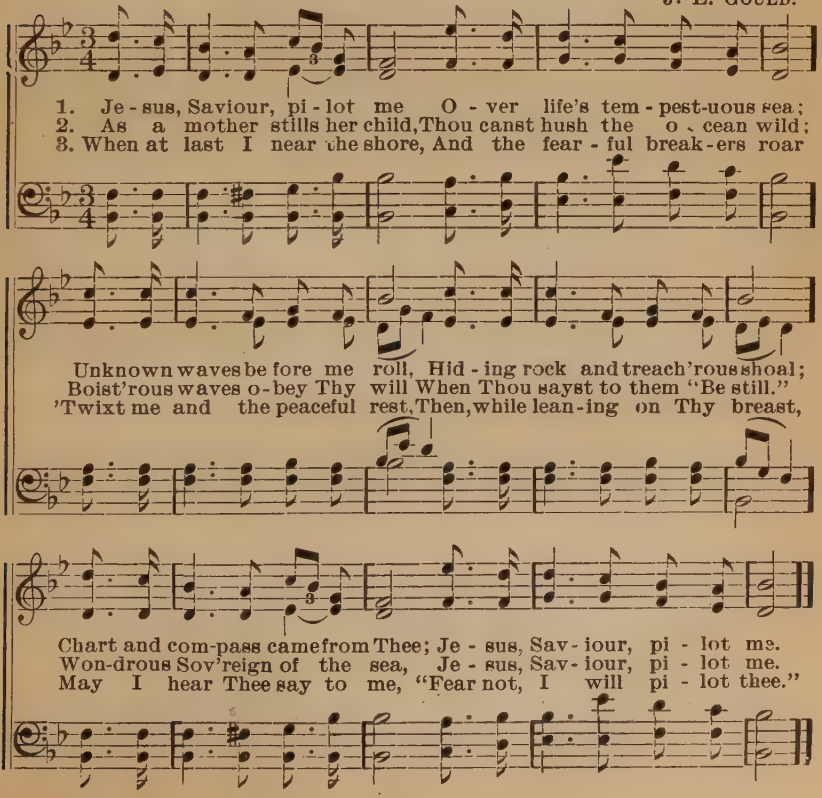

1. At the sounding of the trum-pet, when the saints are gath-ered
2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no
3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hid-den comes to
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an-gel bands pro-
home, We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea, With the
more, We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to
light, When the Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see; At the
claim, In triumphant strains the glorious ju-bi-lee; Then to
crystal sea;
friends and all the loved ones there a-wait-ing us to come, What a
meet a-gain to-geth-er on the bright ce-les-tial shore, What a
bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come ye bless-ed to my right," What a
meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, What a
CHORUS.
gath'ring of the faithful that will be! What a gath-'ring,
What a gath'ring of the lov'd ones when we
gath-'ring At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-
meet with one an-oth-er,

By per. of J. H. Kurzenknabe, owner of copyright.


lee! What a gath - - - - - - 'ring,
ju - bi - lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the
gath - - - - - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
dear ones meet each oth-er,

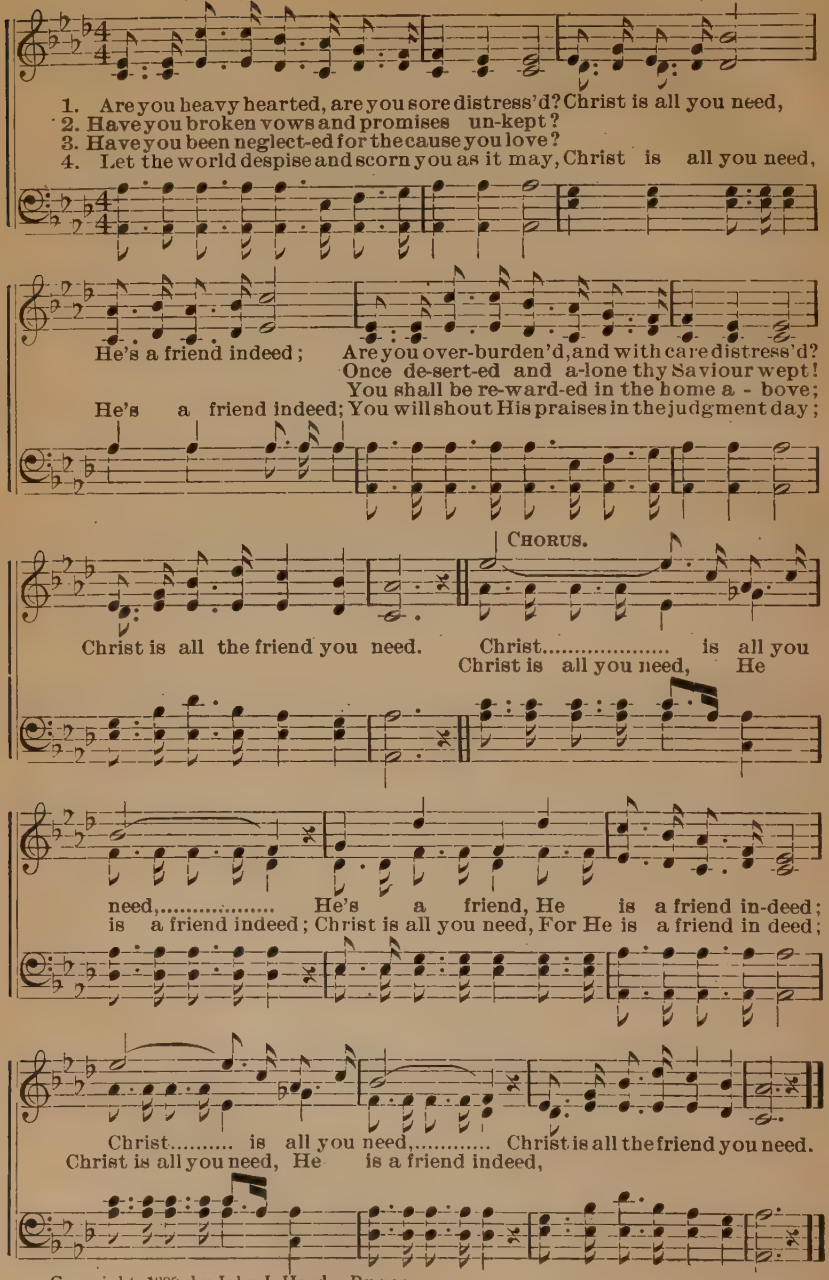
No. 167. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Unknown waves be fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou sayst to them "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 168. Christ is All You Need.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Are you heavy hearted, are you sore distress'd? Christ is all you need,
2. Have you broken vows and promises un-kept?
3. Have you been neglect-ed for the cause you love?
4. Let the world despise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need,
He's a friend indeed; Are you over-burden'd, and with care distress'd?
Once de-sert-ed and a-lone thy Saviour wept!
You shall be re-ward-ed in the home a - bove;
He's a friend indeed; You will shout His praises in the judgment day;
CHORUS.
Christ is all the friend you need. Christ..... is all you
Christ is all you need, He
need,..... He's a friend, He is a friend in-deed;
is a friend indeed; Christ is all you need, For He is a friend in deed;
Christ..... is all you need,..... Christ is all the friend you need.
Christ is all you need, He is a friend indeed,

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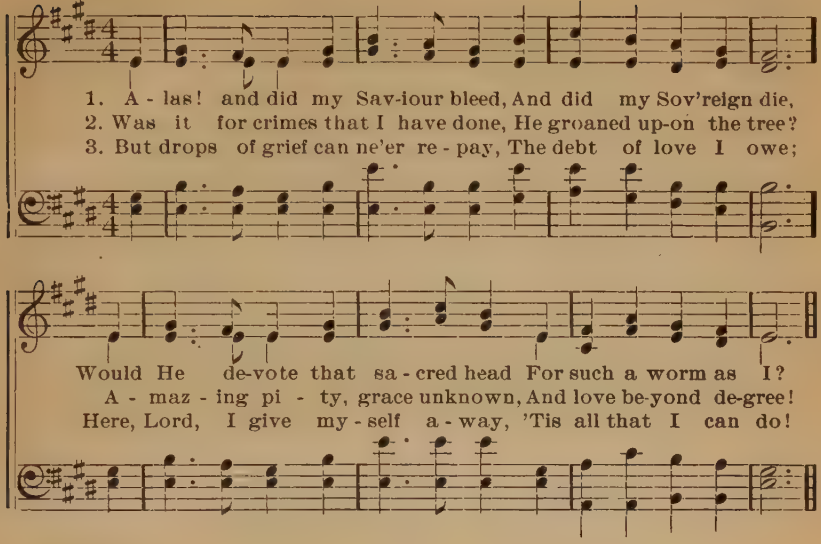
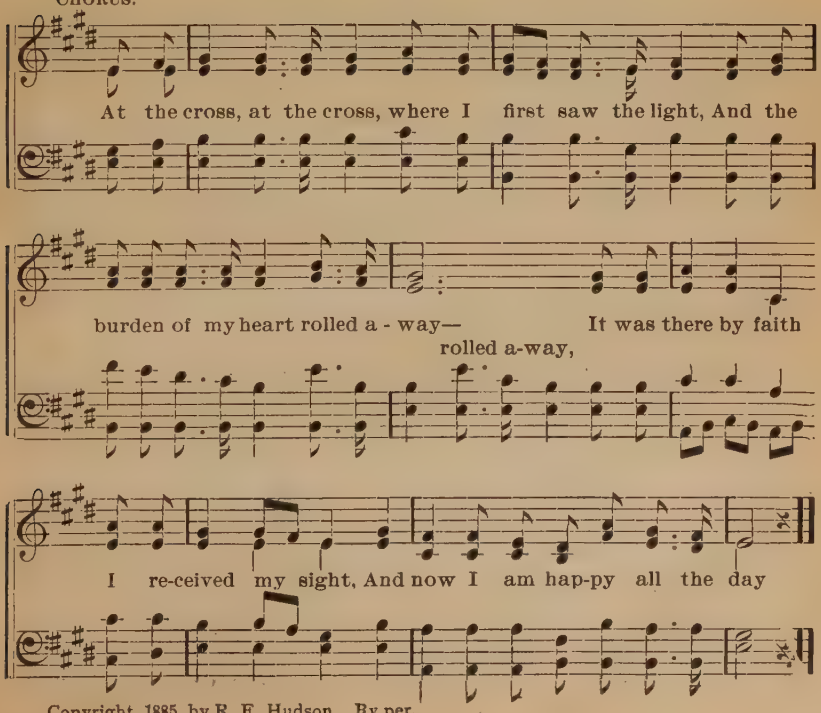
No. 169. At the Cross.

R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pi - ty, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

Chorus.


At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
burden of my heart rolled a - way— It was there by faith
rolled a-way,
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day

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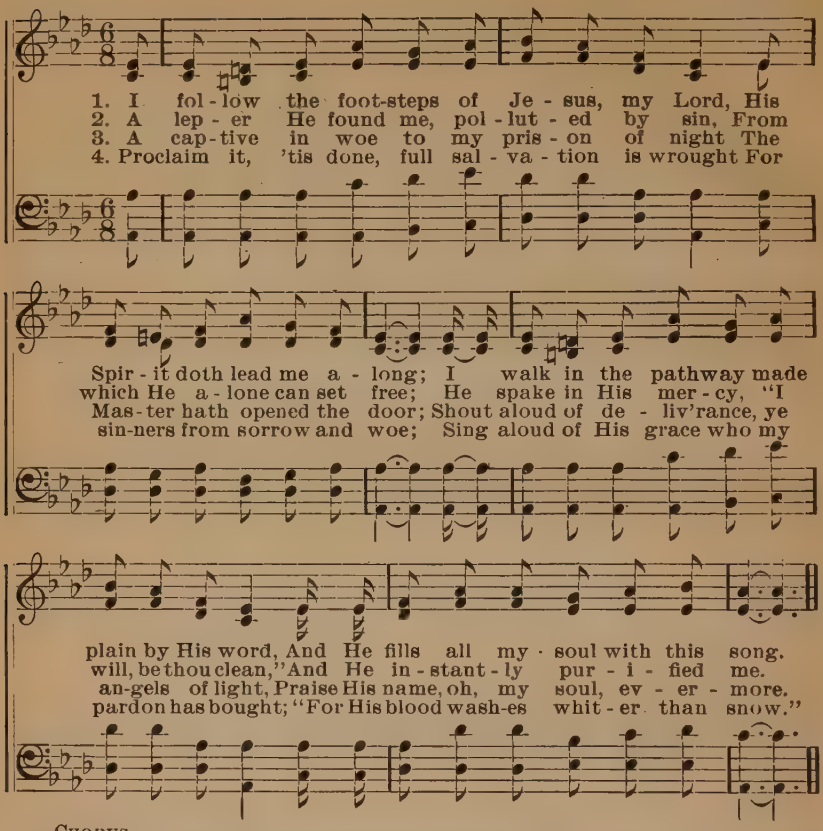
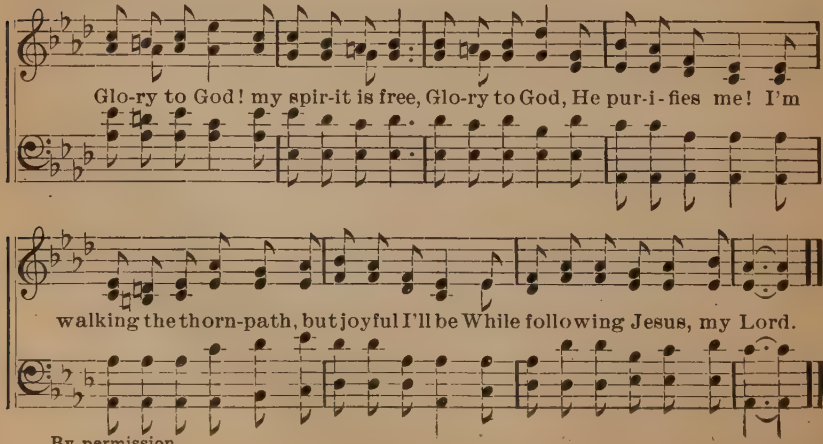
No. 170. My Spirit is Free.

W. A. S. REV. W. A. SPENCER.


1. I fol-low the foot-steps of Je-sus, my Lord, His
2. A lep-er He found me, pol-lut-ed by sin, From
3. A cap-tive in woe to my pris-on of night The
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal-va-tion is wrought For
Spir-it doth lead me a-long; I walk in the pathway made
which He a-lone can set free; He spake in His mer-cy, "I
Mas-ter hath opened the door; Shout aloud of de-liv'rance, ye
sin-ners from sorrow and woe; Sing aloud of His grace who my
plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
will, be thou clean," And He in-stant-ly pur-i-fied me.
an-gels of light, Praise His name, oh, my soul, ev-er-more.
pardon has bought; "For His blood wash-es whit-er than snow."

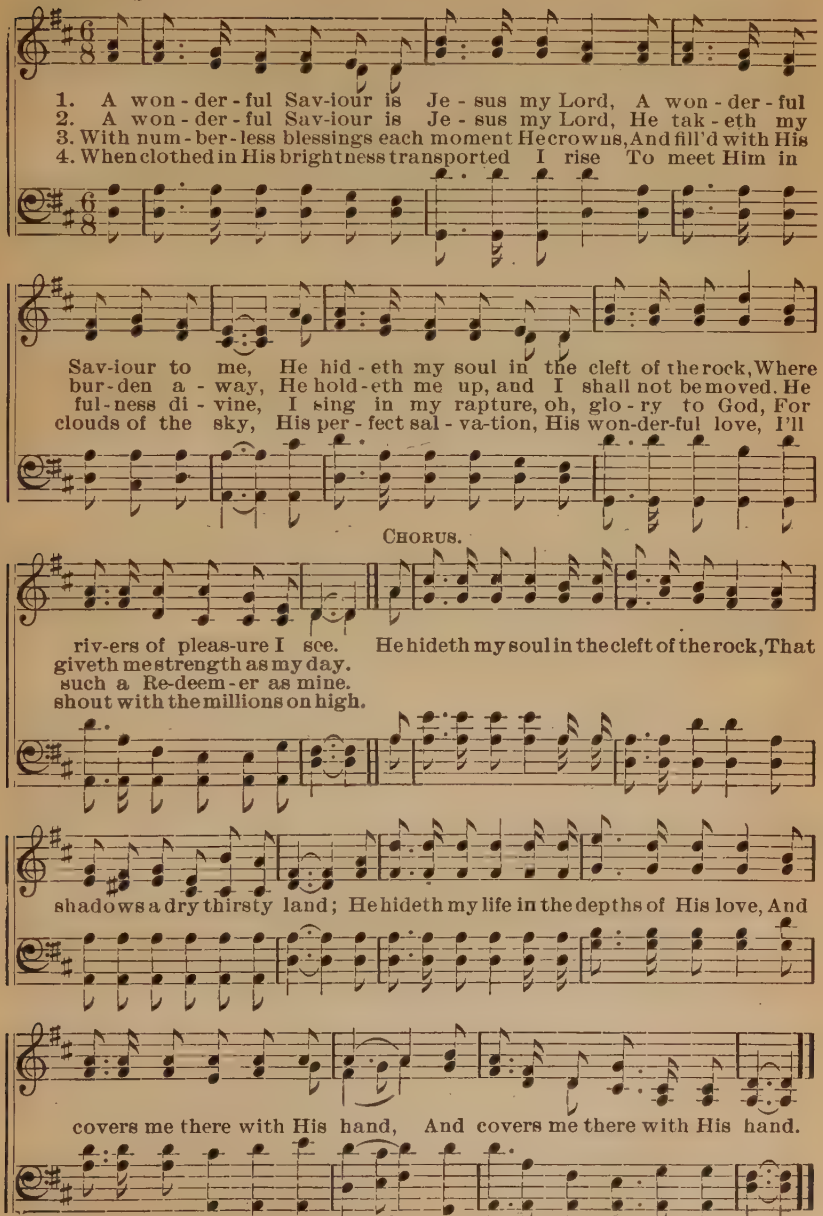
CHORUS.


Glo-ry to God! my spir-it is free, Glo-ry to God, He pur-i-fies me! I'm
walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While following Jesus, my Lord.

By permission.

No. 171. He Hideth my Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise To meet Him in
Sav-iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved. He
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glo - ry to God, For
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll
CHORUS.
riv-ers of pleas-ure I see. He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
giveth me strength as my day.
such a Re-deem - er as mine.
shout with the millions on high.
shadows a dry thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of His love, And
covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

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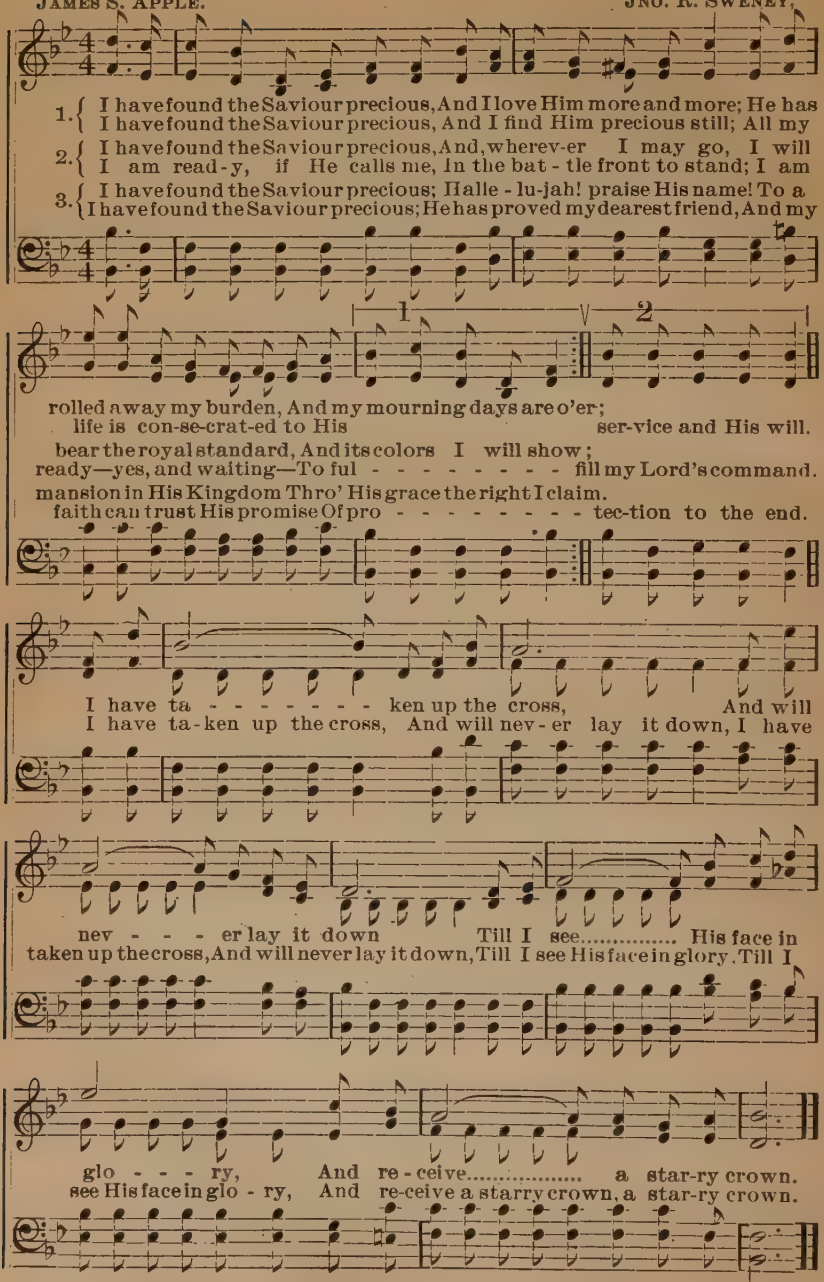
No. 172. The Saviour Precious.

JAMES S. APPLE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found the Saviour precious, And I love Him more and more; He has
I have found the Saviour precious, And I find Him precious still; All my
2. I have found the Saviour precious, And, wherev-er I may go, I will
I am read-y, if He calls me, In the bat-tle front to stand; I am
3. I have found the Saviour precious; Halle-lu-jah! praise His name! To a
I have found the Saviour precious; He has proved my dearest friend, And my
1
2
rolled away my burden, And my mourning days are o'er;
life is con-se-crat-ed to His ser-vice and His will.
bear the royal standard, And its colors I will show;
ready—yes, and waiting—To ful - - - - - - - - fill my Lord's command.
mansion in His Kingdom Thro' His grace the right I claim.
faith can trust His promise Of pro - - - - - - - - tec-tion to the end.
I have ta - - - - - - - - ken up the cross, And will
I have ta-ken up the cross, And will nev-er lay it down, I have
nev - - - er lay it down Till I see..... His face in
taken up the cross, And will never lay it down, Till I see His face in glory. Till I
glo - - - ry, And re-ceive..... a star-ry crown.
see His face in glo - ry, And re-ceive a starry crown, a star-ry crown.

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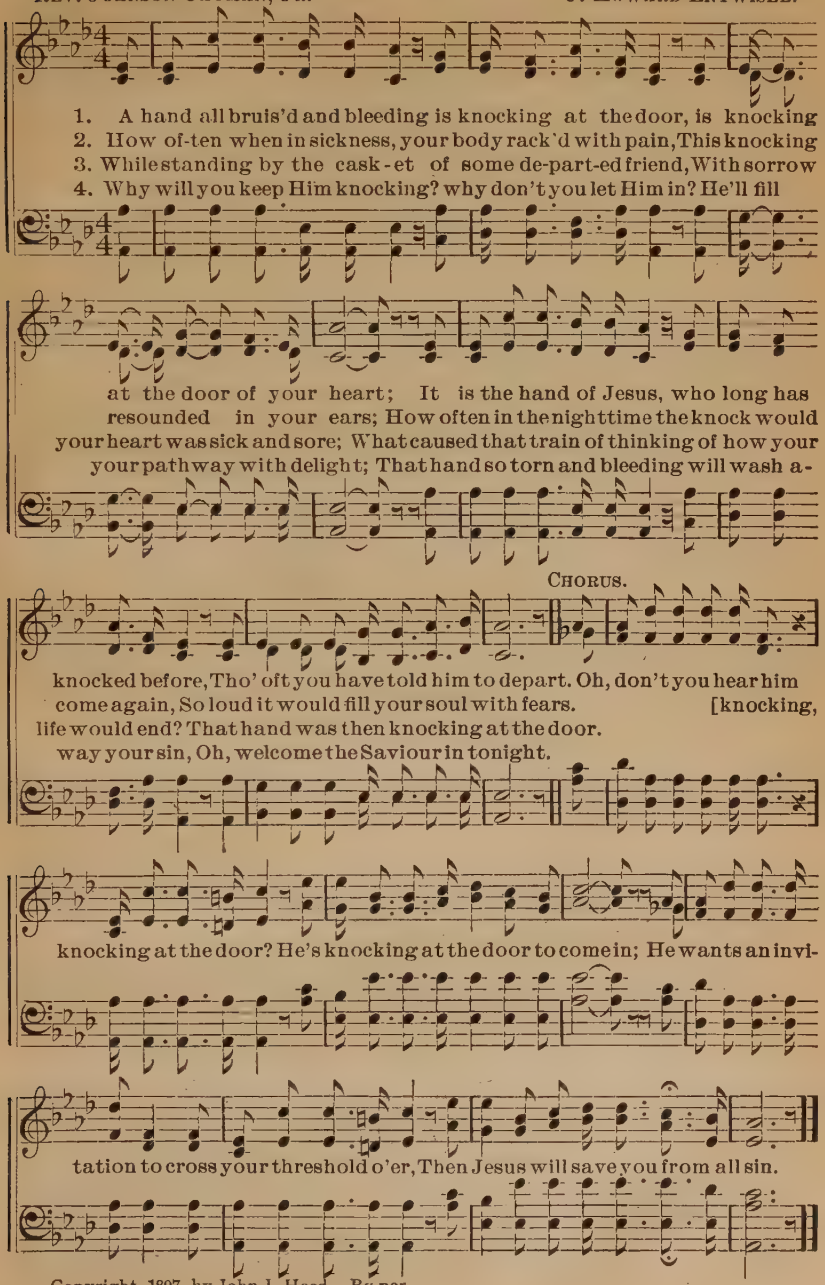
No. 173. Oh, Don't You Hear Him Knocking?

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. A hand all bruis'd and bleeding is knocking at the door, is knocking
2. How of-ten when in sickness, your body rack'd with pain, This knocking
3. While standing by the cask-et of some de-part-ed friend, With sorrow
4. Why will you keep Him knocking? why don't you let Him in? He'll fill
at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Jesus, who long has
resounded in your ears; How often in the night time the knock would
your heart was sick and sore; What caused that train of thinking of how your
your pathway with delight; That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a-
CHORUS.
knocked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him
come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. [knocking,
life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door.
way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.
knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an invi-
tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.

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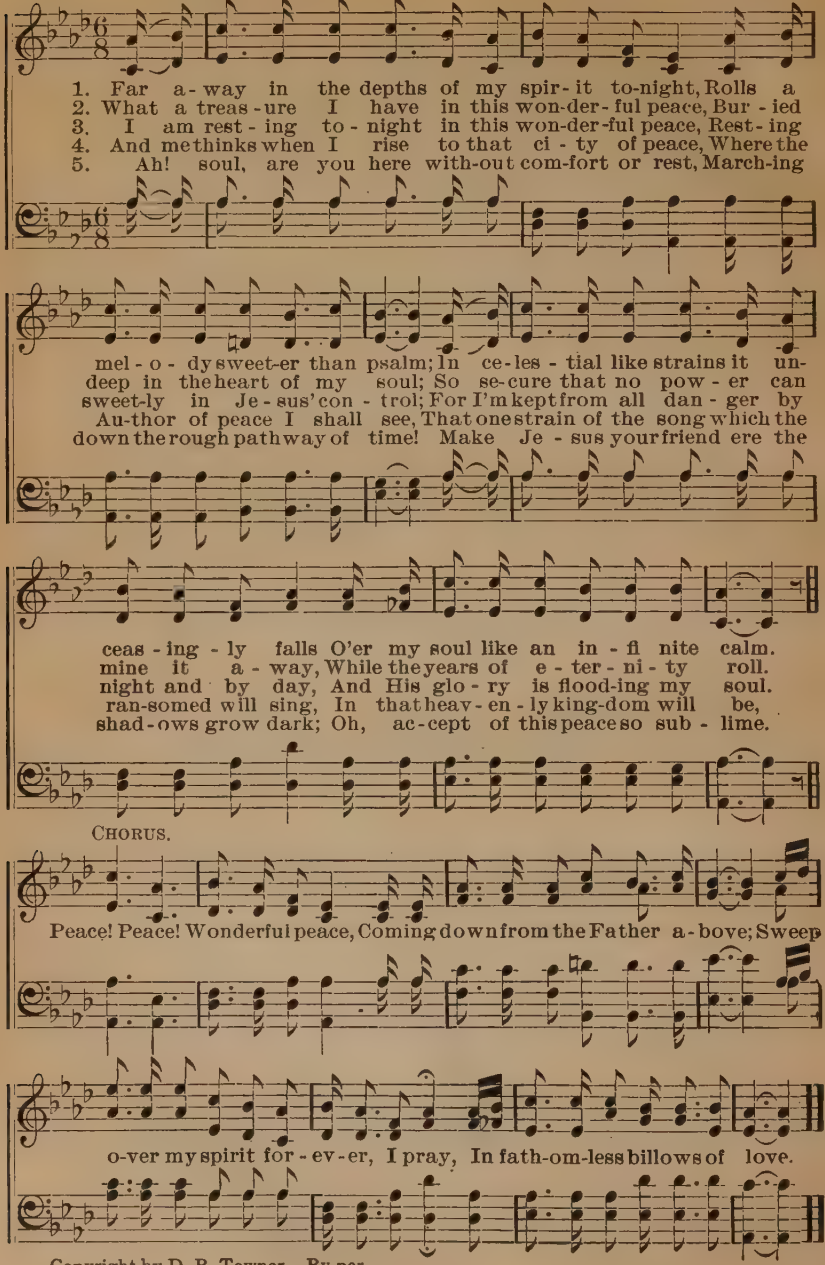
No. 174. Wonderful Peace.

REV. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing
4. And methinks when I rise to that ci-ty of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March-ing
mel-o-dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-les-tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can
sweet-ly in Je-sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough path way of time! Make Je-sus your friend ere the
ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in-fi nite calm.
mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav-en-ly king-dom will be,
shad-ows grow dark; Oh, ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime.
CHORUS.
Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove; Sweep
o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

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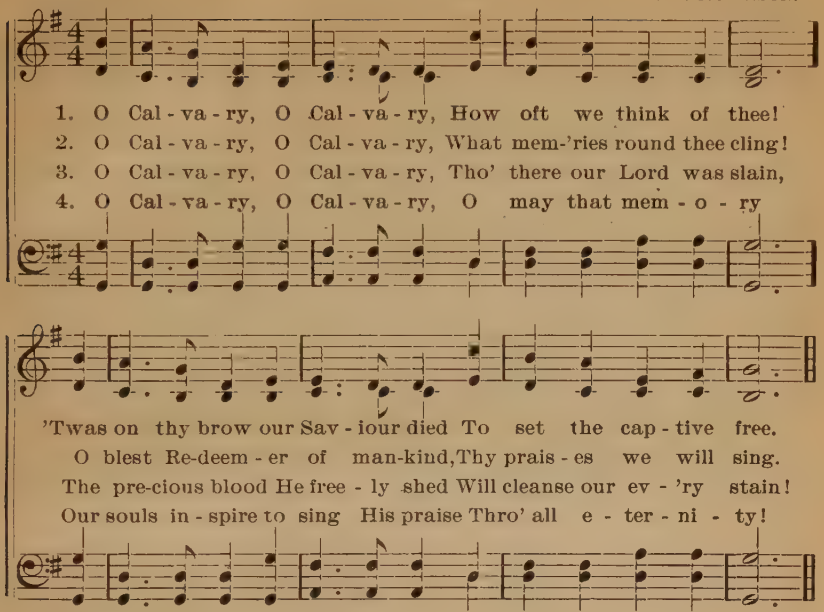
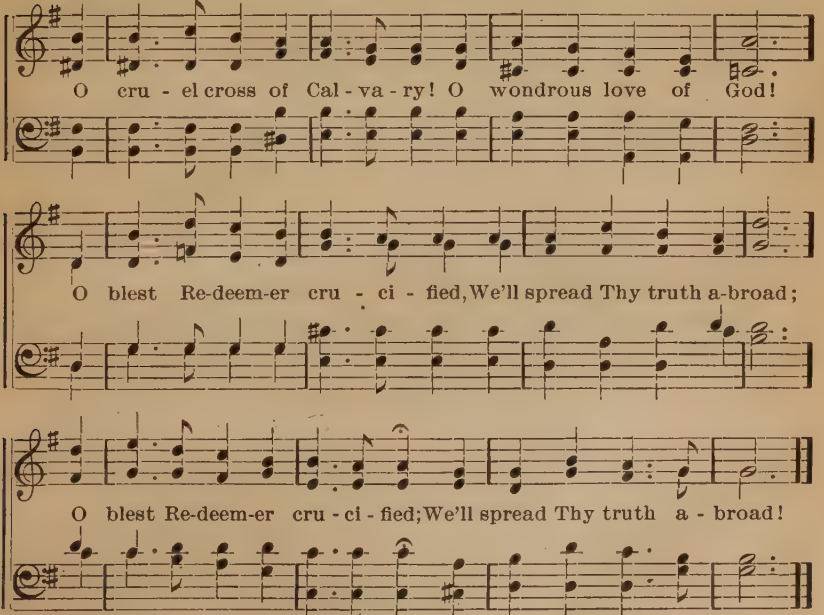
No. 175. O Calvary.

B. A. R. B. A. Robinson.


1. O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry, How oft we think of thee!
2. O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry, What mem-'ries round thee cling!
3. O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry, Tho' there our Lord was slain,
4. O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry, O may that mem - o - ry
'Twas on thy brow our Sav - iour died To set the cap - tive free.
O blest Re-deem - er of man-kind, Thy prais - es we will sing.
The pre-cious blood He free - ly shed Will cleanse our ev - 'ry stain!
Our souls in - spire to sing His praise Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!

Chorus.


O cru - el cross of Cal - va - ry! O wondrous love of God!
O blest Re-deem-er cru - ci - fied, We'll spread Thy truth a-broad;
O blest Re-deem-er cru - ci - fied; We'll spread Thy truth a - broad!

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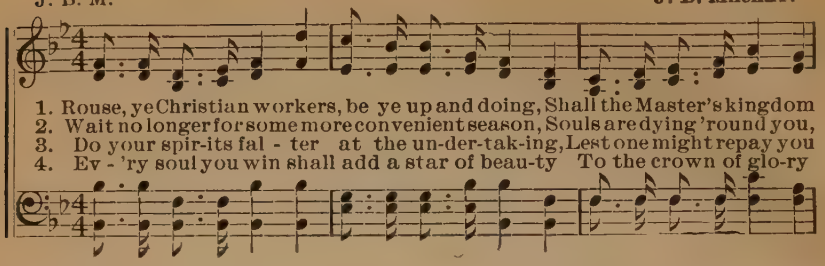
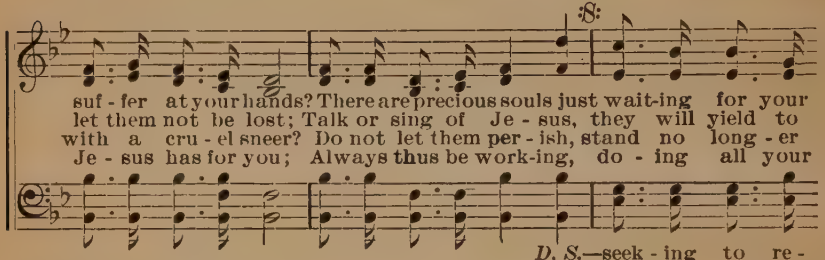
No. 176. Winning Souls for Jesus.

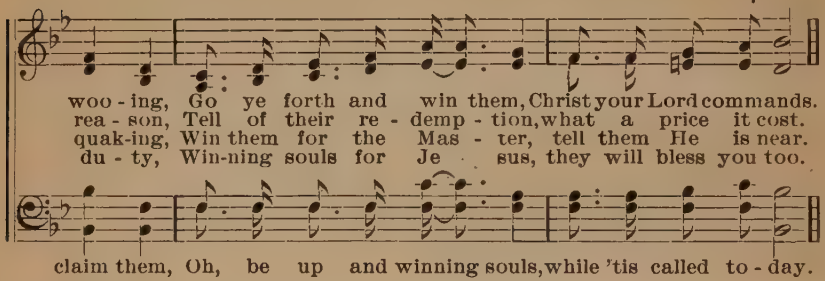
"He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. xi : 30.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

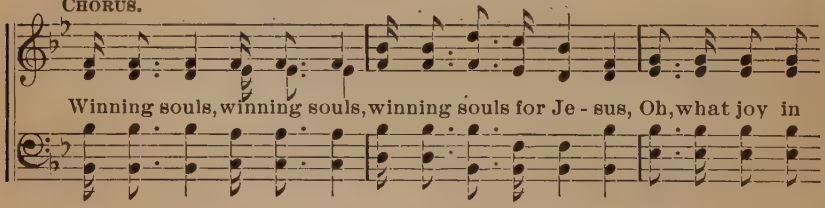

1. Rouse, ye Christian workers, be ye up and doing, Shall the Master's kingdom
2. Wait no longer for some more convenient season, Souls are dying 'round you,
3. Do your spir-its fal - ter at the un-der-tak-ing, Lest one might repay you
4. Ev - 'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau-ty To the crown of glo-ry


S:
suf - fer at your hands? There are precious souls just wait-ing for your
let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je - sus, they will yield to
with a cru - el sneer? Do not let them per - ish, stand no long - er
Je - sus has for you; Always thus be work-ing, do - ing all your
D. S.—seek - ing to re -

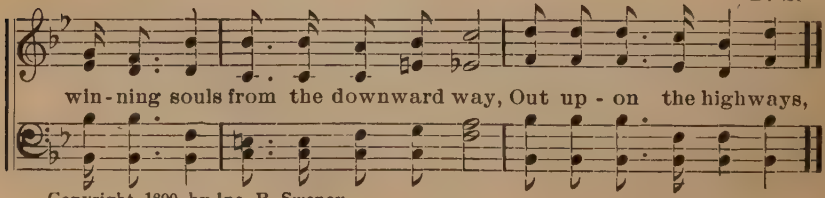
Fine.


woo - ing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.
rea - son, Tell of their re - demp - tion, what a price it cost.
quak-ing, Win them for the Mas - ter, tell them He is near.
du - ty, Win-ning souls for Je - sus, they will bless you too.
claim them, Oh, be up and winning souls, while 'tis called to - day.

CHORUS.



D. S.



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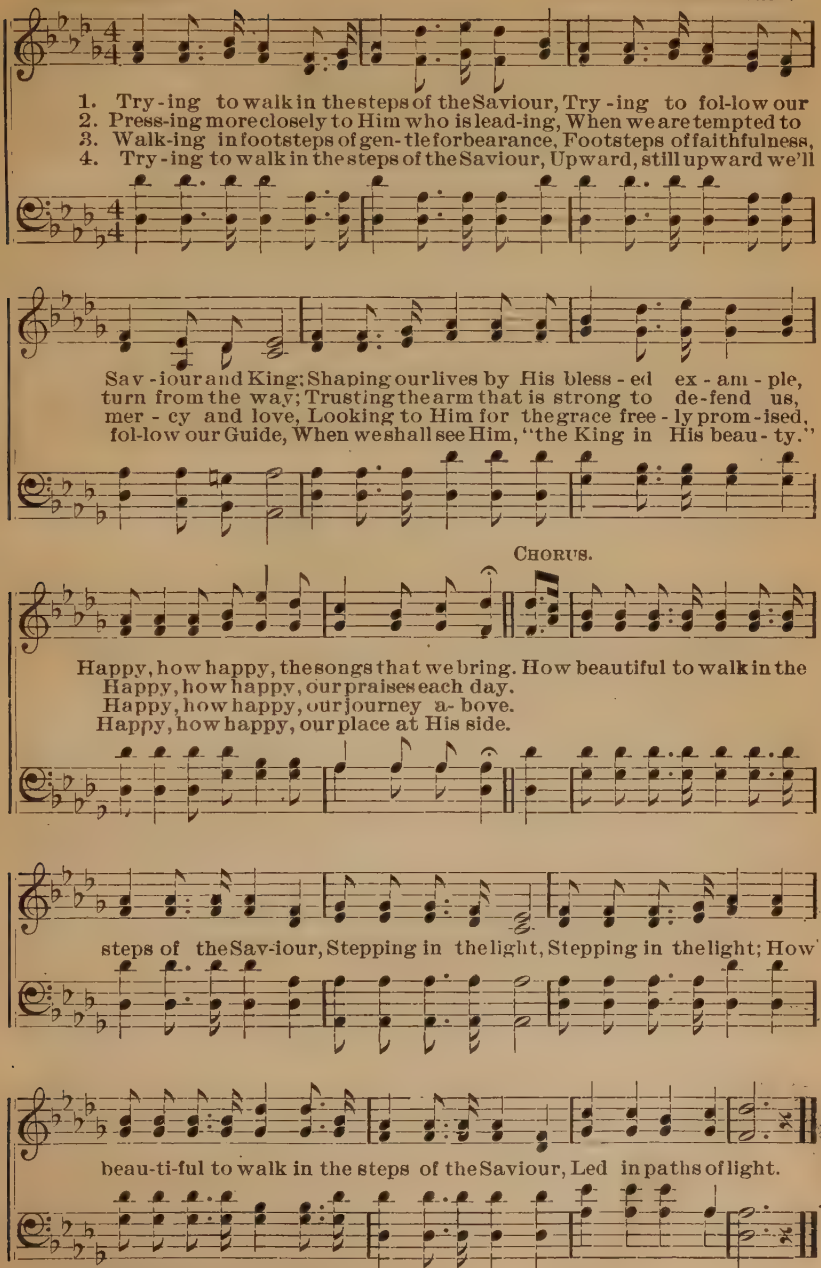
No. 177. Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try-ing to fol-low our
2. Press-ing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in footsteps of gen-tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll
Sav-iour and King; Shaping our lives by His bless-ed ex-am-ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer-cy and love, Looking to Him for the grace free-ly prom-ised,
fol-low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau-ty."
Chorus.
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey a-bove.
Happy, how happy, our place at His side.
steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How
beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

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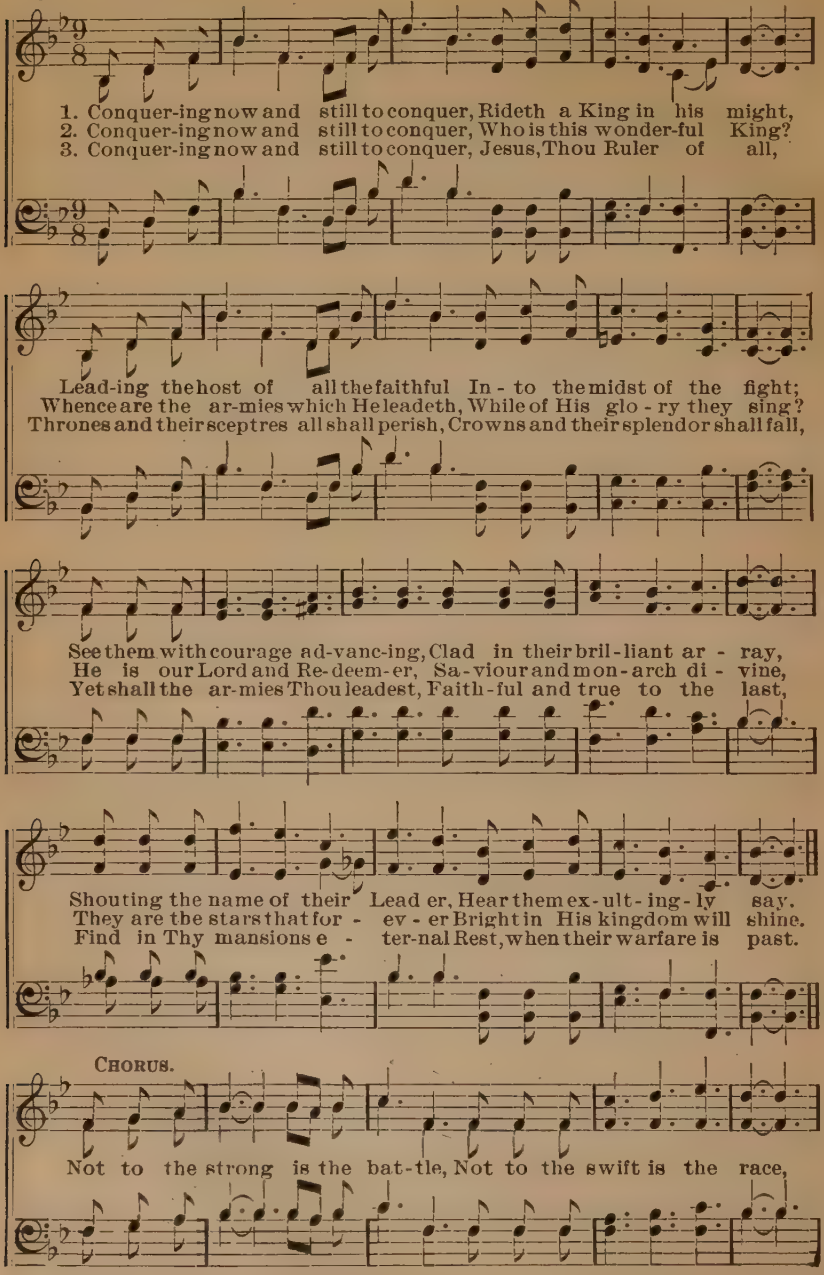
No. 178. Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquer-ing now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquer-ing now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder-ful King?
3. Conquer-ing now and still to conquer, Jesus, Thou Ruler of all,
Lead-ing the host of all the faithful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He leadeth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sa-viour and mon-arch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou leadest, Faith-ful and true to the last,
Shouting the name of their Lead er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e - ter-nal Rest, when their warfare is past.
CHORUS.
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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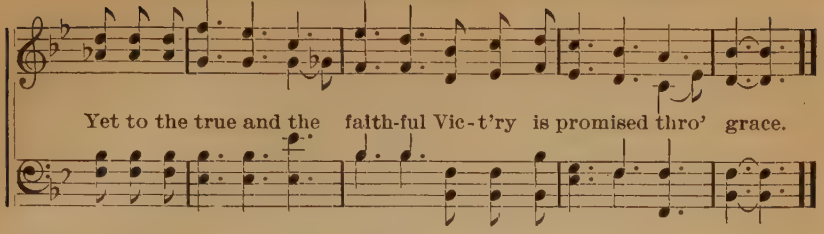
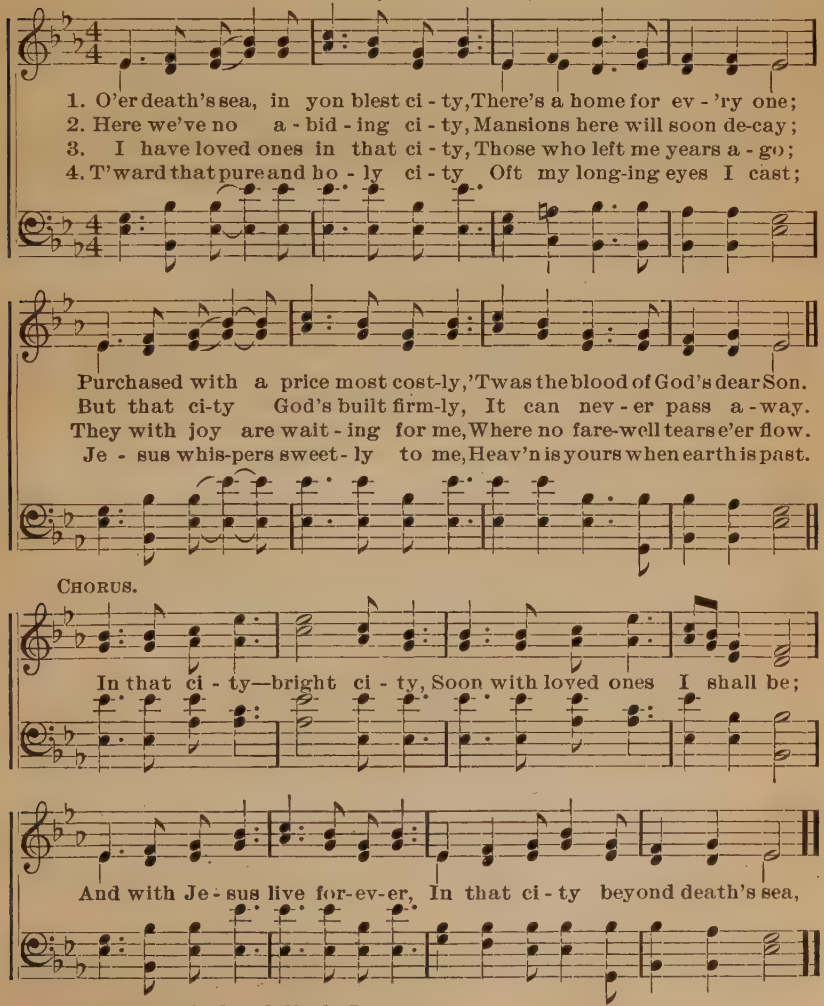

No. 179. In That City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest ci - ty, There's a home for ev - 'ry one;
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing ci - ty, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that ci - ty, Those who left me years a - go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly ci - ty Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;
Purchased with a price most cost-ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that ci-ty God's built firm-ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare-well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis-pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.
CHORUS.
In that ci - ty—bright ci - ty, Soon with loved ones I shall be;
And with Je - sus live for-ev-er, In that ci - ty beyond death's sea,

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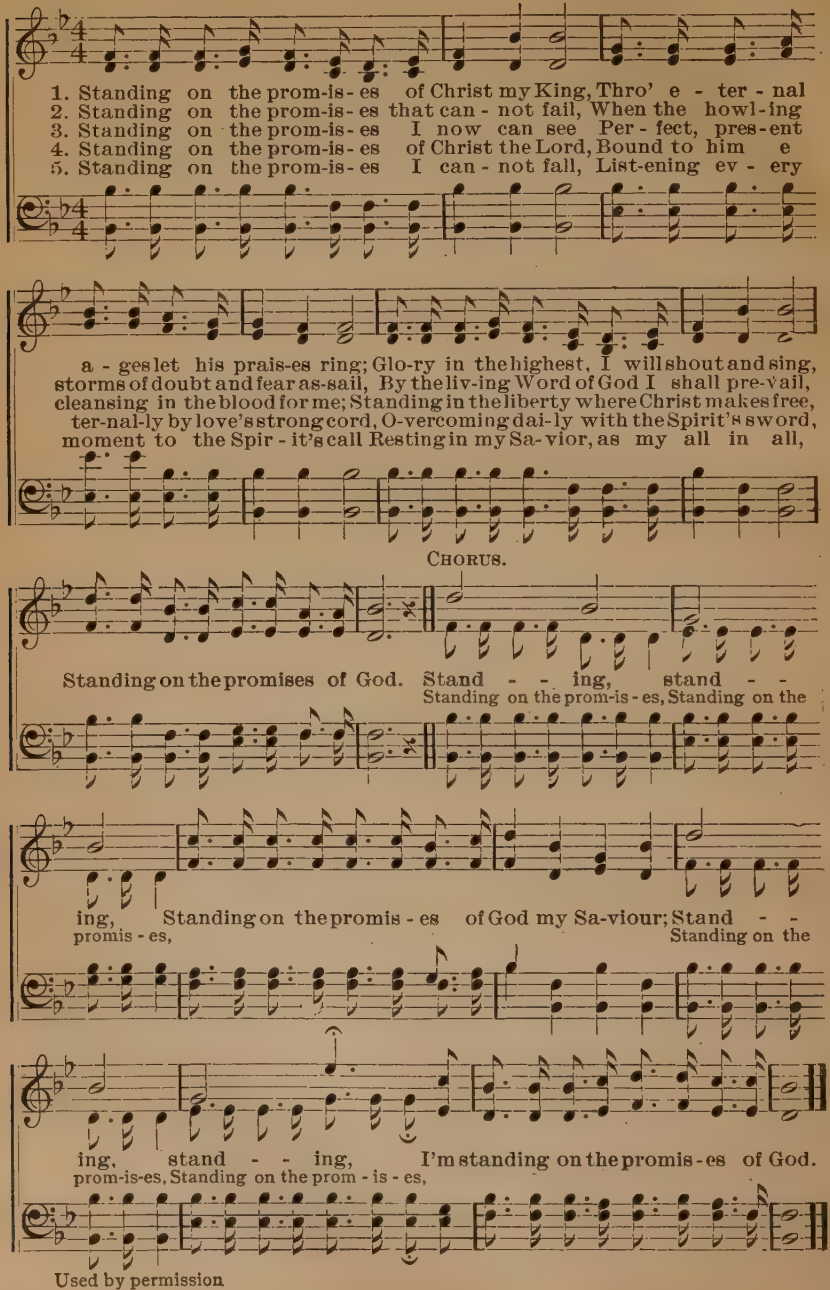
No. 180. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Standing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per - fect, pres-ent
4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e
5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, List-ening ev - ery
a - ges let his prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-vercoming dai-ly with the Spirit's sword,
moment to the Spir - it's call Resting in my Sa-vior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - - ing, stand - -
Standing on the prom-is-es, Standing on the
ing, Standing on the promis - es of God my Sa-viour; Stand - -
promis - es, Standing on the
ing, stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis-es of God.
prom-is-es, Standing on the prom - is - es,

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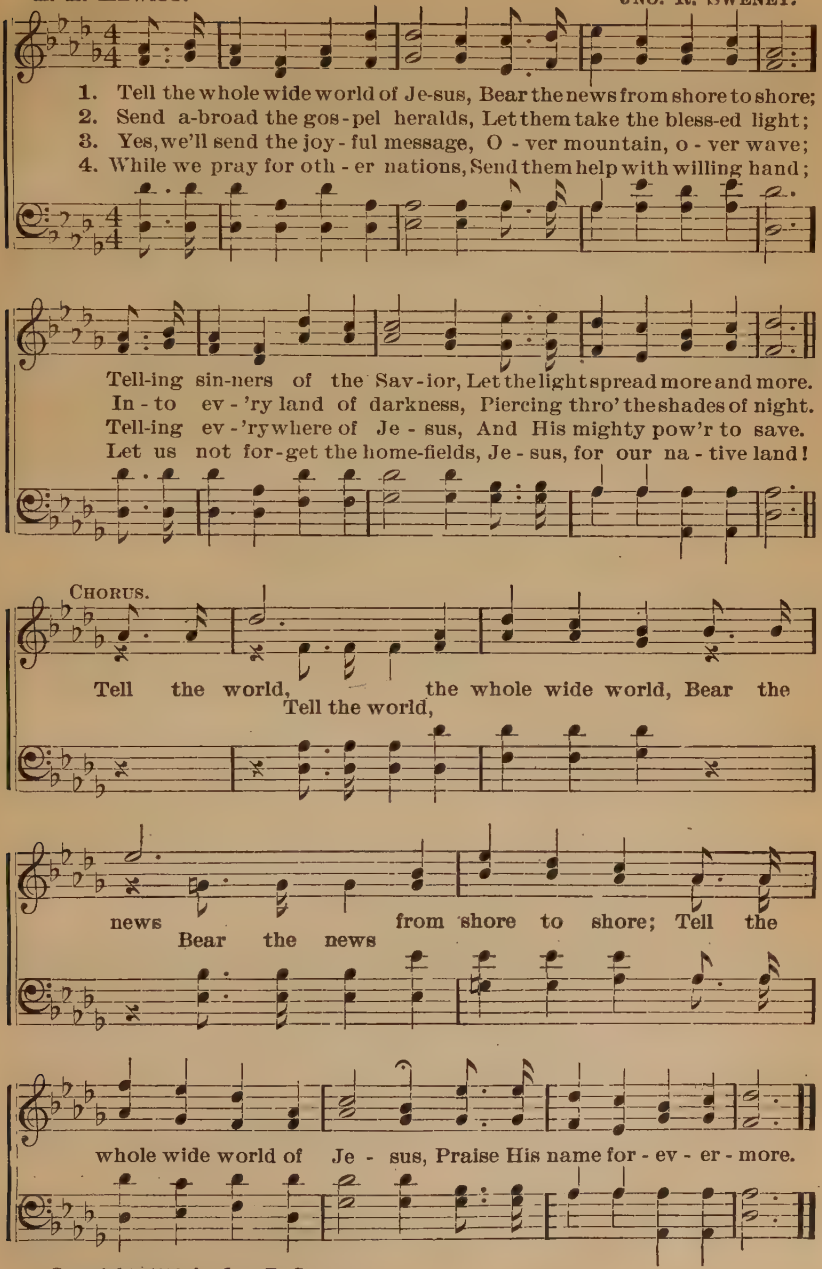
No. 181. Tell the Whole Wide World.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell the whole wide world of Je-sus, Bear the news from shore to shore;
2. Send a-broad the gos-pel heralds, Let them take the bless-ed light;
3. Yes, we'll send the joy-ful message, O-ver mountain, o-ver wave;
4. While we pray for oth-er nations, Send them help with willing hand;
Tell-ing sin-ners of the Sav-ior, Let the light spread more and more.
In-to ev-'ry land of darkness, Piercing thro' the shades of night.
Tell-ing ev-'ry where of Je-sus, And His mighty pow'r to save.
Let us not for-get the home-fields, Je-sus, for our na-tive land!
CHORUS.
Tell the world, the whole wide world, Bear the
Tell the world,
news from shore to shore; Tell the
Bear the news
whole wide world of Je-sus, Praise His name for-ev-er-more.

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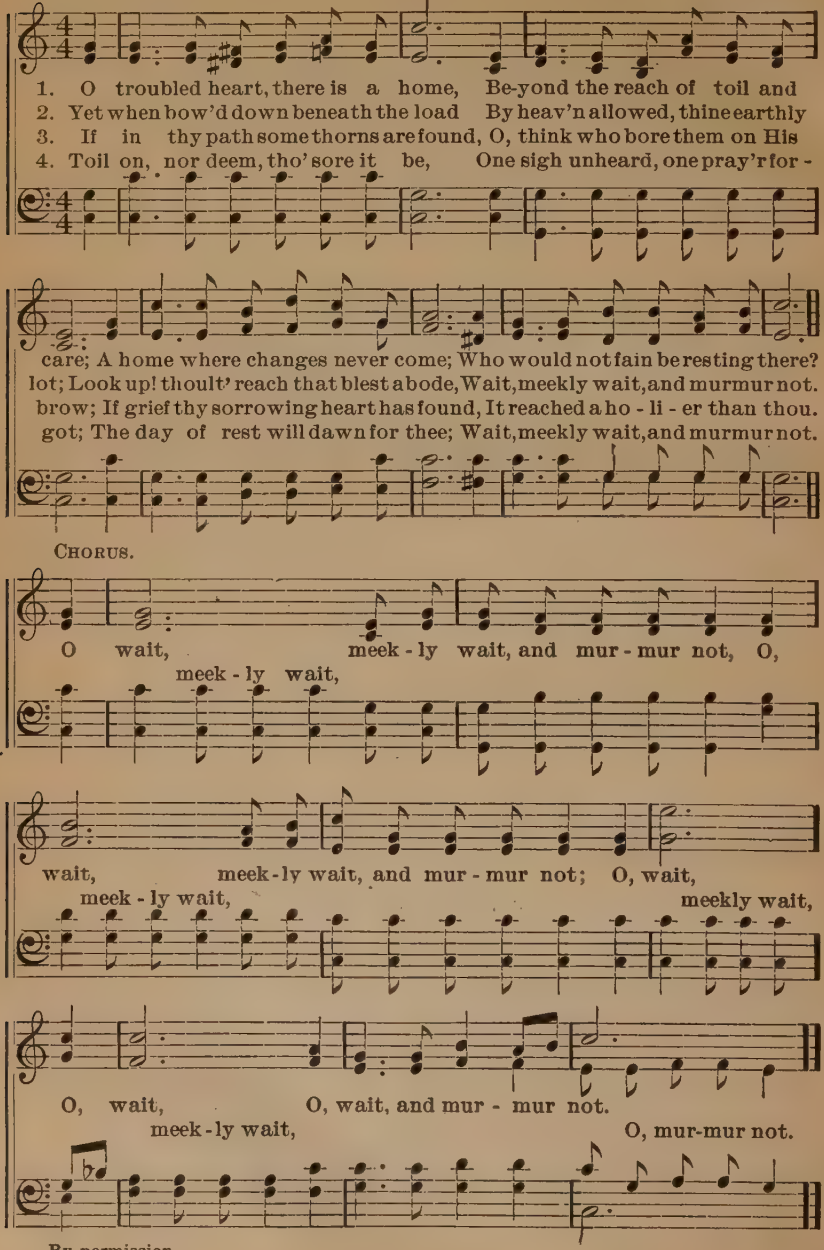
No. 182. Wait, and Murmur Not.

"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—Lam. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O troubled heart, there is a home, Be-yond the reach of toil and care; A home where changes never come; Who would not fain be resting there?
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot; Look up! thoult' reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for - got; The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
CHORUS.
O wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O, meek - ly wait,
wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not; O, wait, meek - ly wait, meekly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. meek - ly wait, O, mur-mur not.

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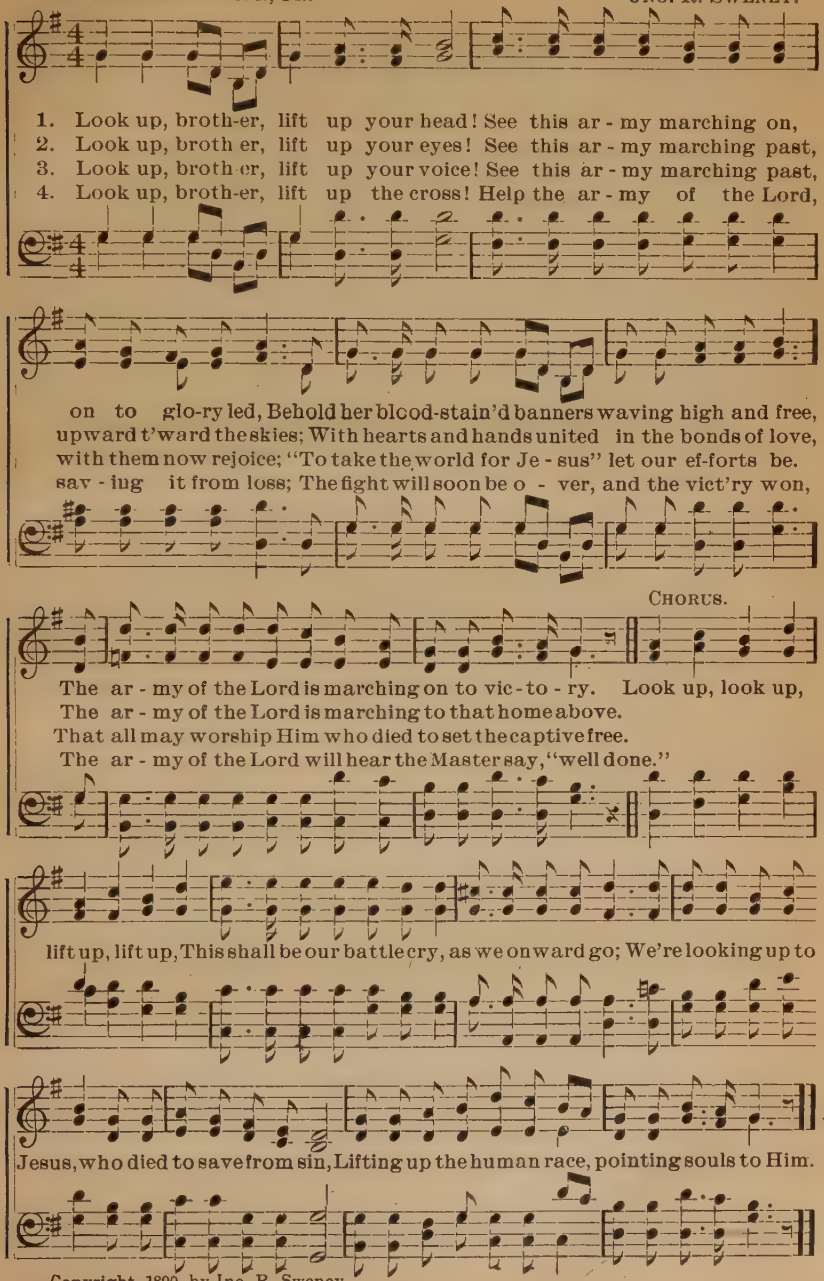
No. 183. Look Up, Brother.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Look up, broth-er, lift up your head! See this ar - my marching on,
2. Look up, broth er, lift up your eyes! See this ar - my marching past,
3. Look up, broth er, lift up your voice! See this ar - my marching past,
4. Look up, broth-er, lift up the cross! Help the ar - my of the Lord,
on to glo-ry led, Behold her blood-stain'd banners waving high and free,
upward t'ward the skies; With hearts and hands united in the bonds of love,
with them now rejoice; "To take the world for Je - sus" let our ef-forts be.
sav - ing it from loss; The fight will soon be o - ver, and the vict'ry won,
CHORUS.
The ar - my of the Lord is marching on to vic - to - ry. Look up, look up,
The ar - my of the Lord is marching to that home above.
That all may worship Him who died to set the captive free.
The ar - my of the Lord will hear the Master say, "well done."
lift up, lift up, This shall be our battle cry, as we onward go; We're looking up to
Jesus, who died to save from sin, Lifting up the human race, pointing souls to Him.

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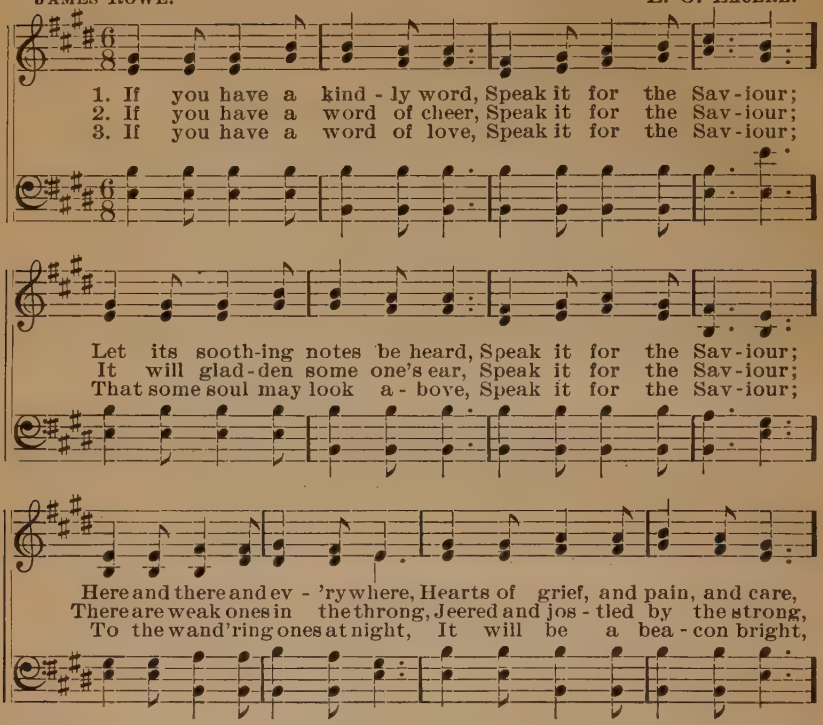
No. 184. Speak it for the Saviour.

To my friend and brother, J. M. Latimer.

JAMES ROWE. E. O. EXCELL.


1. If you have a kind - ly word, Speak it for the Sav-iour;
2. If you have a word of cheer, Speak it for the Sav-iour;
3. If you have a word of love, Speak it for the Sav-iour;
Let its sooth-ing notes be heard, Speak it for the Sav-iour;
It will glad-den some one's ear, Speak it for the Sav-iour;
That some soul may look a - bove, Speak it for the Sav-iour;
Here and there and ev - 'ry where, Hearts of grief, and pain, and care,
There are weak ones in the throng, Jeered and jos - tled by the strong,
To the wand'ring ones at night, It will be a bea - con bright,
Fine.
Hun - ger for its mu - sic rare, Speak it for the Sav-iour.
Who have lis - tened for it long, Speak it for the Sav-iour.
Point-ing to the Land of Light, Speak it for the Sav-iour.
D. S.—If you have a kind - ly word, Speak it for the Sav-iour.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Speak it for the Sav - iour, Speak it for the Sav - iour;

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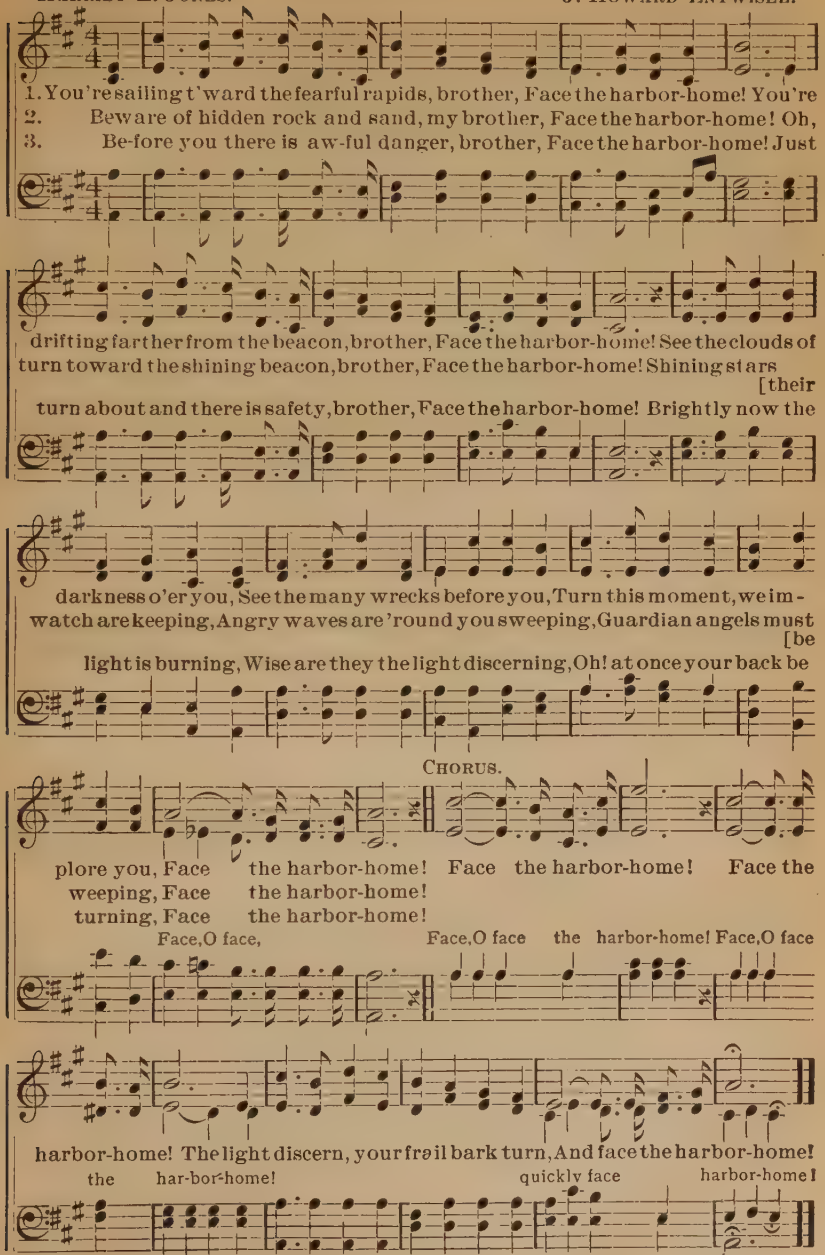
No. 185. The Harbor-Home.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. You're sailing t'ward the fearful rapids, brother, Face the harbor-home! You're
2. Beware of hidden rock and sand, my brother, Face the harbor-home! Oh,
3. Be-fore you there is aw-ful danger, brother, Face the harbor-home! Just
drifting farther from the beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! See the clouds of
turn toward the shining beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! Shining stars
[their
turn about and there is safety, brother, Face the harbor-home! Brightly now the
darkness o'er you, See the many wrecks before you, Turn this moment, we im-
watch are keeping, Angry waves are 'round you sweeping, Guardian angels must
[be
light is burning, Wise are they the light discerning, Oh! at once your back be
CHORUS.
plore you, Face the harbor-home! Face the harbor-home! Face the
weeping, Face the harbor-home!
turning, Face the harbor-home!
Face, O face, Face, O face the harbor-home! Face, O face
harbor-home! The light discern, your frail bark turn, And face the harbor-home!
the har-bor-home! quickly face harbor-home!
face the har - bor - home!

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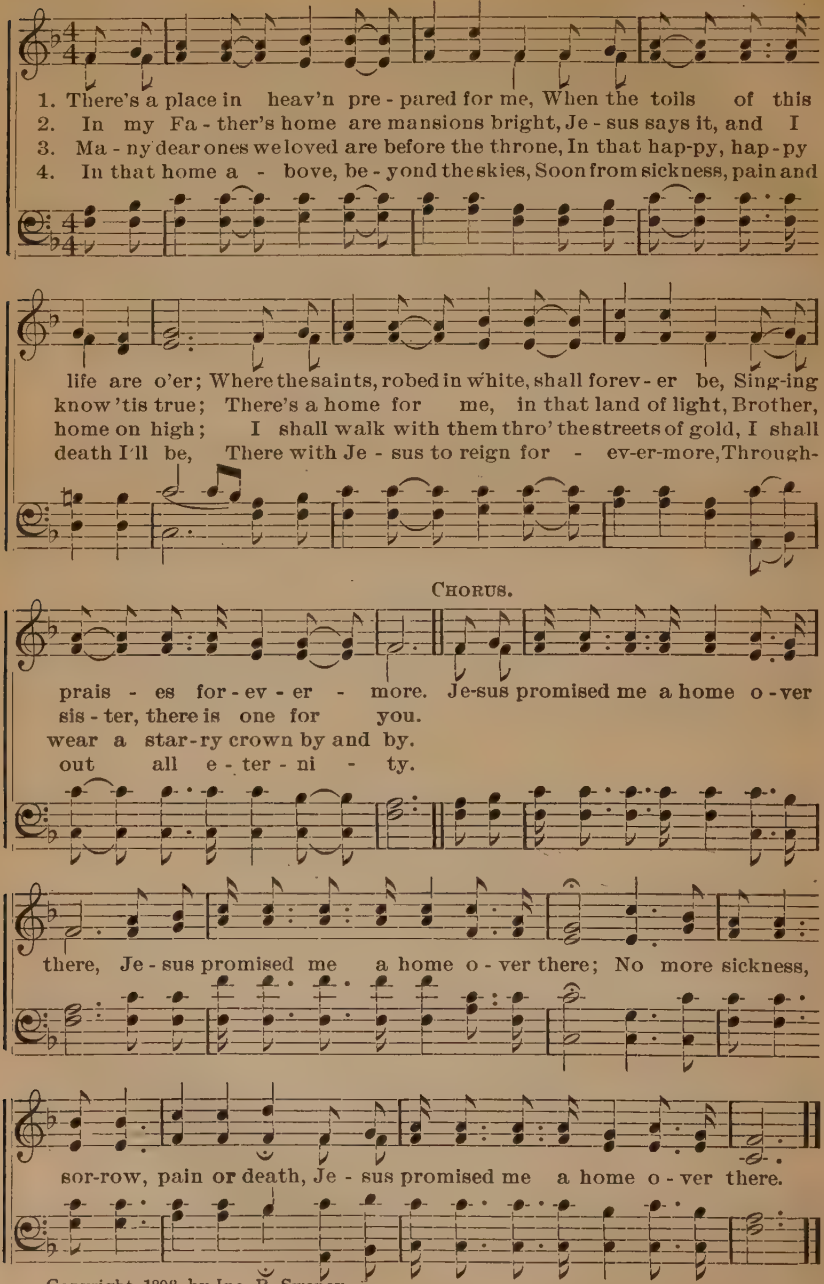
No. 186. Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. LUTTON. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this
2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it, and I
3. Ma - ny dear ones we loved are before the throne, In that hap-py, hap - py
4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and
life are o'er; Where the saints, robed in white, shall forev - er be, Sing-ing
know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light, Brother,
home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold, I shall
death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev-er-more, Through-
CHORUS.
prais - es for - ev - er - more. Je-sus promised me a home o - ver
sis - ter, there is one for you.
wear a star-ry crown by and by.
out all e - ter - ni - ty.
there, Je - sus promised me a home o - ver there; No more sickness,
sor-row, pain or death, Je - sus promised me a home o - ver there.

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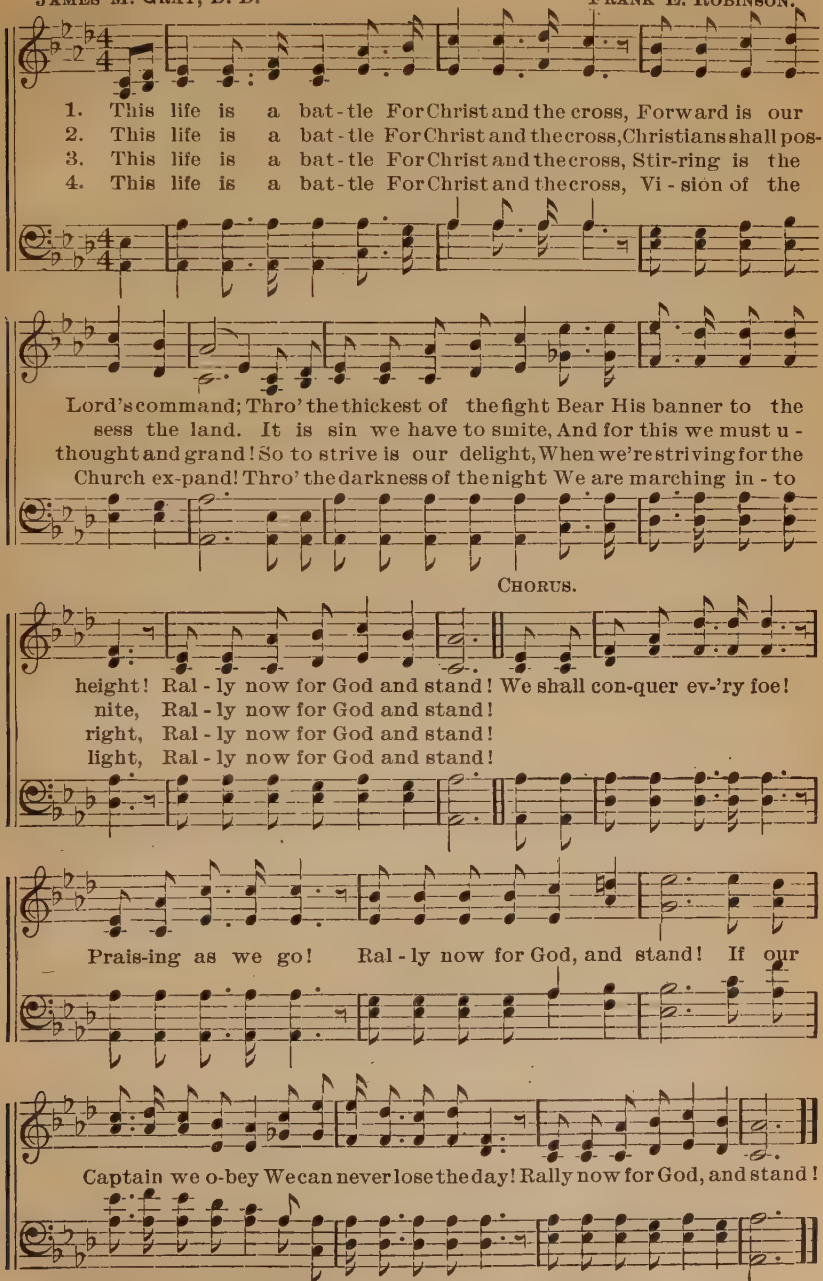
No. 187. Rally, and Stand.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. FRANK E. ROBINSON.

1. This life is a bat-tle For Christ and the cross, Forward is our
2. This life is a bat-tle For Christ and the cross, Christians shall pos-
3. This life is a bat-tle For Christ and the cross, Stir-ring is the
4. This life is a bat-tle For Christ and the cross, Vi-sion of the
Lord's command; Thro' the thickest of the fight Bear His banner to the
sess the land. It is sin we have to smite, And for this we must u-
thought and grand! So to strive is our delight, When we're striving for the
Church ex-pand! Thro' the darkness of the night We are marching in-to
CHORUS.
height! Ral-ly now for God and stand! We shall con-quer ev-'ry foe!
nite, Ral-ly now for God and stand!
right, Ral-ly now for God and stand!
light, Ral-ly now for God and stand!
Prais-ing as we go! Ral-ly now for God, and stand! If our
Captain we o-bey We can never lose the day! Rally now for God, and stand!

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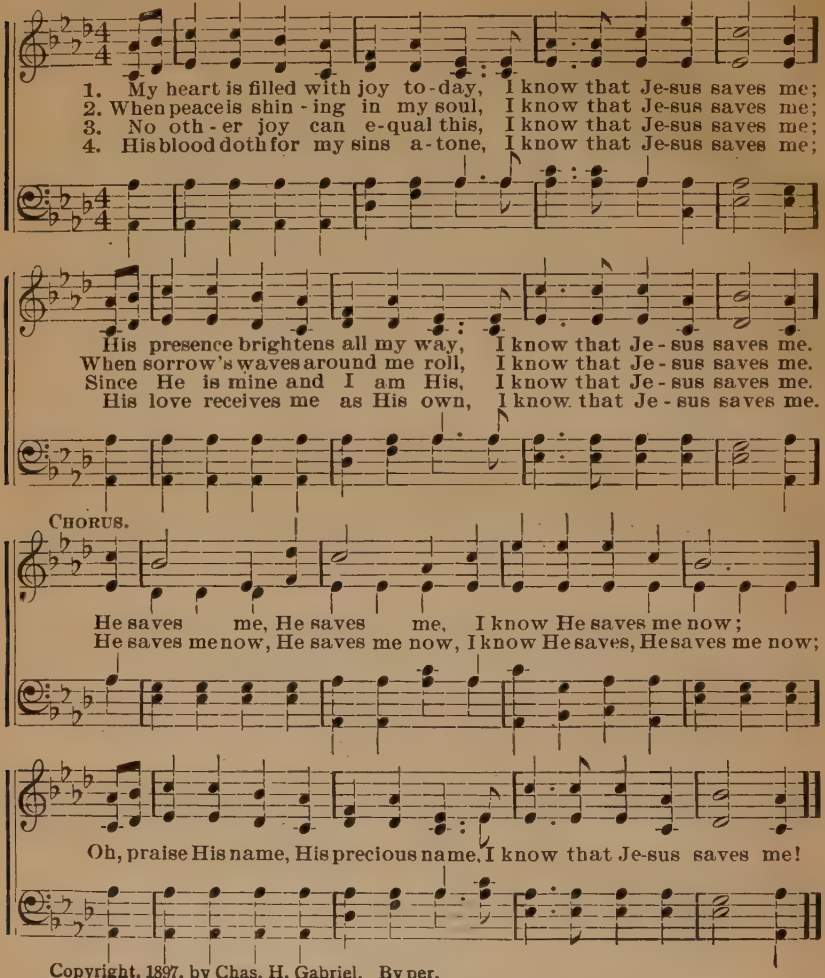
No. 188. I Know That Jesus Saves Me.

IDA M. BUDD. DR. S. B. JACKSON.


1. My heart is filled with joy to-day, I know that Je-sus saves me;
2. When peace is shin-ing in my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me;
3. No oth-er joy can e-qual this, I know that Je-sus saves me;
4. His blood doth for my sins a-tone, I know that Je-sus saves me;
His presence brightens all my way, I know that Je-sus saves me.
When sorrow's waves around me roll, I know that Je-sus saves me.
Since He is mine and I am His, I know that Je-sus saves me.
His love receives me as His own, I know that Je-sus saves me.
CHORUS.
He saves me, He saves me, I know He saves me now;
He saves me now, He saves me now, I know He saves, He saves me now;
Oh, praise His name, His precious name, I know that Je-sus saves me!

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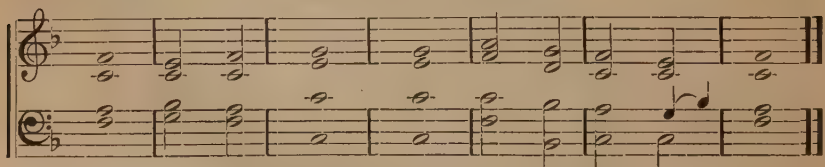
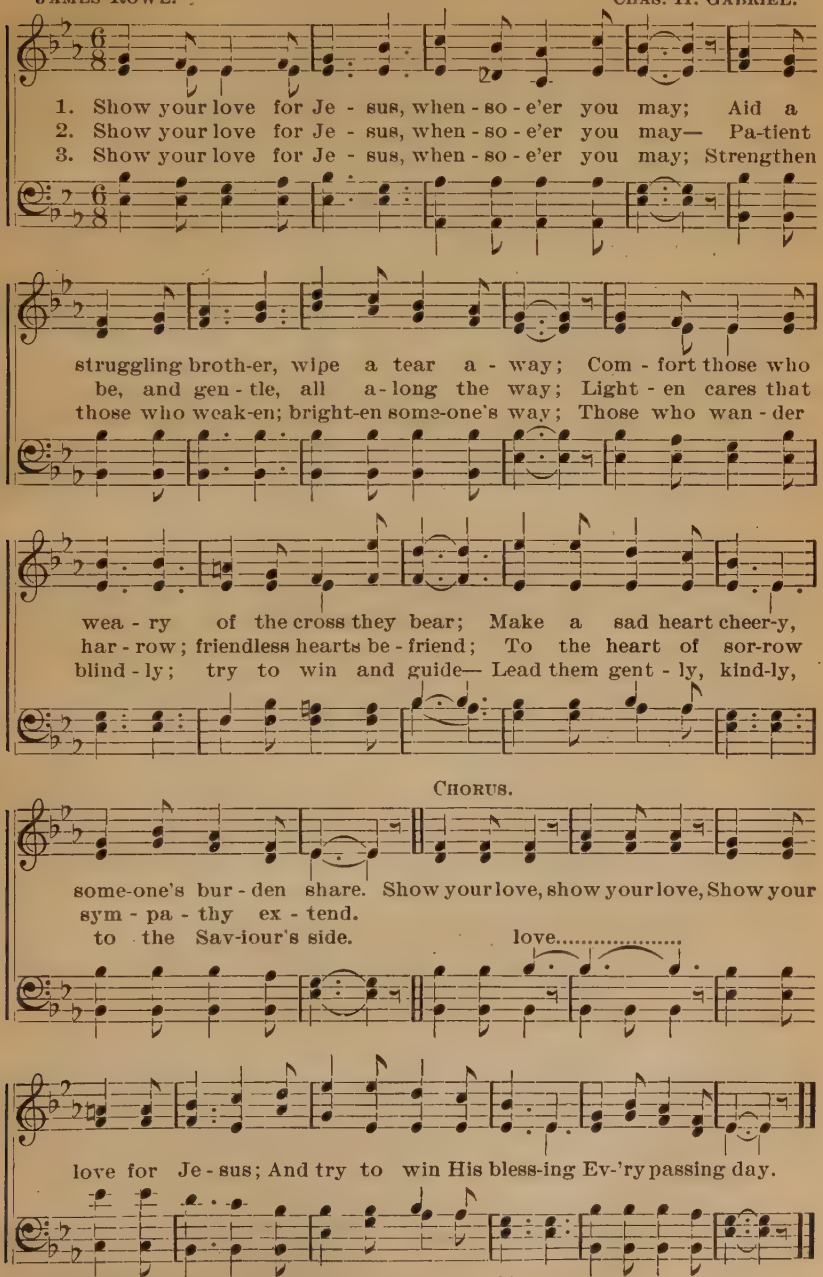
No. 189. The Lord's Prayer.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed|be Thy|name,||
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on|earth, as it|is in|heaven.
2. Give us this day our|daily|bread,||
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive|them that|trespass a-|gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver|us from|evil;|| [men.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for|ever and|ever, A-|

No. 190. Show Your Love for Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Show your love for Je - sus, when - so - e'er you may; Aid a
2. Show your love for Je - sus, when - so - e'er you may— Pa-tient
3. Show your love for Je - sus, when - so - e'er you may; Strengthen
struggling broth-er, wipe a tear a - way; Com - fort those who
be, and gen - tle, all a-long the way; Light - en cares that
those who weak-en; bright-en some-one's way; Those who wan - der
wea - ry of the cross they bear; Make a sad heart cheer-y,
har - row; friendless hearts be - friend; To the heart of sor-row
blind - ly; try to win and guide— Lead them gent - ly, kind-ly,
CHORUS.
some-one's bur - den share. Show your love, show your love, Show your
sym - pa - thy ex - tend.
to the Sav-iour's side.
love.....
love for Je - sus; And try to win His bless-ing Ev-'ry passing day.

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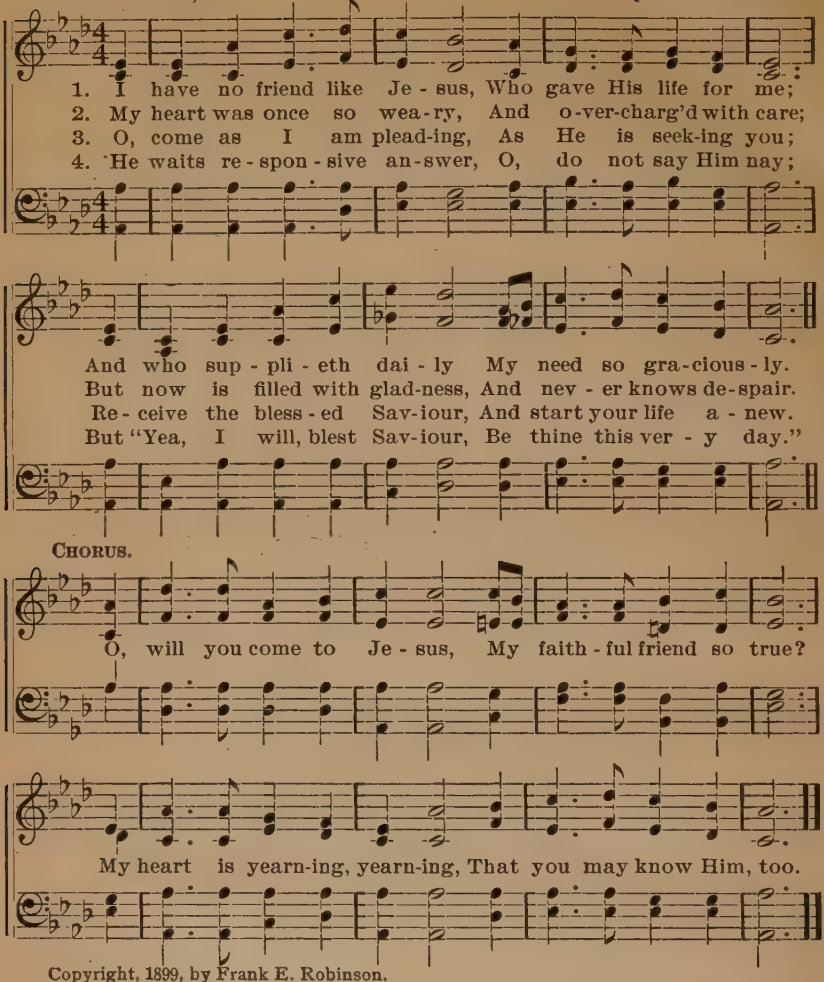
No. 191. My Faithful Friend.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. F. E. ROBINSON.


1. I have no friend like Je - sus, Who gave His life for me;
2. My heart was once so wea - ry, And o-ver-charg'd with care;
3. O, come as I am plead-ing, As He is seek-ing you;
4. He waits re - spon - sive an-swer, O, do not say Him nay;
And who sup - pli - eth dai - ly My need so gra-cious - ly.
But now is filled with glad-ness, And nev - er knows de-spair.
Re - ceive the bless - ed Sav-iour, And start your life a - new.
But "Yea, I will, blest Sav-iour, Be thine this ver - y day."
CHORUS.
O, will you come to Je - sus, My faith - ful friend so true?
My heart is yearn-ing, yearn-ing, That you may know Him, too.

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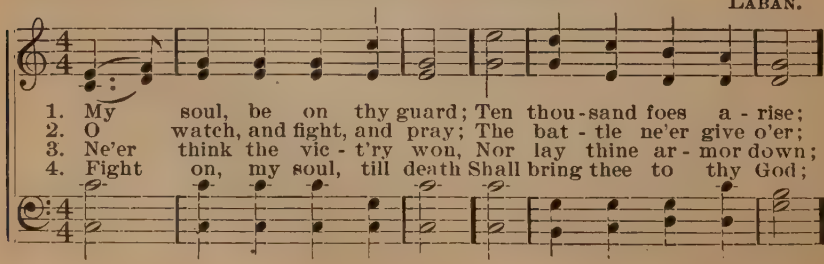
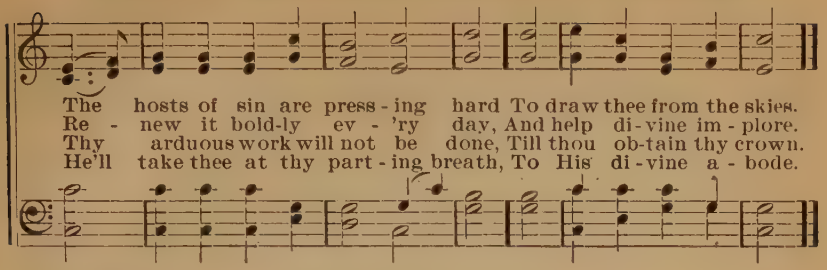
No. 192. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

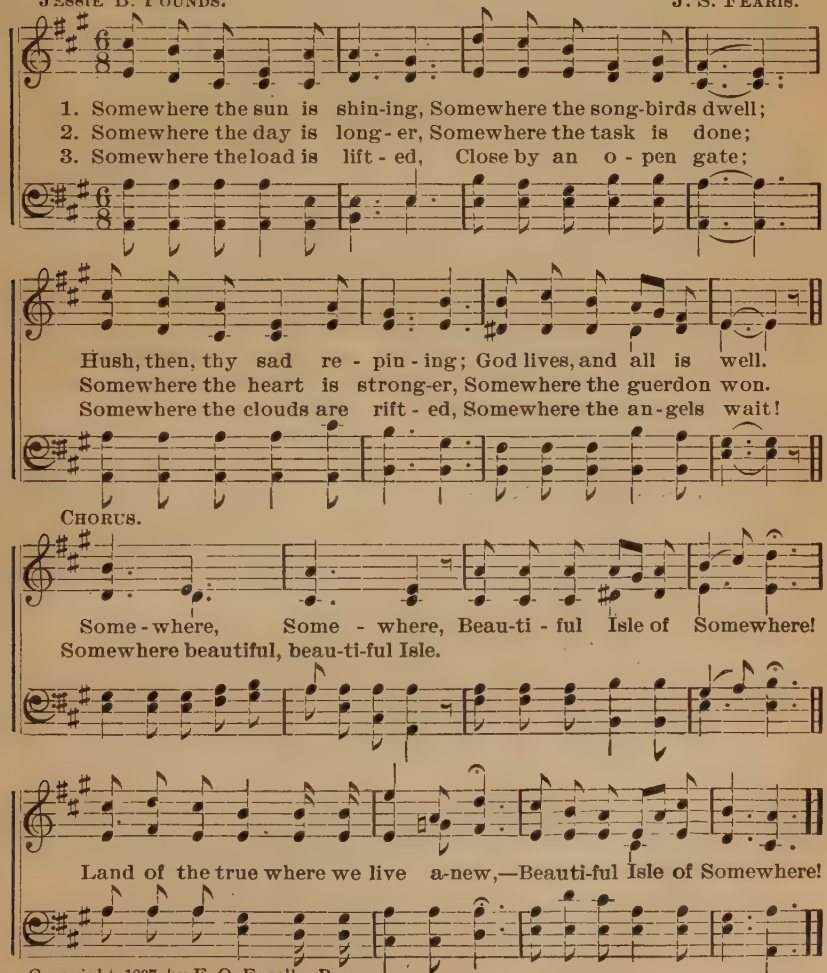
LABAN.


1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;


The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold-ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy arduous work will not be done, Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

No. 193. Beautiful Isle.

JESSIE B. POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Somewhere the sun is shin-ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is long - er, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
Somewhere the heart is strong-er, Somewhere the guerdon won.
Somewhere the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an-gels wait!
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Somewhere!
Somewhere beautiful, beau-ti-ful Isle.
Land of the true where we live a-new,—Beauti-ful Isle of Somewhere!

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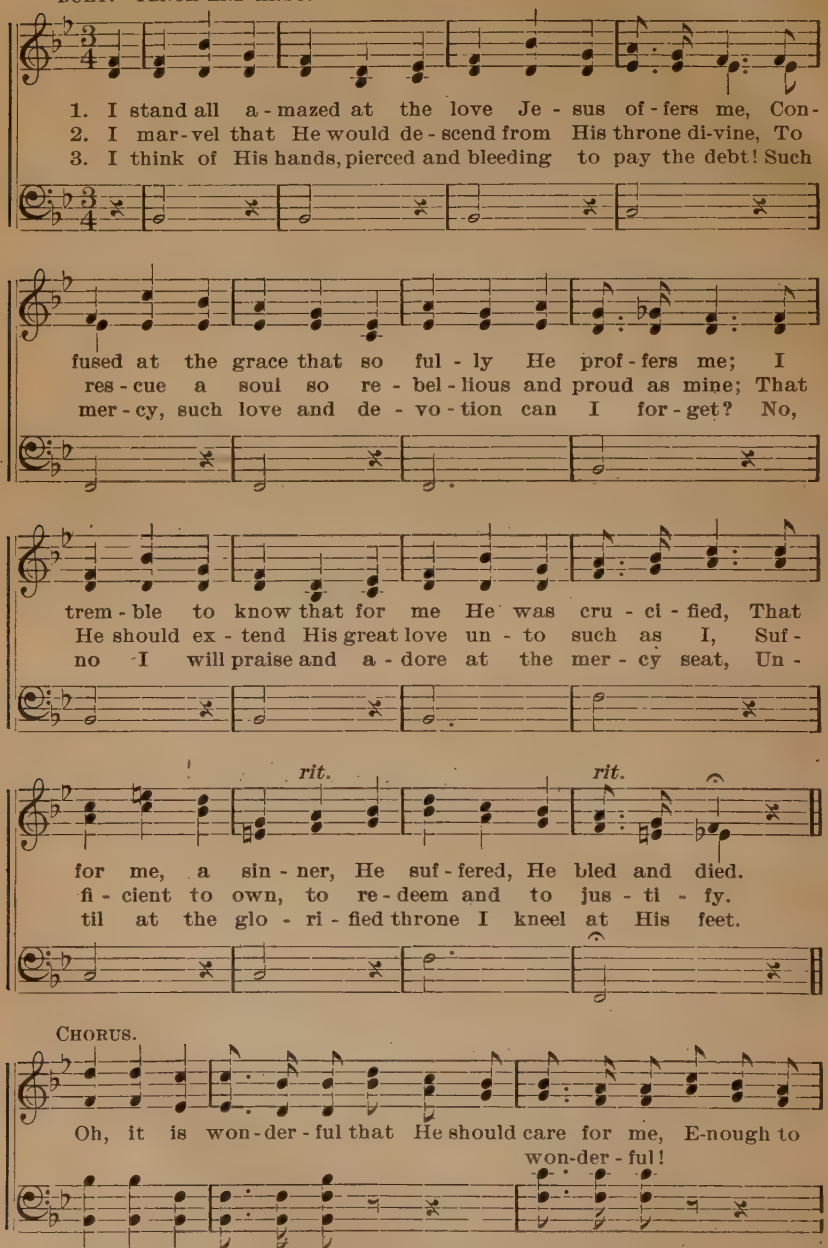
No. 194. Oh, it is Wonderful.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.—TENOR AND ALTO.

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con-
2. I mar - vel that He would de - scend from His throne di-vine, To
3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleeding to pay the debt! Such
fused at the grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I
res - cue a soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That
mer - cy, such love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No,
trem - ble to know that for me He was cru - ci - fied, That
He should ex - tend His great love un - to such as I, Suf -
no I will praise and a - dore at the mer - cy seat, Un -
rit.
rit.
for me, a sin - ner, He suf - fered, He bled and died.
fi - cient to own, to re - deem and to jus - ti - fy.
til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
won - der - ful!

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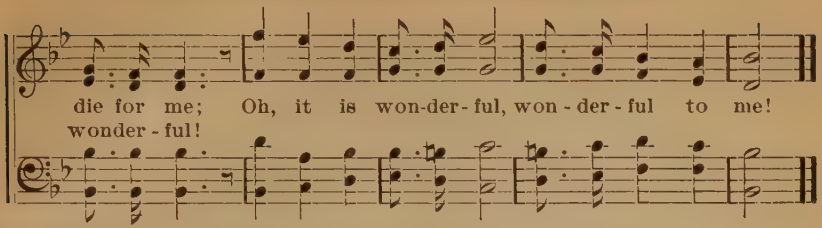
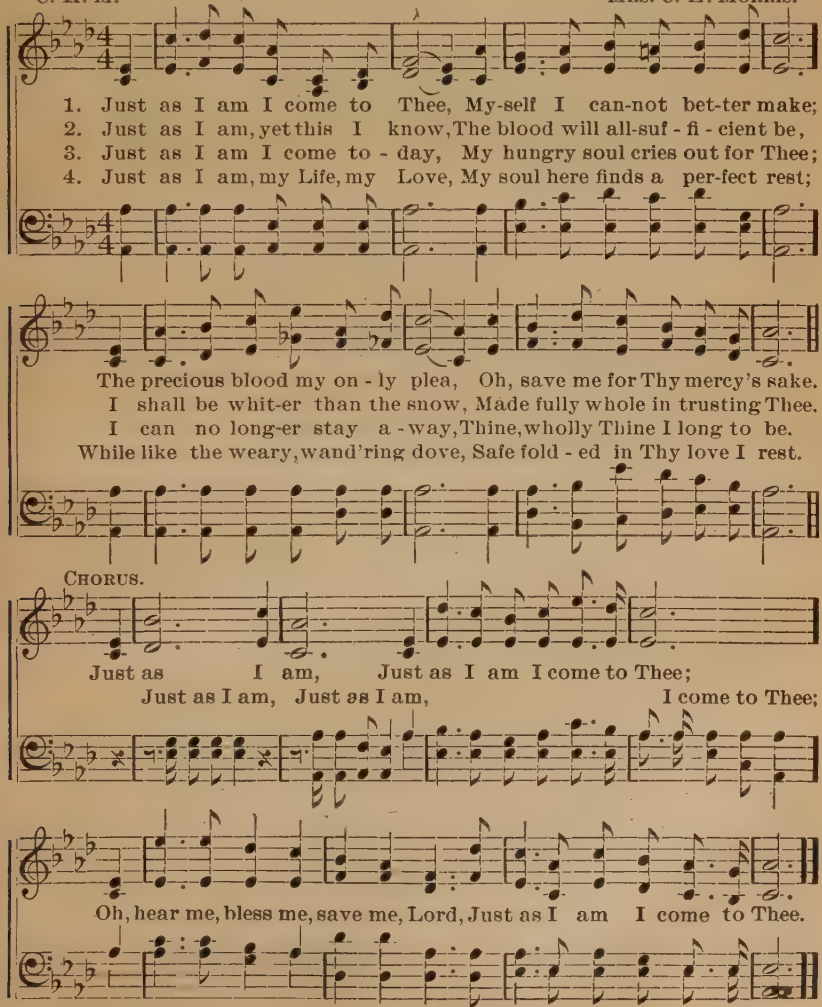
Oh, it is Wonderful. Concluded.



No. 195. Just as I Am I Come to Thee.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just as I am I come to Thee, My-self I can-not bet-ter make;
2. Just as I am, yet this I know, The blood will all-suf-fi-cient be,
3. Just as I am I come to-day, My hungry soul cries out for Thee;
4. Just as I am, my Life, my Love, My soul here finds a per-fect rest;
The precious blood my on-ly plea, Oh, save me for Thy mercy's sake.
I shall be whit-er than the snow, Made fully whole in trusting Thee.
I can no long-er stay a-way, Thine, wholly Thine I long to be.
While like the weary, wand'ring dove, Safe fold-ed in Thy love I rest.
CHORUS.
Just as I am, Just as I am I come to Thee;
Just as I am, Just as I am, I come to Thee;
Oh, hear me, bless me, save me, Lord, Just as I am I come to Thee.

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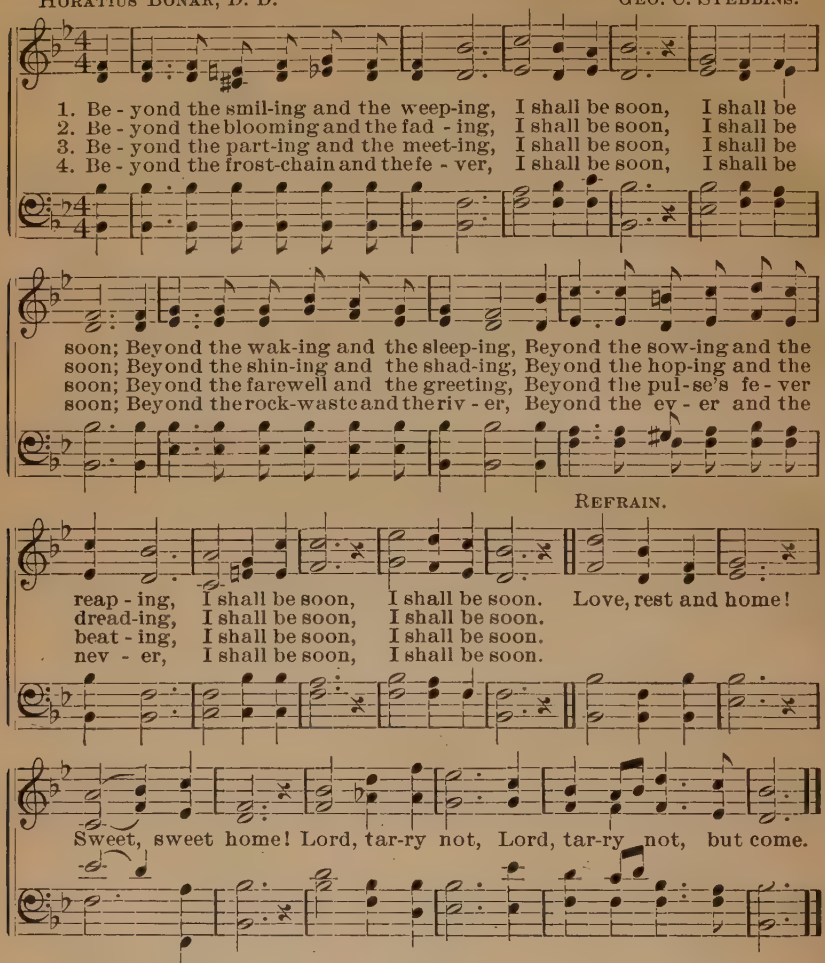
No. 196. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be - yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be
3. Be - yond the part-ing and the meet-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be
4. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon, I shall be
soon; Beyond the wak-ing and the sleep-ing, Beyond the sow-ing and the
soon; Beyond the shin-ing and the shad-ing, Beyond the hop-ing and the
soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pul-se's fe - ver
soon; Beyond the rock-waste and the riv - er, Beyond the ev - er and the
REFRAIN.
reap - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon. Love, rest and home!
dread-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
beat - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

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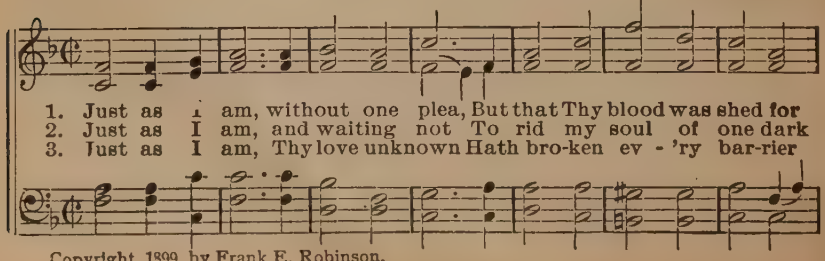
No. 197. Just as I Am. (New.)

H. J. WRIGHTSON.


1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark
3. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev - 'ry bar-rier

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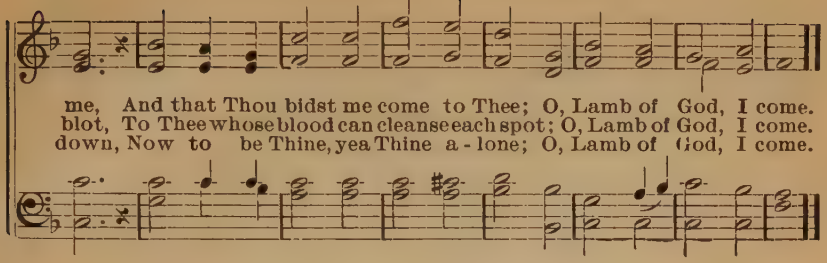
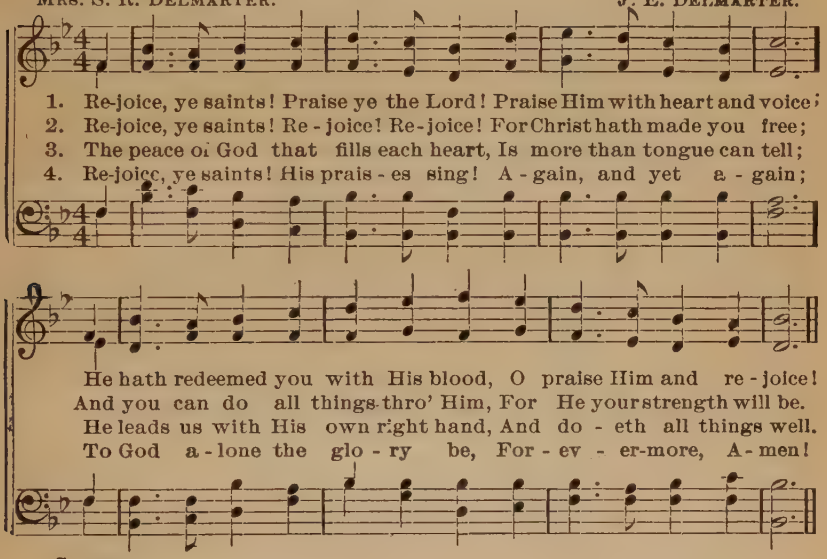
Just as I Am. Concluded.

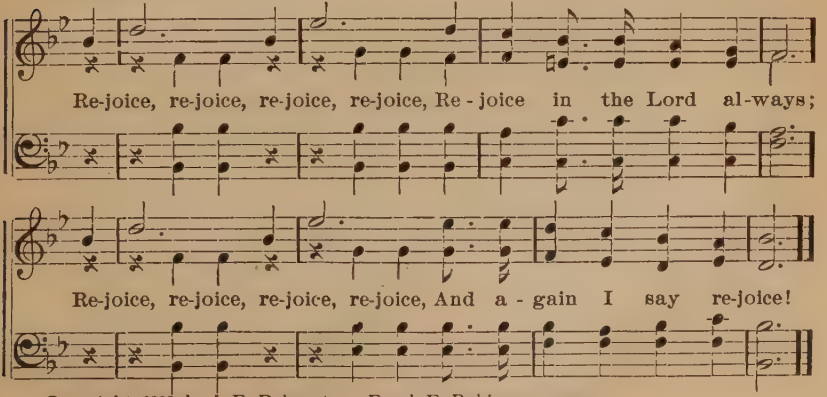

me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee; O, Lamb of God, I come.
blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot; O, Lamb of God, I come.
down, Now to be Thine, yea Thine a - lone; O, Lamb of God, I come.

No. 198. Rejoice, Ye Saints!

MRS. S. R. DELMARTER. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. Re-joice, ye saints! Praise ye the Lord! Praise Him with heart and voice;
2. Re-joice, ye saints! Re - joice! Re - joice! For Christ hath made you free;
3. The peace of God that fills each heart, Is more than tongue can tell;
4. Re-joice, ye saints! His prais - es sing! A - gain, and yet a - gain;
He hath redeemed you with His blood, O praise Him and re - joice!
And you can do all things thro' Him, For He your strength will be.
He leads us with His own right hand, And do - eth all things well.
To God a - lone the glo - ry be, For - ev - er-more, A - men!

CHORUS.



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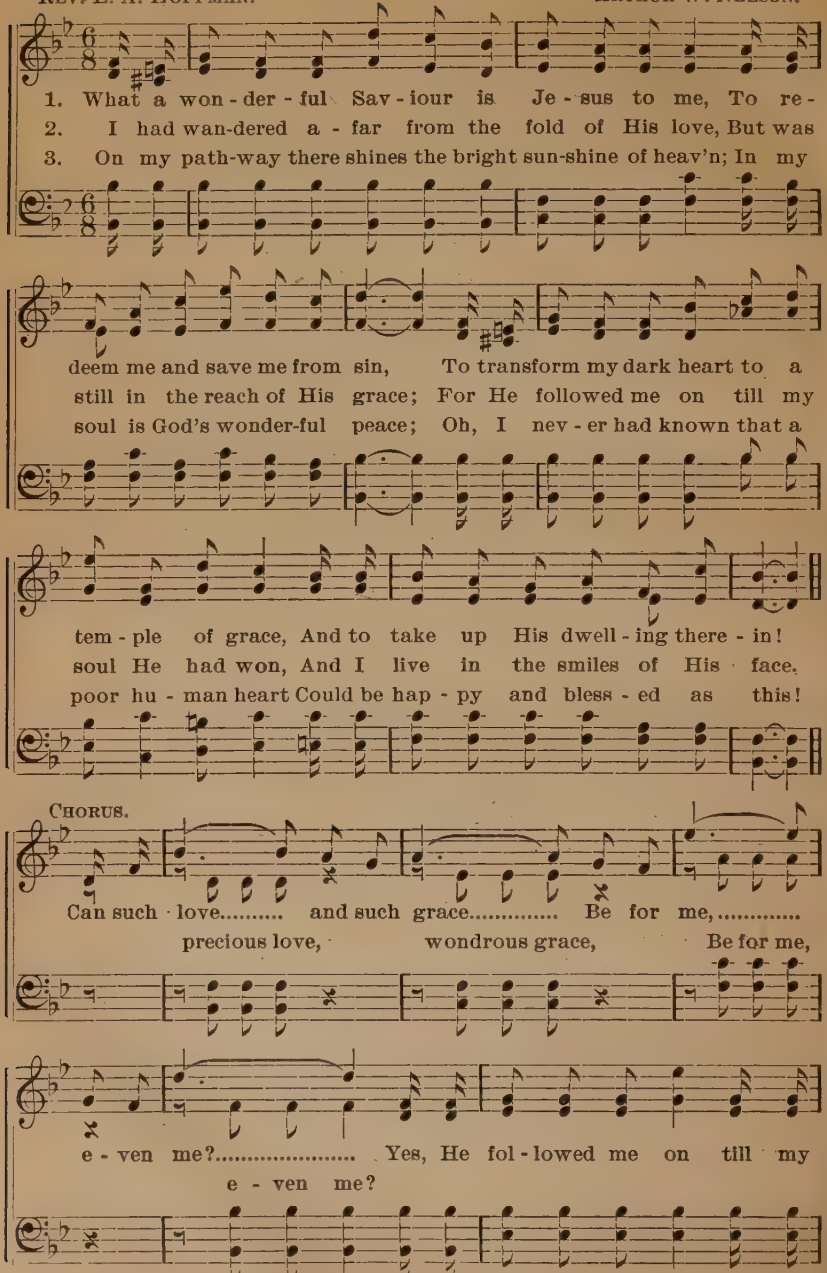
No. 199. Such Love and Grace.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. ARTHUR W. NELSON.

1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus to me, To re -
2. I had wan-dered a - far from the fold of His love, But was
3. On my path-way there shines the bright sun-shine of heav'n; In my
deem me and save me from sin, To transform my dark heart to a
still in the reach of His grace; For He followed me on till my
soul is God's wonder-ful peace; Oh, I nev - er had known that a
tem - ple of grace, And to take up His dwell - ing there - in!
soul He had won, And I live in the smiles of His face.
poor hu - man heart Could be hap - py and bless - ed as this!
CHORUS.
Can such love..... and such grace..... Be for me,.....
precious love, wondrous grace, Be for me,
e - ven me?..... Yes, He fol - lowed me on till my
e - ven me?

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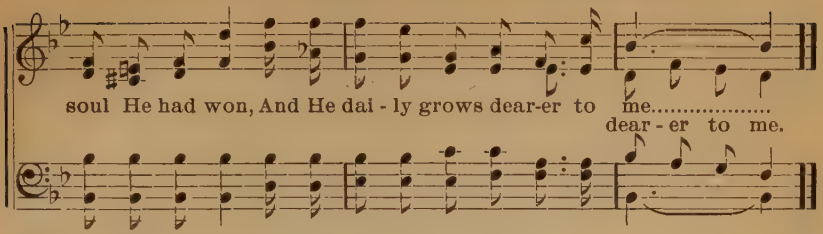
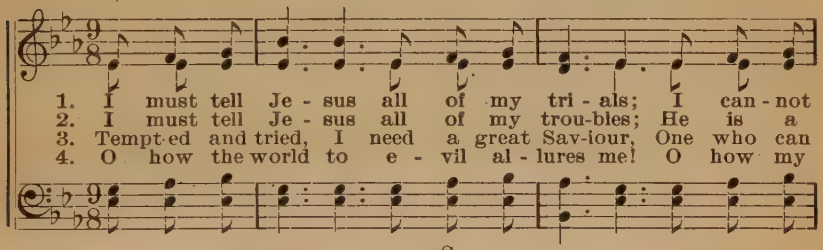
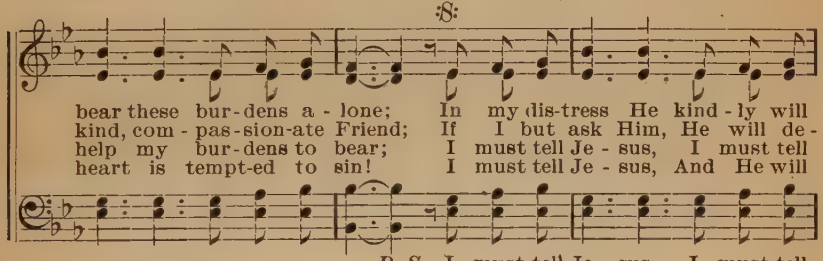
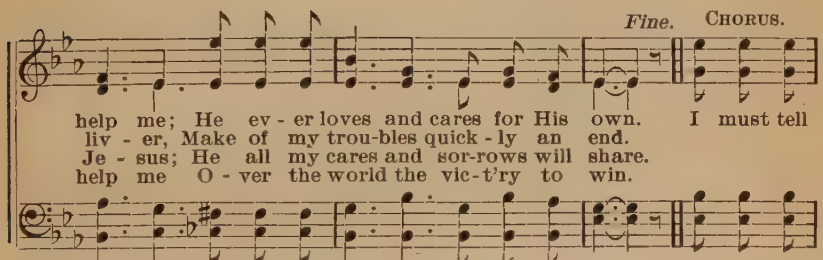


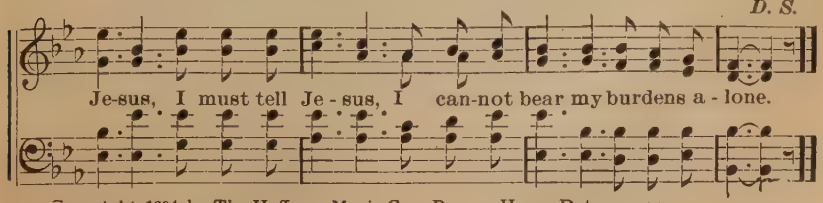
No. 200. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H, REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a
3. Tempt-ed and tried, I need a great Sav-iour, One who can
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my


bear these bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind - ly will
kind, com - pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de -
help my bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
heart is tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, And He will
D. S.—I must tell Je - sus, I must tell


Fine. CHORUS.
help me; He ev - er loves and cares for His own. I must tell
liv - er, Make of my trou-bles quick - ly an end.
Je - sus; He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
help me O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.
Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



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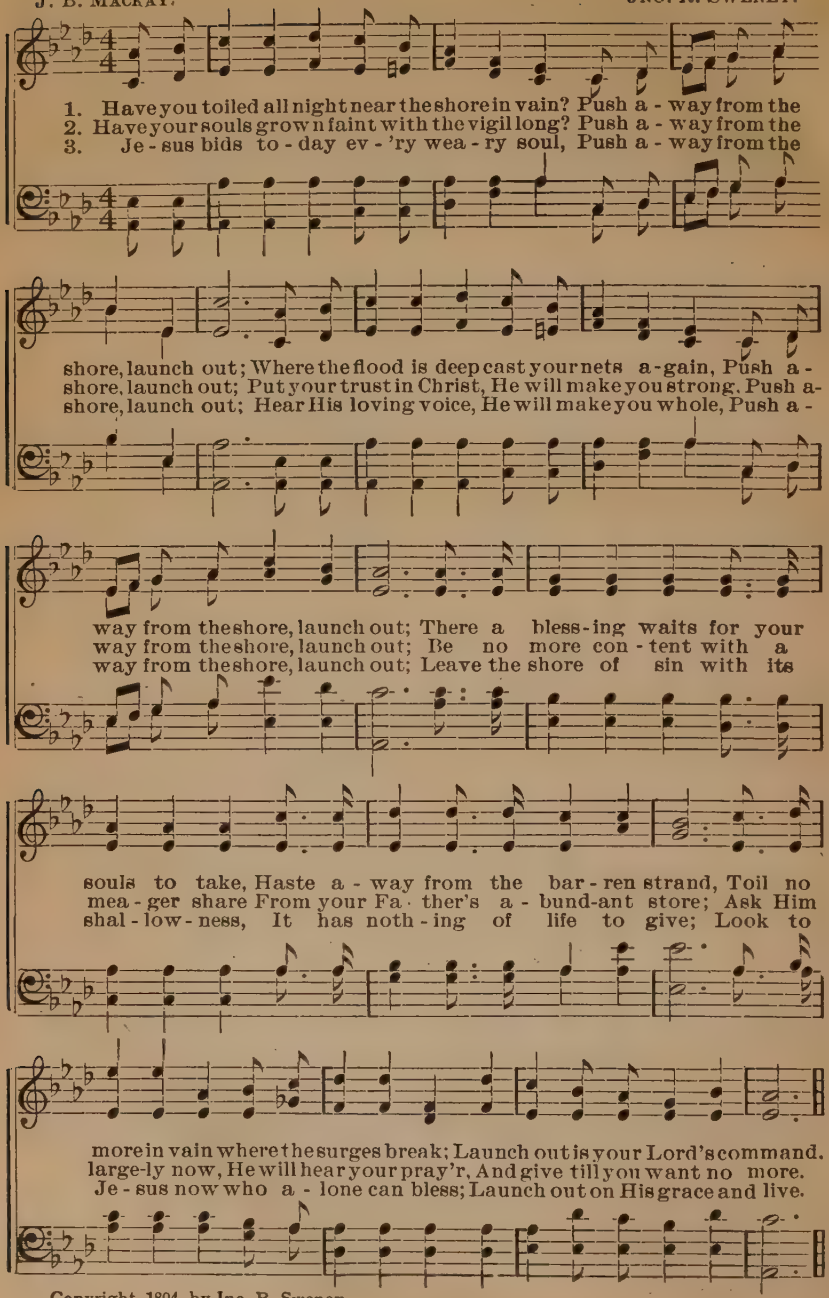
No. 201. Launch Out.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Have you toiled all night near the shore in vain? Push a - way from the
2. Have your souls grown faint with the vigil long? Push a - way from the
3. Je - sus bids to - day ev - 'ry wea - ry soul, Push a - way from the
shore, launch out; Where the flood is deep cast your nets a - gain, Push a -
shore, launch out; Put your trust in Christ, He will make you strong. Push a -
shore, launch out; Hear His loving voice, He will make you whole, Push a -
way from the shore, launch out; There a bless - ing waits for your
way from the shore, launch out; Be no more con - tent with a
way from the shore, launch out; Leave the shore of sin with its
souls to take, Haste a - way from the bar - ren strand, Toil no
mea - ger share From your Fa - ther's a - bund - ant store; Ask Him
shal - low - ness, It has noth - ing of life to give; Look to
more in vain where the surges break; Launch out is your Lord's command.
large-ly now, He will hear your pray'r, And give till you want no more.
Je - sus now who a - lone can bless; Launch out on His grace and live.

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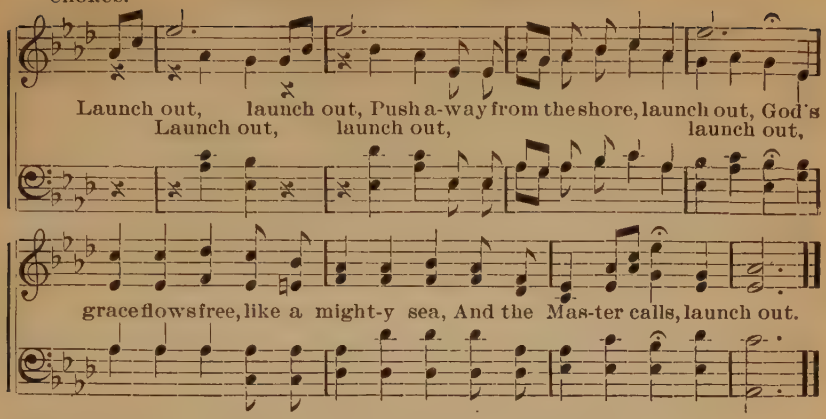
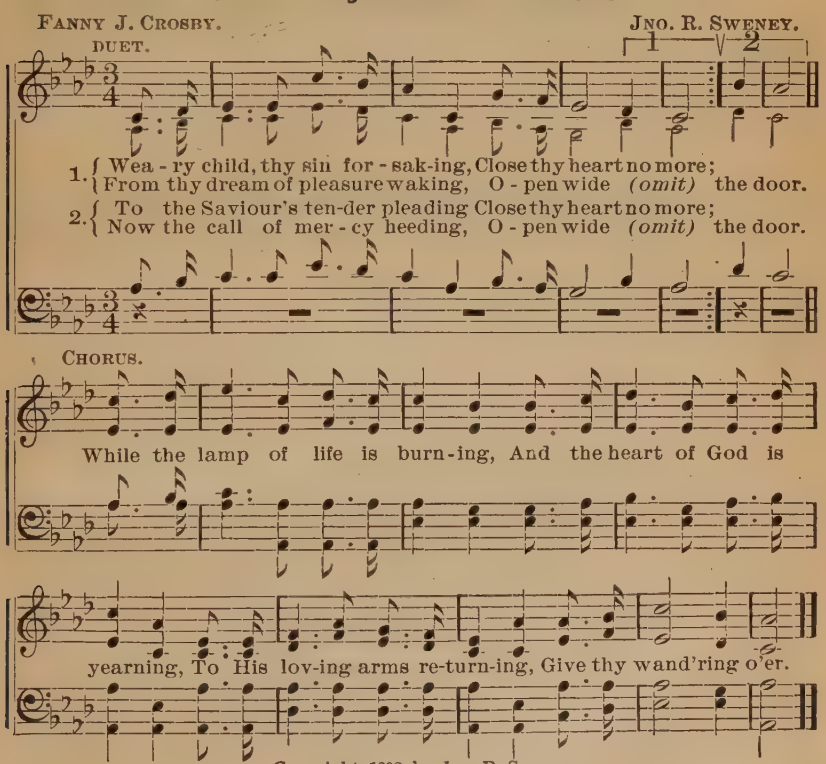
Launch Out. Concluded.


Chorus.
Launch out, launch out, Push a-way from the shore, launch out, God's
Launch out, launch out, launch out,
grace flows free, like a might-y sea, And the Mas-ter calls, launch out.

No. 202. Close Thy Heart no More.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.


Duet.
1 2
1. Wea - ry child, thy sin for - sak-ing, Close thy heart no more;
From thy dream of pleasure waking, O - pen wide (omit) the door.
2. To the Saviour's ten-der pleading Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mer - cy heeding, O - pen wide (omit) the door.
Chorus.
While the lamp of life is burn-ing, And the heart of God is
yearning, To His lov-ing arms re-turn-ing, Give thy wand'ring o'er.

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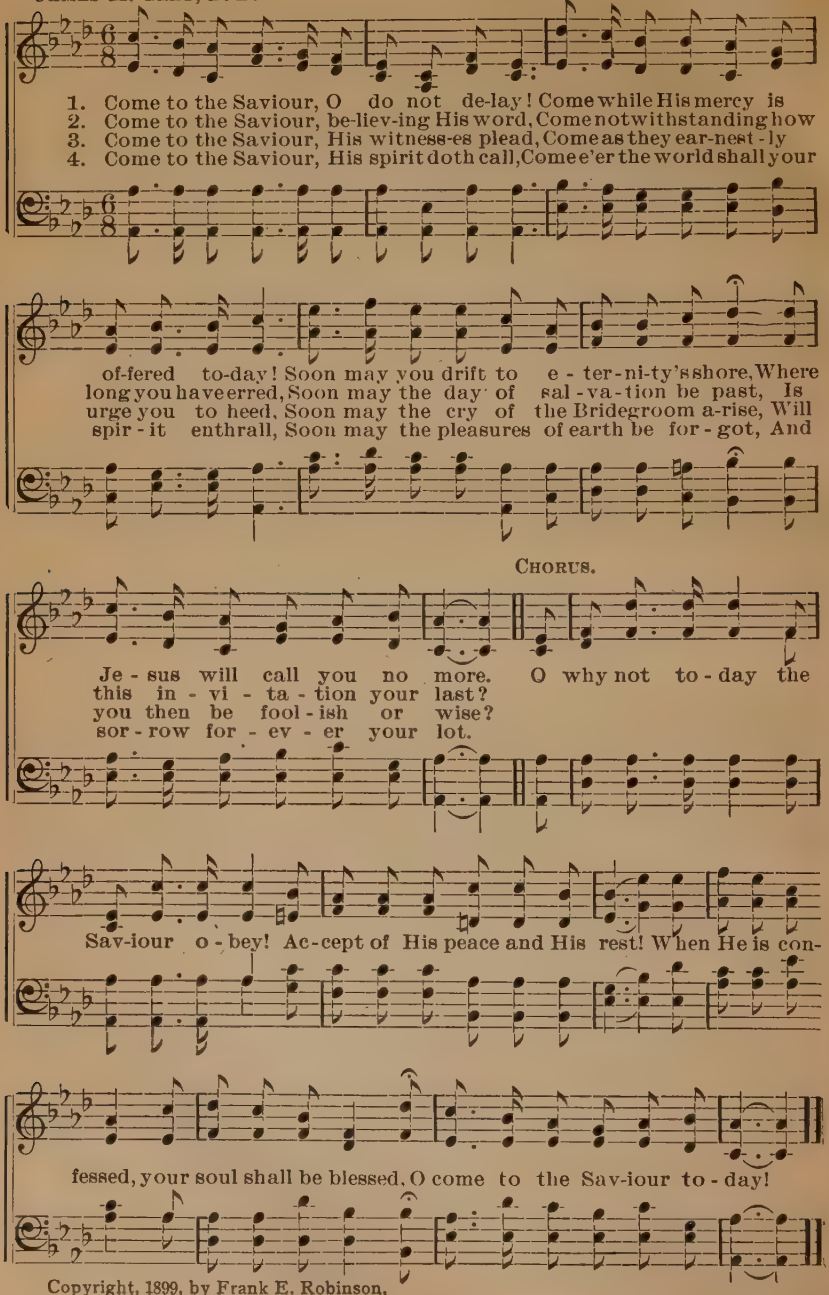
3. To the gospel invitation,
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation
Open wide the door.

4. To the joy that fadeth never
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever
Open wide the door.

No. 203. Come to the Saviour.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. FRANK E. ROBINSON.


1. Come to the Saviour, O do not de-lay! Come while His mercy is
2. Come to the Saviour, be-liev-ing His word, Come notwithstanding how
3. Come to the Saviour, His witness-es plead, Come as they ear-nest-ly
4. Come to the Saviour, His spirit doth call, Come e'er the world shall your
of-fered to-day! Soon may you drift to e-ter-ni-ty's shore, Where
long you have erred, Soon may the day of sal-va-tion be past, Is
urge you to heed, Soon may the cry of the Bridegroom a-rise, Will
spir-it enthrall, Soon may the pleasures of earth be for-got, And
CHORUS.
Je-sus will call you no more. O why not to-day the
this in-vi-ta-tion your last?
you then be fool-ish or wise?
sor-row for-ev-er your lot.
Sav-iour o-bey! Ac-cept of His peace and His rest! When He is con-
fessed, your soul shall be blessed, O come to the Sav-iour to-day!

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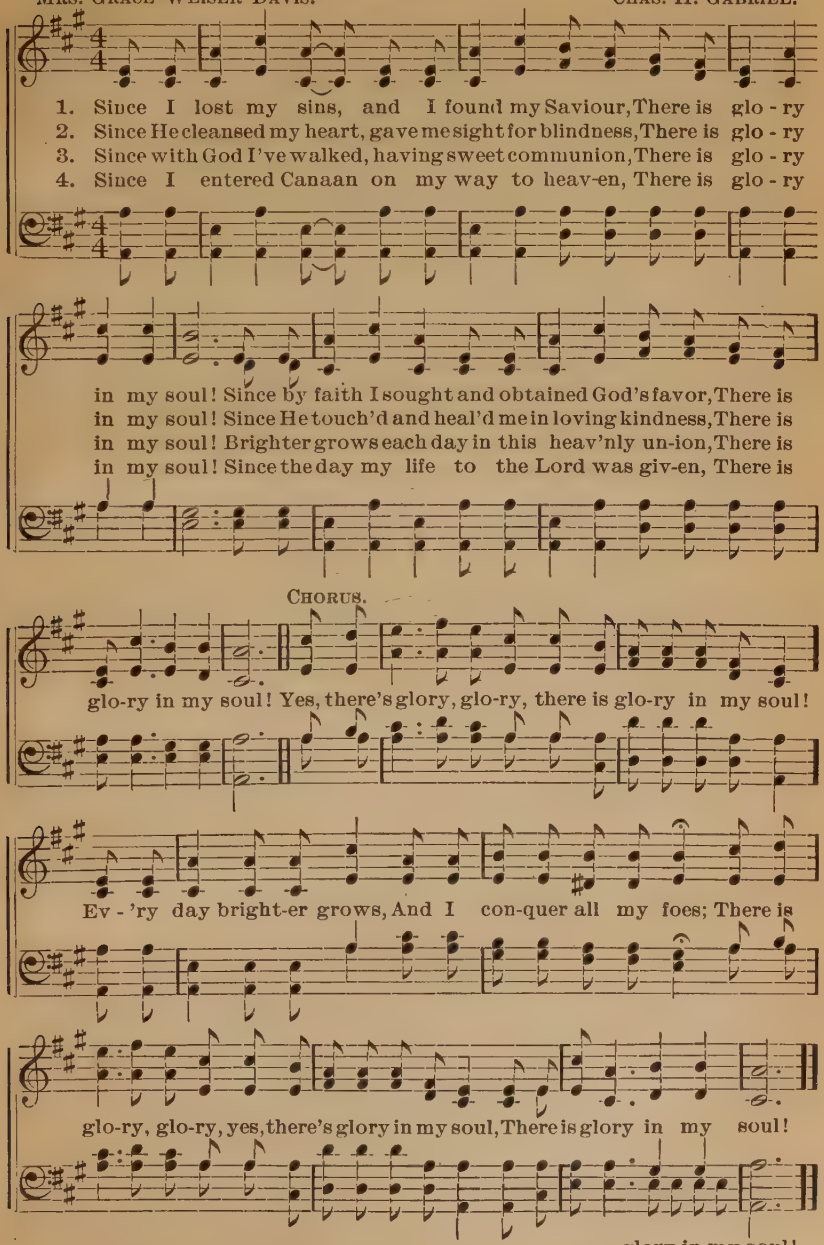
No. 204. There is Glory in My Soul.

Isaiah 58: 8.

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Saviour, There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I entered Canaan on my way to heav-en, There is glo - ry
in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtained God's favor, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in loving kindness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly un-ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en, There is
CHORUS.
glo-ry in my soul! Yes, there's glory, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul!
Ev - 'ry day bright-er grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is
glo-ry, glo-ry, yes, there's glory in my soul, There is glory in my soul!
glory in my soul!

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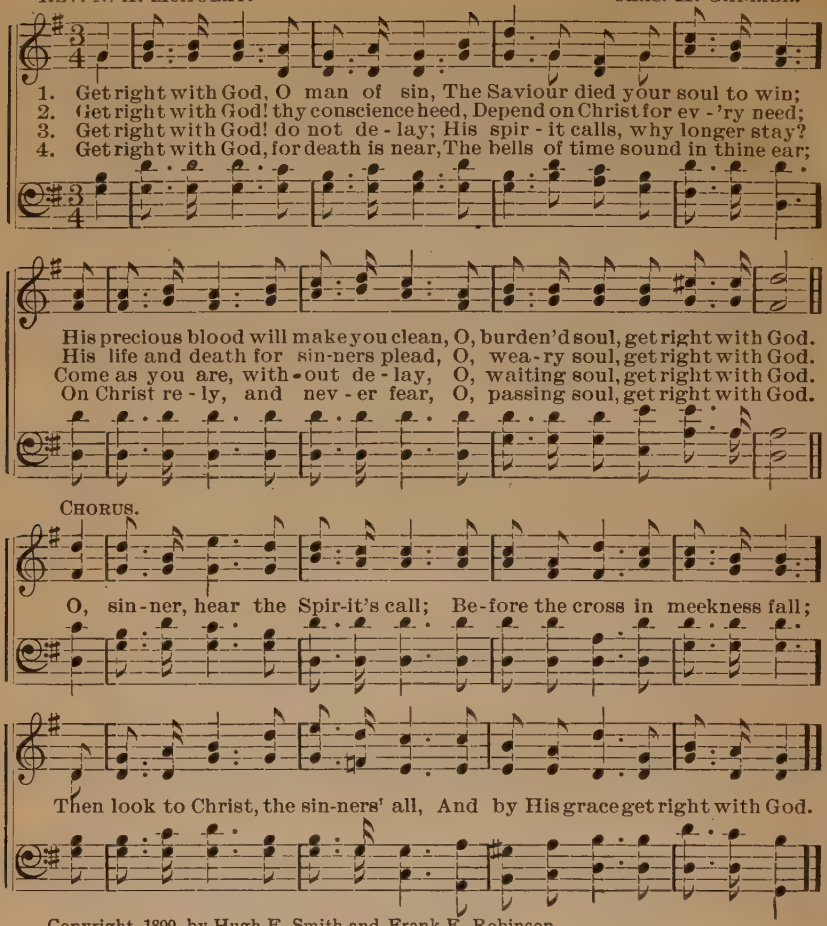
No. 205. Get Right With God.

REV. N. A. McAULAY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Get right with God, O man of sin, The Saviour died your soul to win;
2. Get right with God! thy conscience heed, Depend on Christ for ev - 'ry need;
3. Get right with God! do not de - lay; His spir - it calls, why longer stay?
4. Get right with God, for death is near, The bells of time sound in thine ear;
His precious blood will make you clean, O, burden'd soul, get right with God.
His life and death for sin-ners plead, O, wea - ry soul, get right with God.
Come as you are, with - out de - lay, O, waiting soul, get right with God.
On Christ re - ly, and nev - er fear, O, passing soul, get right with God.
CHORUS.
O, sin - ner, hear the Spir-it's call; Be - fore the cross in meekness fall;
Then look to Christ, the sin-ners' all, And by His grace get right with God.

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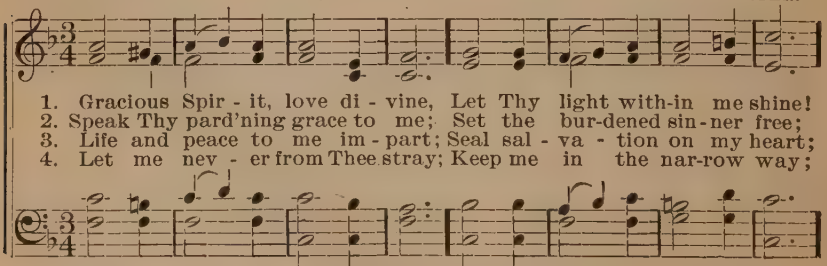
No. 206. Gracious Spirit.

JOHN STOCKER. J. E. DELMARTER.


1. Gracious Spir - it, love di - vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine!
2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the bur-dened sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar-row way;

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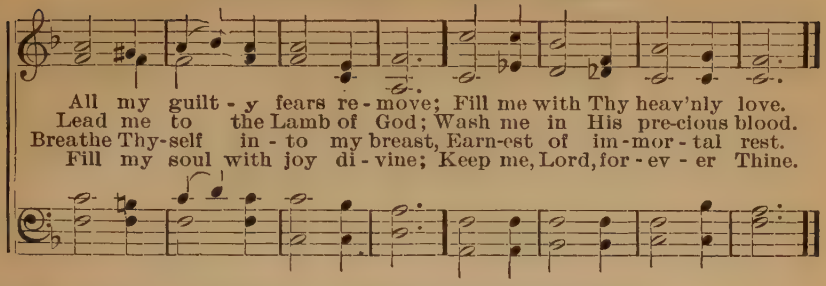
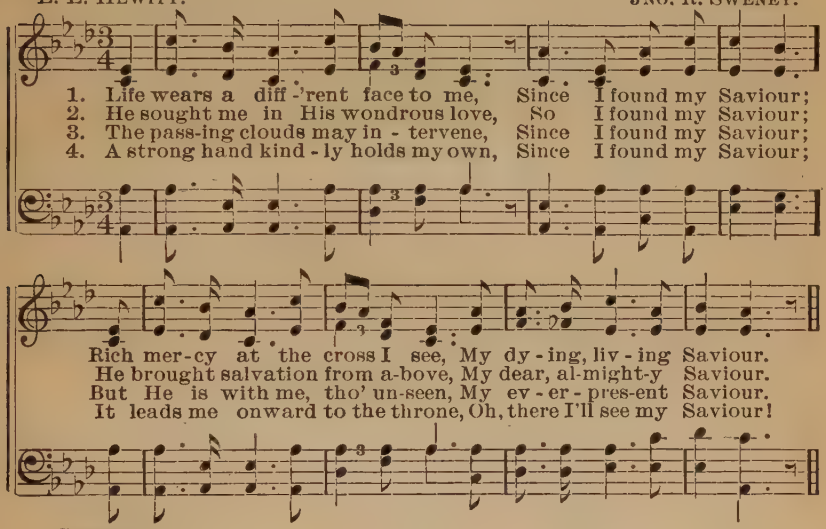
Gracious Spirit. Concluded.

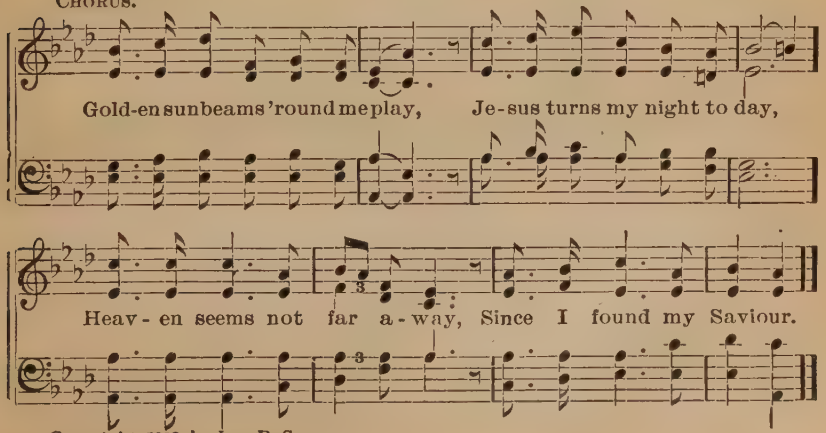

All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre-cious blood.
Breathe Thy-self in - to my breast, Earn-est of im-mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

No. 207. Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Life wears a diff - 'rent face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Saviour;
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - tervene, Since I found my Saviour;
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour;
Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Saviour.
He brought salvation from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Saviour.
But He is with me, tho' un-seen, My ev - er - pres-ent Saviour.
It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!

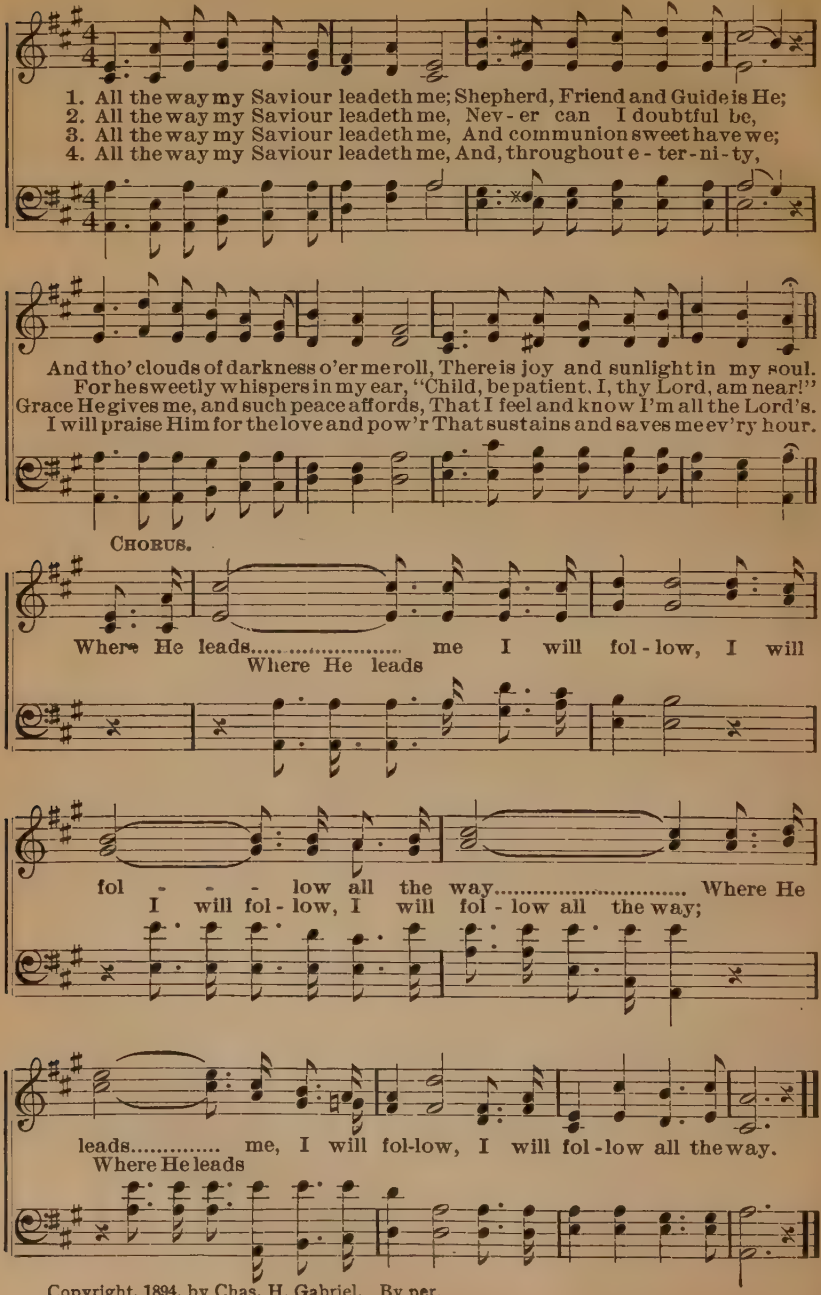
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 208. All the Way My Saviour Leads.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. DR. L. O. EMERSON.


1. All the way my Saviour leadeth me; Shepherd, Friend and Guide is He;
2. All the way my Saviour leadeth me, Nev-er can I doubtful be,
3. All the way my Saviour leadeth me, And communion sweet have we;
4. All the way my Saviour leadeth me, And, throughout e-ter-ni-ty,
And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll, There is joy and sunlight in my soul.
For he sweetly whispers in my ear, "Child, be patient, I, thy Lord, am near!"
Grace He gives me, and such peace affords, That I feel and know I'm all the Lord's.
I will praise Him for the love and pow'r That sustains and saves me ev'ry hour.
CHORUS.
Where He leads..... me I will fol-low, I will
Where He leads
fol - - - low all the way..... Where He
I will fol-low, I will fol-low all the way;
leads..... me, I will fol-low, I will fol-low all the way.
Where He leads

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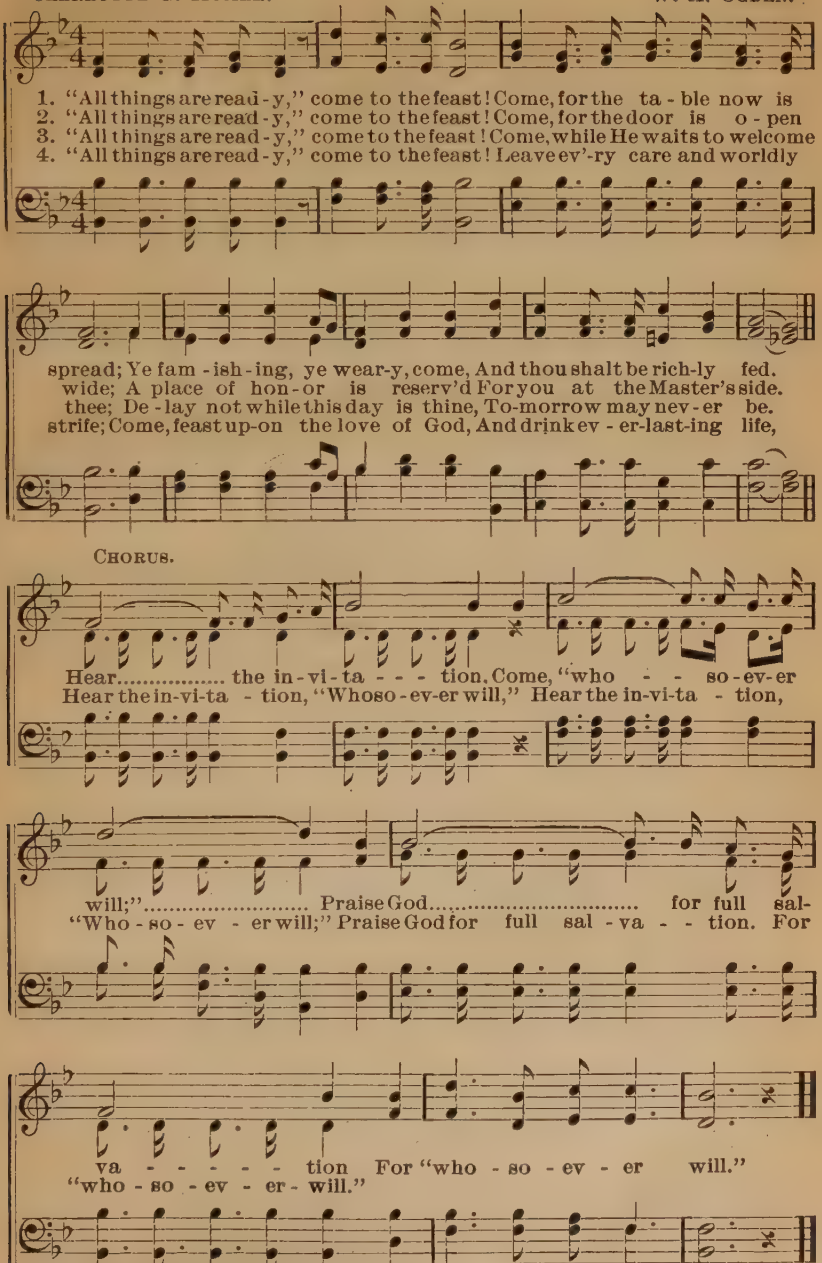
No. 209. Come to the Feast.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wear-y, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o-pen wide; A place of hon-or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-morrow may nev-er be.
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev'-ry care and worldly strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life,
CHORUS.
Hear..... the in-vi-ta - - - tion, Come, "who - - so-ev-er will;"..... Praise God..... for full sal-
Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Whoso-ev-er will," Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal-va - - tion. For
va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
"who - so - ev - er - will."

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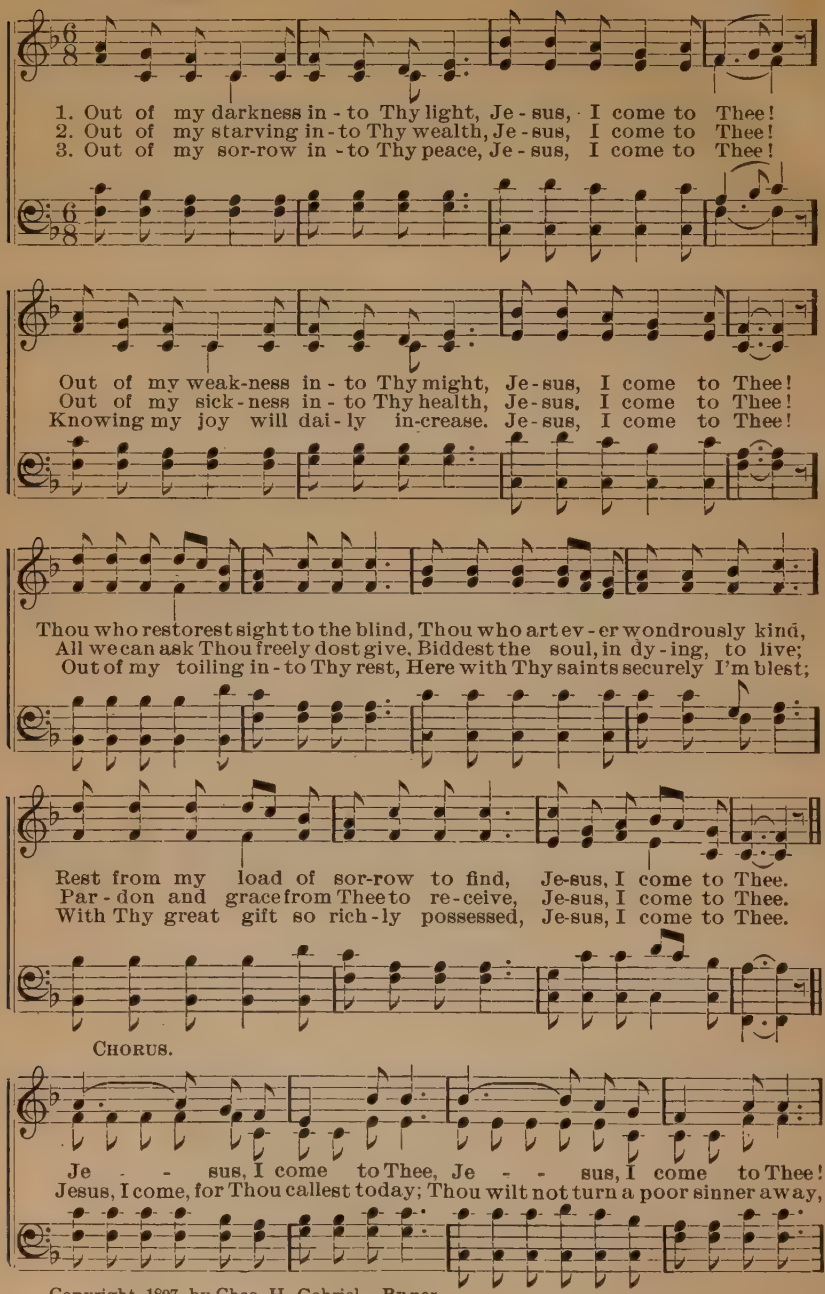
No. 210. Jesus, I Come to Thee.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out of my darkness in - to Thy light, Je - sus, I come to Thee!
2. Out of my starving in - to Thy wealth, Je - sus, I come to Thee!
3. Out of my sor-row in - to Thy peace, Je - sus, I come to Thee!
Out of my weak-ness in - to Thy might, Je - sus, I come to Thee!
Out of my sick - ness in - to Thy health, Je - sus, I come to Thee!
Knowing my joy will dai - ly in-crease. Je - sus, I come to Thee!
Thou who restorest sight to the blind, Thou who art ev - er wondrously kind,
All we can ask Thou freely dost give, Biddest the soul, in dy - ing, to live;
Out of my toiling in - to Thy rest, Here with Thy saints securely I'm blest;
Rest from my load of sor-row to find, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Par - don and grace from Thee to re - ceive, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
With Thy great gift so rich - ly possessed, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
CHORUS.
Je - - sus, I come to Thee, Je - - sus, I come to Thee!
Jesus, I come, for Thou callest today; Thou wilt not turn a poor sinner away,

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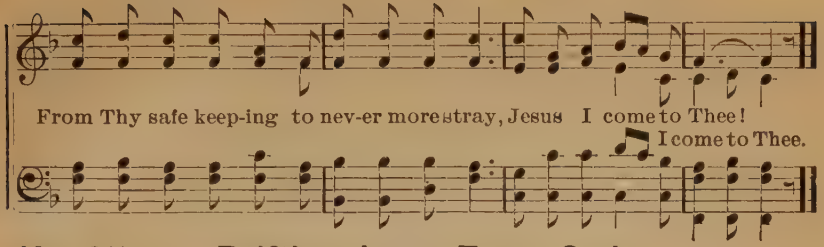
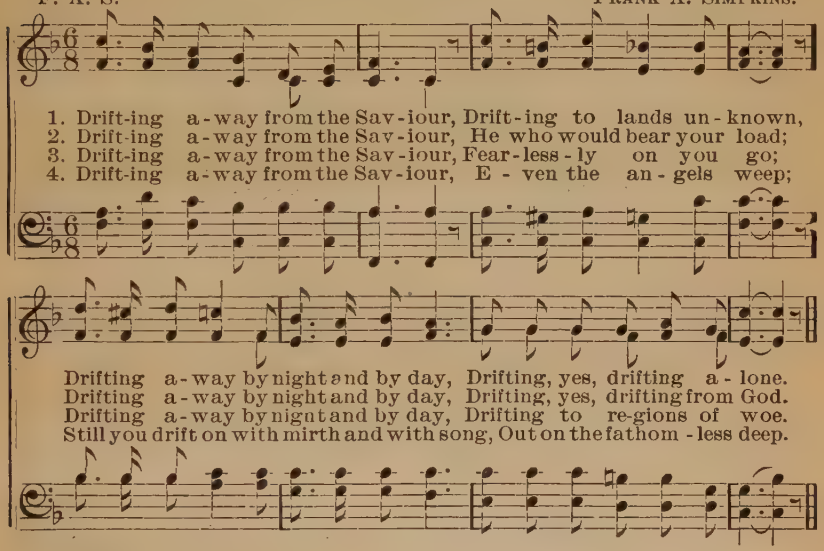
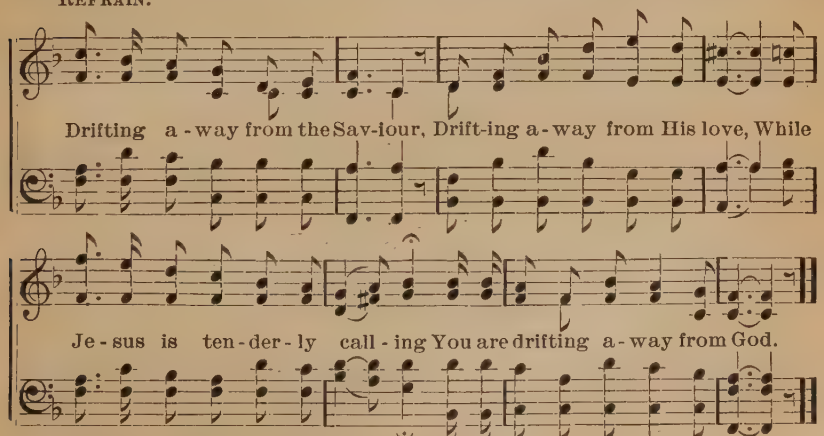


No. 211. Drifting Away From God.

F. A. S. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.


1. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Drift-ing to lands un-known,
2. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, He who would bear your load;
3. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Fear-less-ly on you go;
4. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, E-ven the an-gels weep;
Drifting a-way by night and by day, Drifting, yes, drifting a-lone.
Drifting a-way by night and by day, Drifting, yes, drifting from God.
Drifting a-way by night and by day, Drifting to re-gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fathom-less deep.

REFRAIN.


Drifting a-way from the Sav-iour, Drift-ing a-way from His love, While
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing You are drifting a-way from God.

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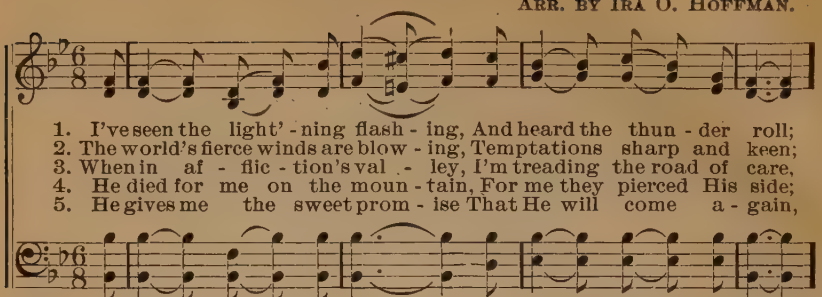
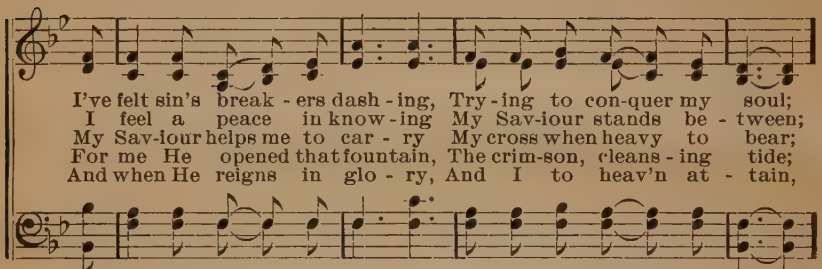
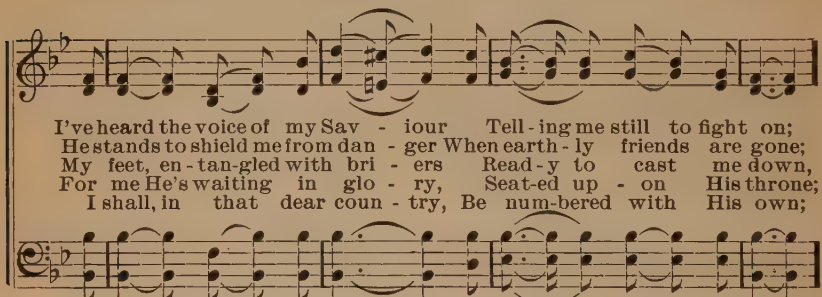
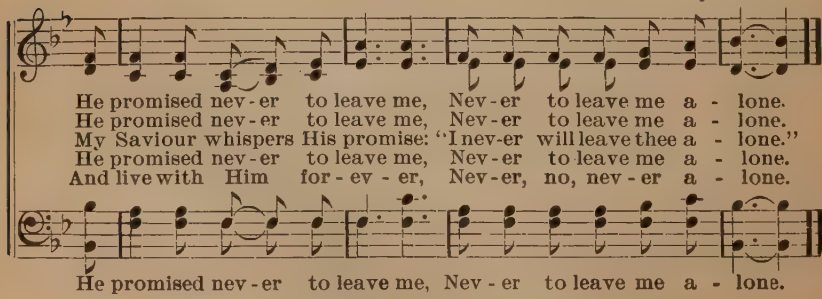
No. 212. Never Alone.

ARR. BY IRA O. HOFFMAN.


1. I've seen the light' - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temptations sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,
CHOR.— No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;


I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to con-quer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav-iour stands be - tween;
My Sav-iour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened that fountain, The crim-son, cleans - ing tide;
And when He reigns in glo - ry, And I to heav'n at - tain,
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.


I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour Tell - ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, en - tan-gled with bri - ers Read - y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne;
I shall, in that dear coun - try, Be num-bered with His own;
No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;
D. C. for Chorus.


He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Saviour whispers His promise: "I nev-er will leave thee a - lone."
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

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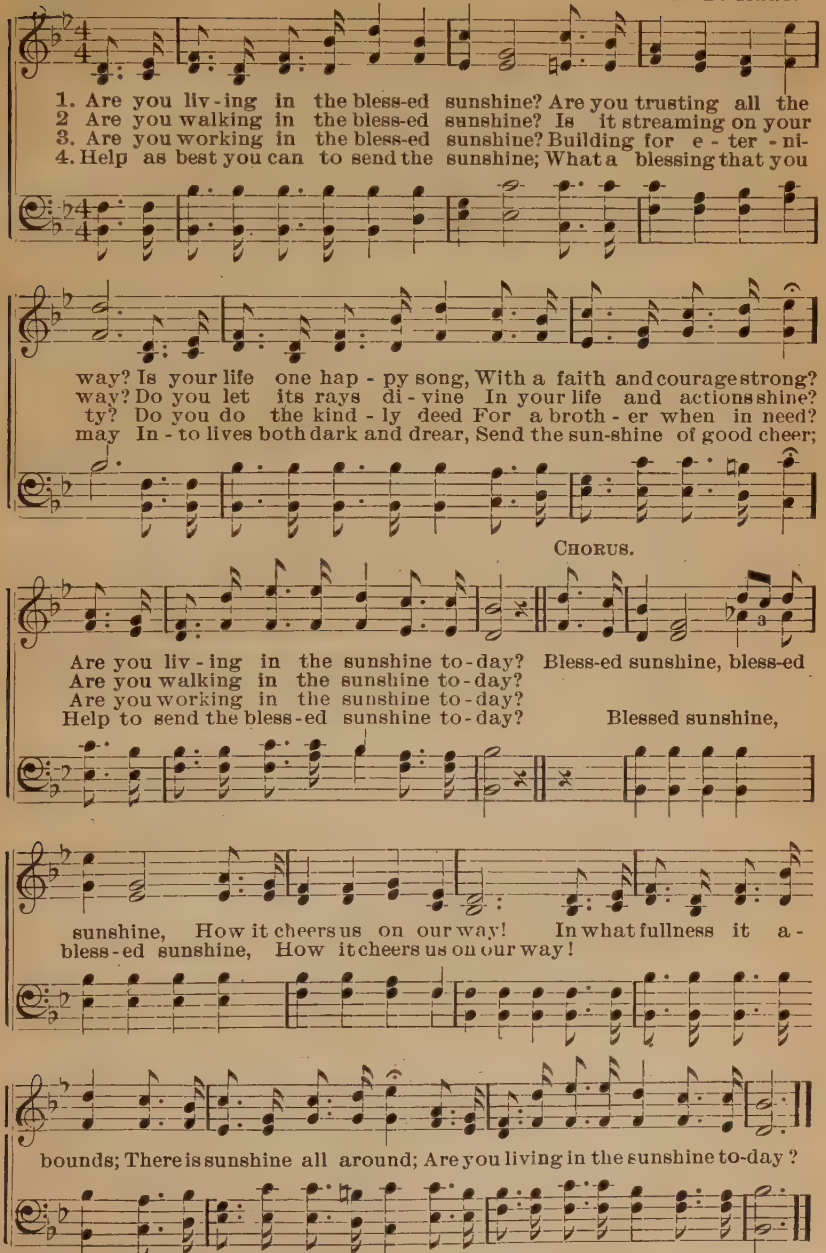
No. 213. Living in the Sunshine.

W. D. H. W. D. Hart.

1. Are you liv-ing in the bless-ed sunshine? Are you trusting all the
2 Are you walking in the bless-ed sunshine? Is it streaming on your
3. Are you working in the bless-ed sunshine? Building for e-ter-ni-
4. Help as best you can to send the sunshine; What a blessing that you
way? Is your life one hap-py song, With a faith and courage strong?
way? Do you let its rays di-vine In your life and actions shine?
ty? Do you do the kind-ly deed For a broth-er when in need?
may In-to lives both dark and drear, Send the sun-shine of good cheer;
Chorus.
Are you liv-ing in the sunshine to-day? Bless-ed sunshine, bless-ed
Are you walking in the sunshine to-day?
Are you working in the sunshine to-day?
Help to send the bless-ed sunshine to-day? Blessed sunshine,
sunshine, How it cheers us on our way! In what fullness it a-
bless-ed sunshine, How it cheers us on our way!
bounds; There is sunshine all around; Are you living in the sunshine to-day?

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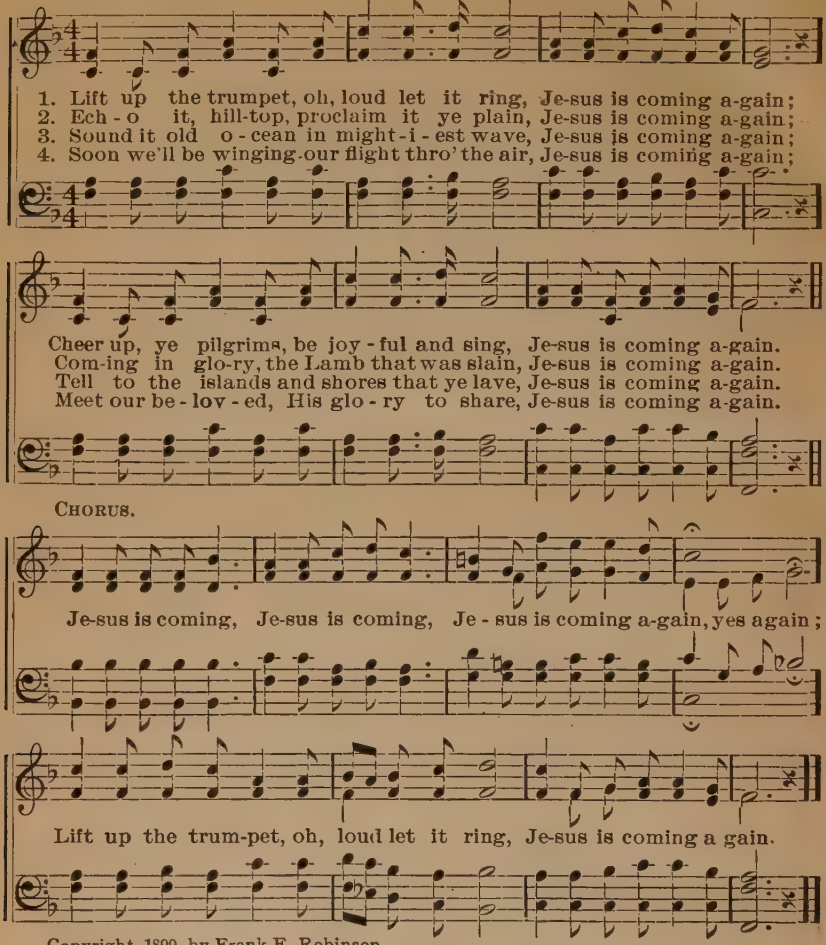
No. 214. Jesus is Coming Again.

JESSIE E. STROUT. FRANK E. ROBINSON.

1. Lift up the trumpet, oh, loud let it ring, Je-sus is coming a-gain;
2. Ech - o it, hill-top, proclaim it ye plain, Je-sus is coming a-gain;
3. Sound it old o - cean in might - i - est wave, Je-sus is coming a-gain;
4. Soon we'll be winging our flight thro' the air, Je-sus is coming a-gain;
Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joy - ful and sing, Je-sus is coming a-gain.
Com-ing in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain, Je-sus is coming a-gain.
Tell to the islands and shores that ye lave, Je-sus is coming a-gain.
Meet our be - lov - ed, His glo - ry to share, Je-sus is coming a-gain.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is coming, Je-sus is coming, Je - sus is coming a-gain, yes again;
Lift up the trum-pet, oh, loud let it ring, Je-sus is coming a gain.

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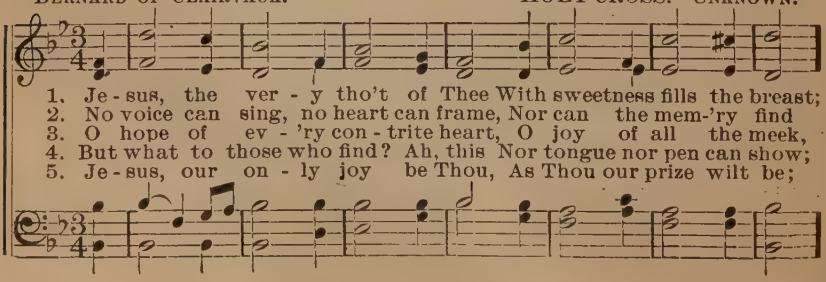
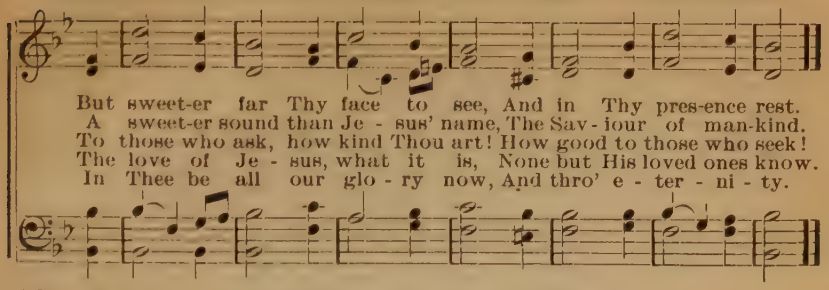
No. 215. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. HOLY CROSS.—UNKNOWN.

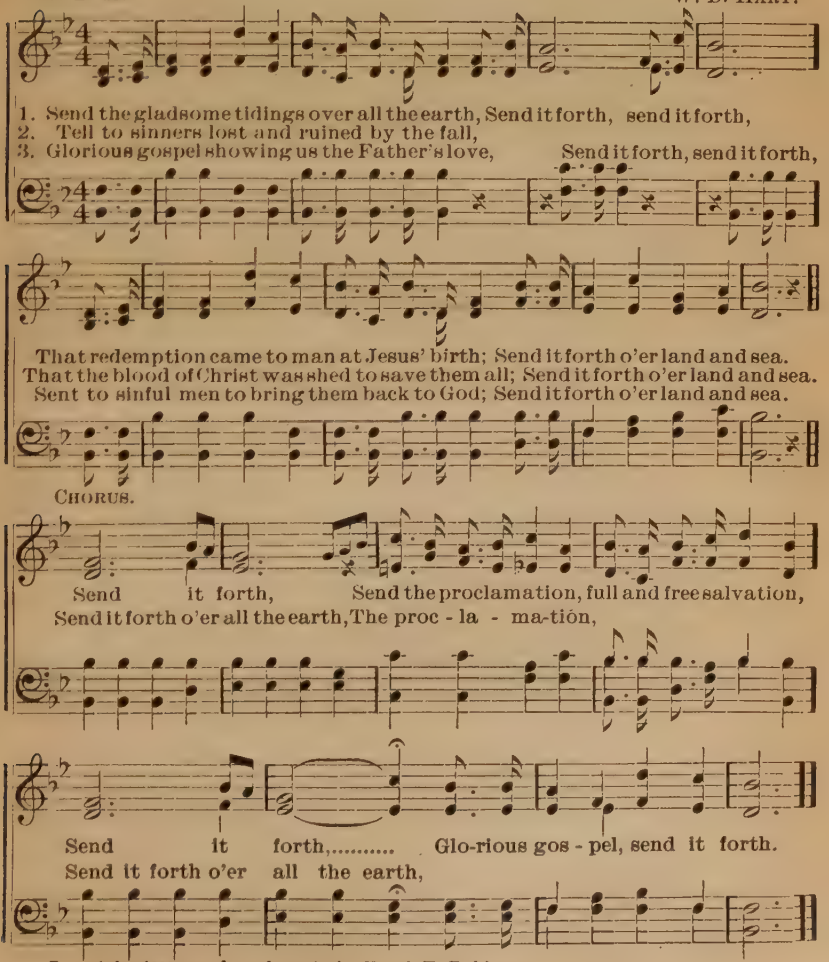

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee. Concluded.


But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - iour of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 216. Send the Gospel Forth.

W. D. H. W. D. Hart.


1. Send the gladsome tidings over all the earth, Send it forth, send it forth,
2. Tell to sinners lost and ruined by the fall,
3. Glorious gospel showing us the Father's love, Send it forth, send it forth,
That redemption came to man at Jesus' birth; Send it forth o'er land and sea.
That the blood of Christ was shed to save them all; Send it forth o'er land and sea.
Sent to sinful men to bring them back to God; Send it forth o'er land and sea.
Chorus.
Send it forth, Send the proclamation, full and free salvation,
Send it forth o'er all the earth, The proc - la - ma-tion,
Send it forth,..... Glo-rious gos - pel, send it forth.
Send it forth o'er all the earth,

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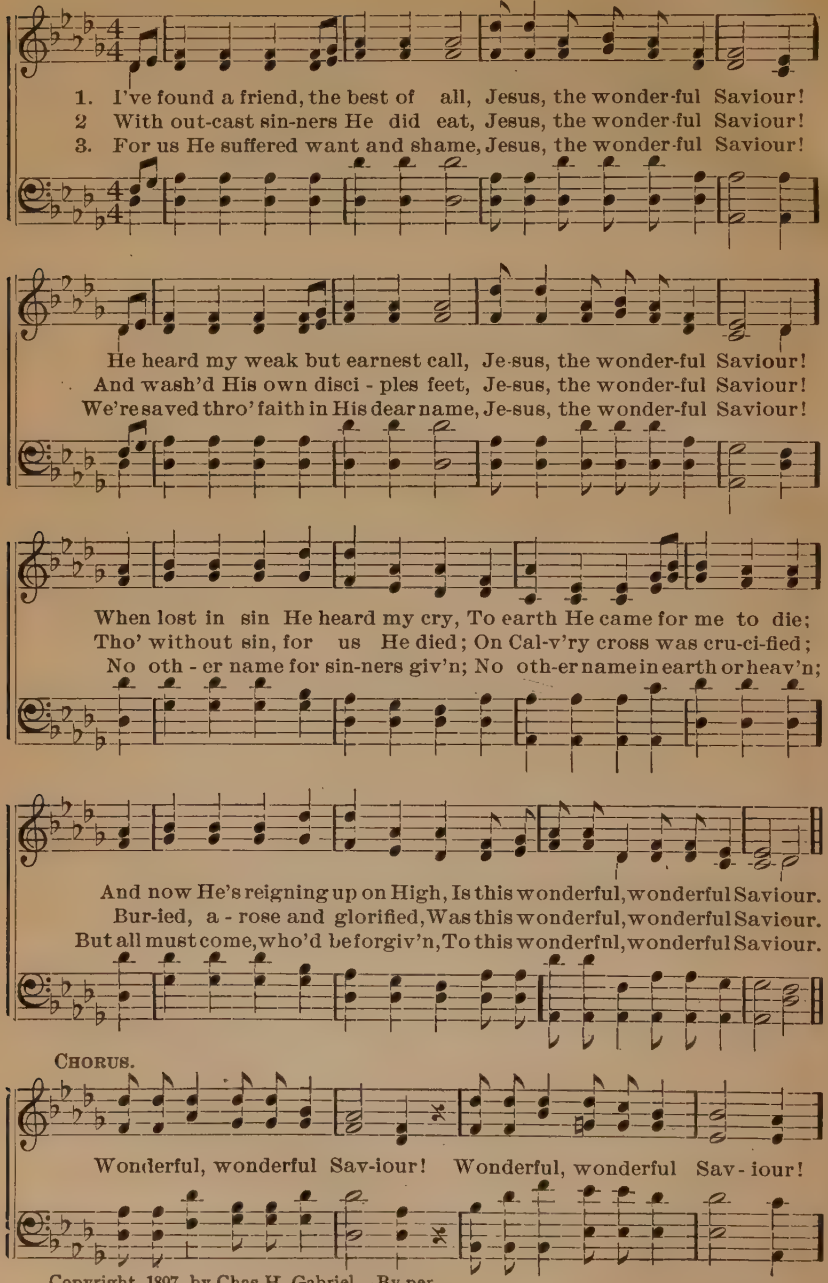
No. 217. The Wonderful Saviour.

D. C. Carson. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I've found a friend, the best of all, Jesus, the wonder-ful Saviour!
2 With out-cast sin-ners He did eat, Jesus, the wonder-ful Saviour!
3. For us He suffered want and shame, Jesus, the wonder-ful Saviour!
He heard my weak but earnest call, Je-sus, the wonder-ful Saviour!
And wash'd His own disci - ples feet, Je-sus, the wonder-ful Saviour!
We're saved thro' faith in His dear name, Je-sus, the wonder-ful Saviour!
When lost in sin He heard my cry, To earth He came for me to die;
Tho' without sin, for us He died; On Cal-v'ry cross was cru-ci-fied;
No oth - er name for sin-ners giv'n; No oth-er name in earth or heav'n;
And now He's reigning up on High, Is this wonderful, wonderful Saviour.
Bur-ied, a - rose and glorified, Was this wonderful, wonderful Saviour.
But all must come, who'd be forgiv'n, To this wonderful, wonderful Saviour.
Chorus.
Wonderful, wonderful Sav-iour! Wonderful, wonderful Sav - iour!

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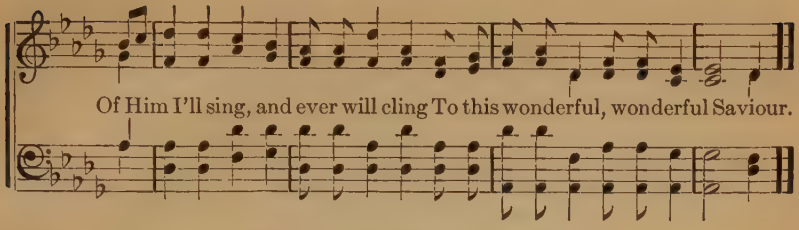
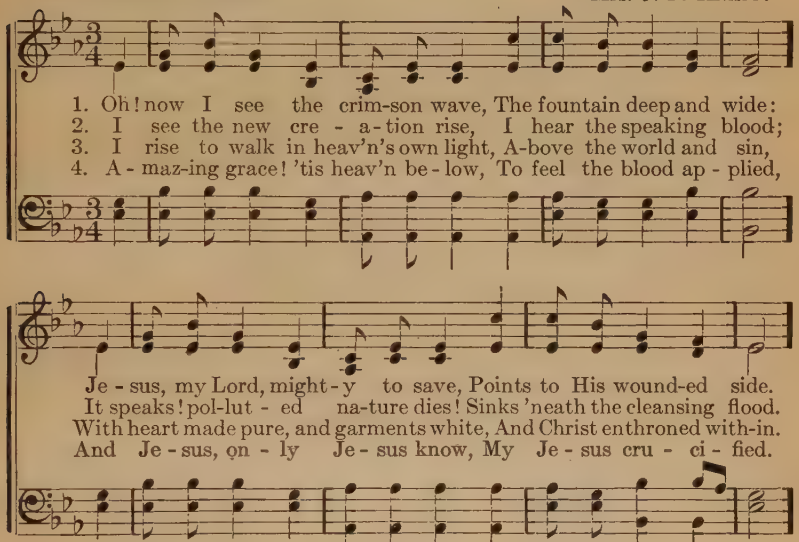
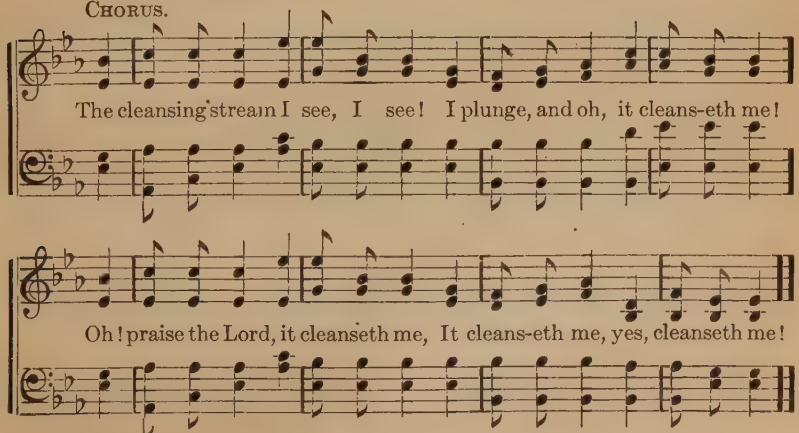


No. 218. The Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.


1. Oh! now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide:
2. I see the new cre - a-tion rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low, To feel the blood ap - plied,
Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.
It speaks! pol-lut - ed na-ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

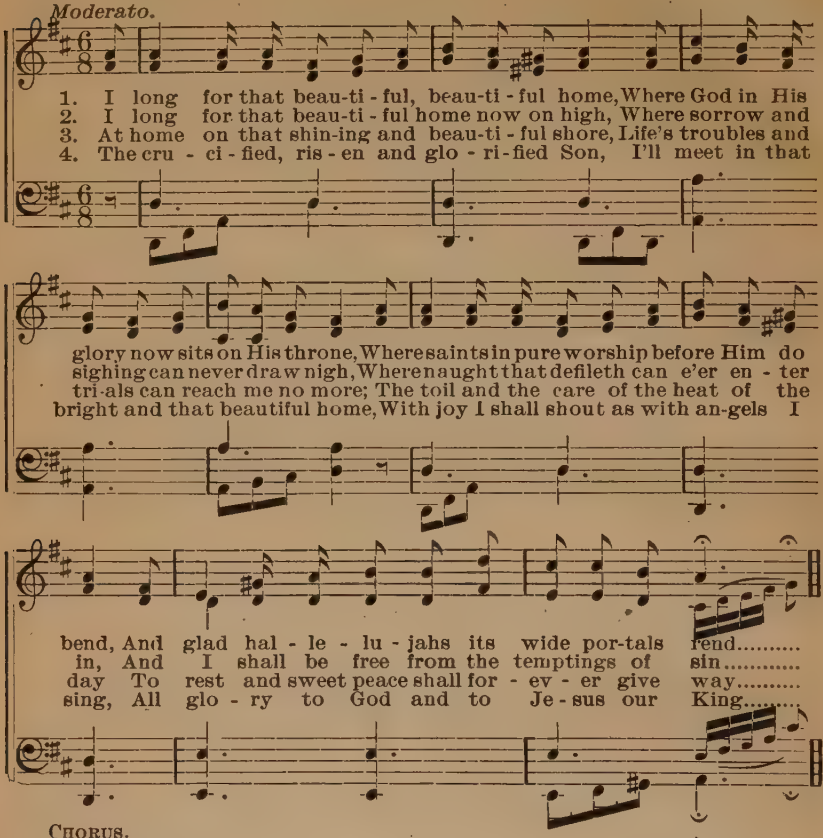
CHORUS.


The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me!
Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleans-eth me, yes, cleanseth me!

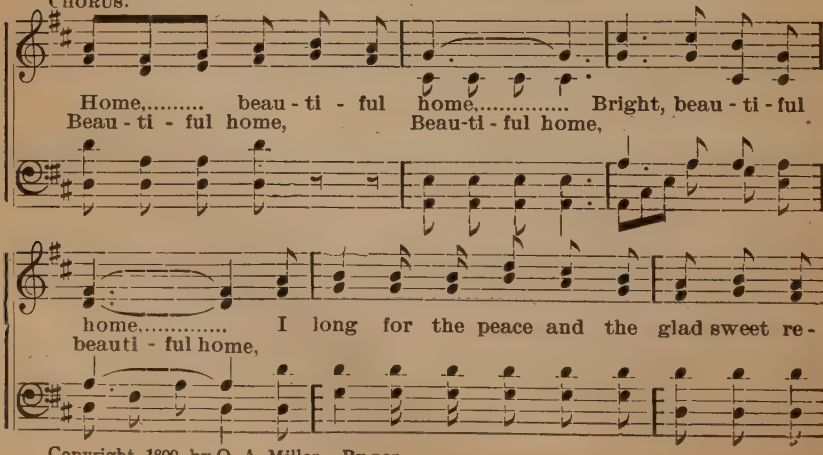
By permission.

No. 219. I Long for That Beautiful Home.

MRS. O. A. MILLER. O. A. MILLER.

Moderato.

1. I long for that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Where God in His
2. I long for that beau-ti-ful home now on high, Where sorrow and
3. At home on that shin-ing and beau-ti-ful shore, Life's troubles and
4. The cru-ci-fied, ris-en and glo-ri-fied Son, I'll meet in that
glory now sits on His throne, Where saints in pure worship before Him do
sighing can never draw nigh, Where naught that defileth can e'er en-ter
tri-als can reach me no more; The toil and the care of the heat of the
bright and that beautiful home, With joy I shall shout as with an-gels I
bend, And glad hal-le-lu-jahs its wide por-tals rend.....
in, And I shall be free from the temptings of sin.....
day To rest and sweet peace shall for-ev-er give way.....
sing, All glo-ry to God and to Je-sus our King.....

CHORUS.


Home,..... beau-ti-ful home,..... Bright, beau-ti-ful
Beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home,
home,..... I long for the peace and the glad sweet re-
beauti-ful home,

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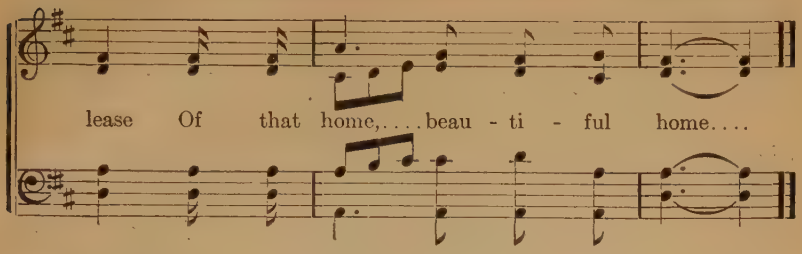
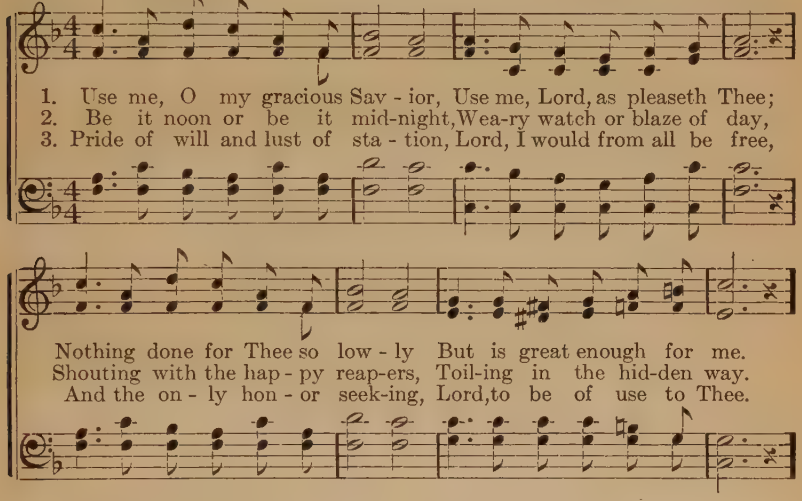
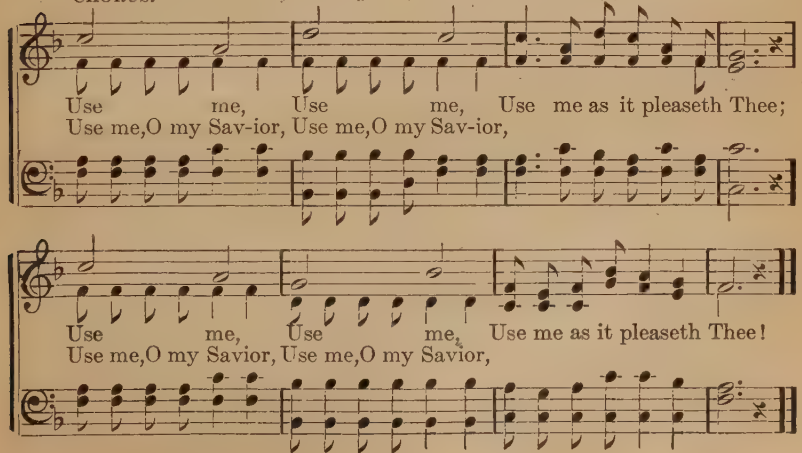


No. 220. Use Me, Savior.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

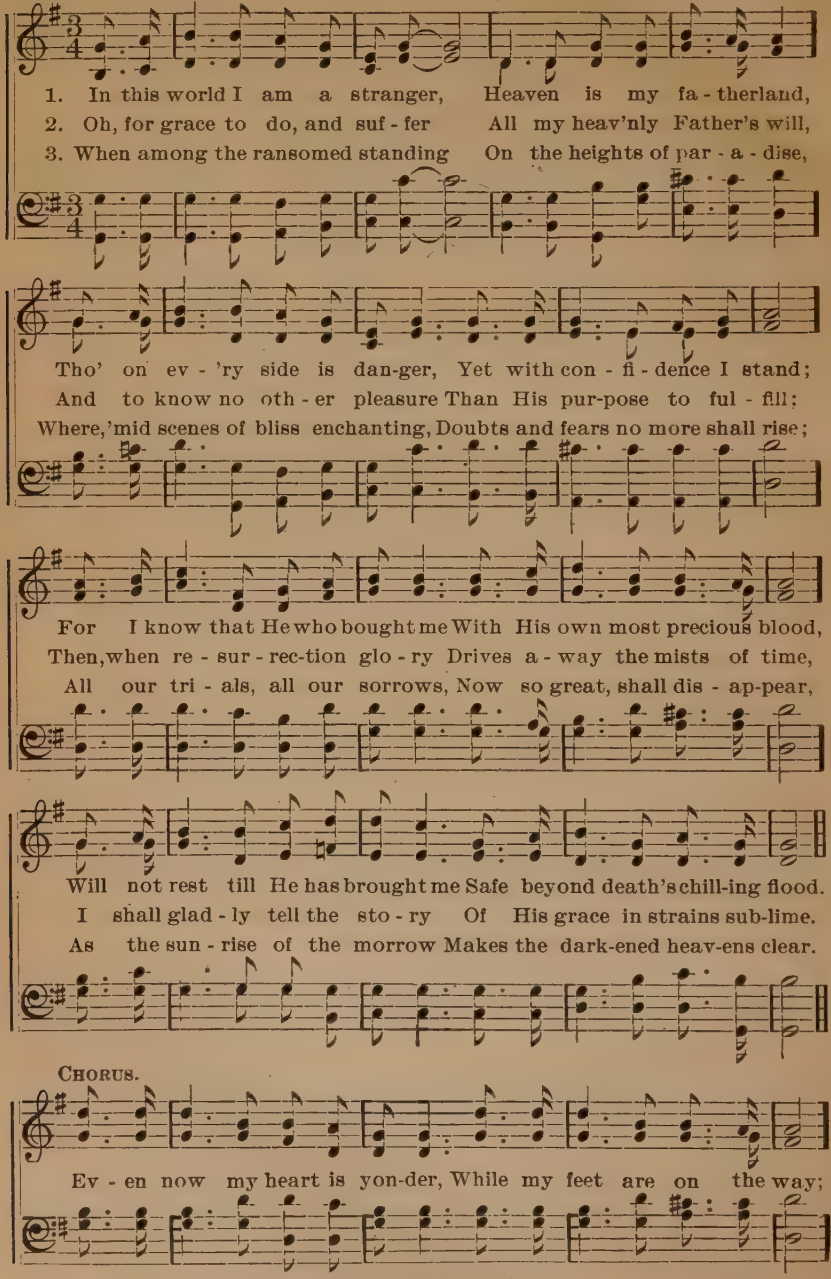

1. Use me, O my gracious Sav - ior, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth Thee;
2. Be it noon or be it mid-night, Wea-ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,
Nothing done for Thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
Shouting with the hap - py reap-ers, Toil-ing in the hid-den way.
And the on - ly hon - or seek-ing, Lord, to be of use to Thee.

CHORUS.

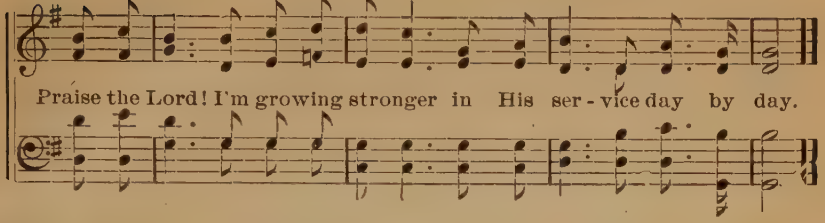

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee;
Use me, O my Sav-ior, Use me, O my Sav-ior,
Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee!
Use me, O my Savior, Use me, O my Savior,

Copyright, 1891, by John J. Hood. By per.

No. 221. Homeward Bound.

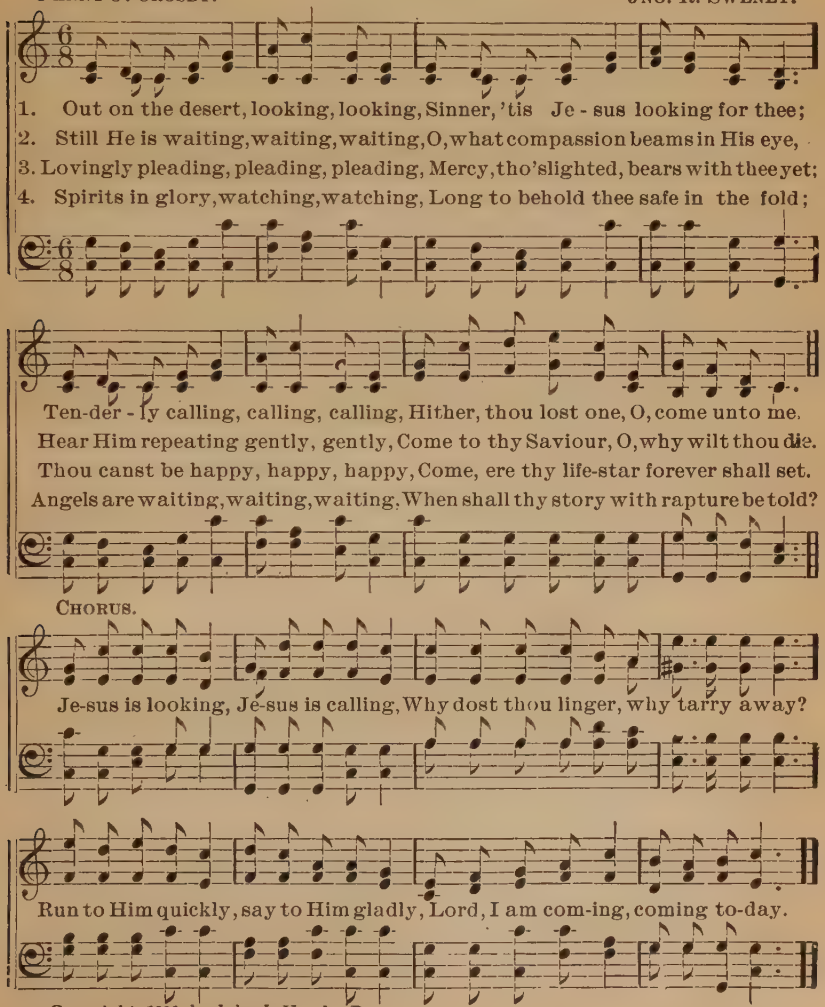
REV. J. M. ORROCK. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In this world I am a stranger, Heaven is my fa - therland,
2. Oh, for grace to do, and suf - fer All my heav'nly Father's will,
3. When among the ransomed standing On the heights of par - a - dise,
Tho' on ev - 'ry side is dan-ger, Yet with con - fi - dence I stand;
And to know no oth - er pleasure Than His pur-pose to ful - fill;
Where,'mid scenes of bliss enchanting, Doubts and fears no more shall rise;
For I know that He who bought me With His own most precious blood,
Then,when re - sur - rec-tion glo - ry Drives a - way the mists of time,
All our tri - als, all our sorrows, Now so great, shall dis - ap-pear,
Will not rest till He has brought me Safe beyond death's chill-ing flood.
I shall glad - ly tell the sto - ry Of His grace in strains sub-lime.
As the sun - rise of the morrow Makes the dark-ened heav-ens clear.
CHORUS.
Ev - en now my heart is yon-der, While my feet are on the way;

Copyright, 1899, by Hugh E. Smith and Frank E. Robinson.



No. 222. Coming Today.

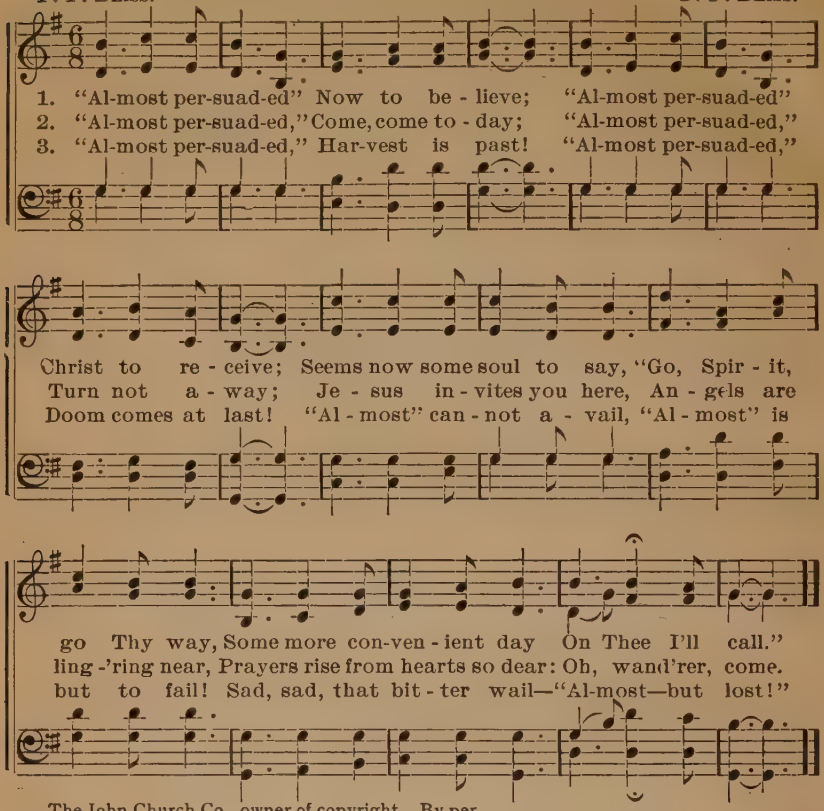
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je - sus looking for thee;
2. Still He is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in His eye,
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;
Ten-der - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.
Hear Him repeating gently, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.
Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?
CHORUS.
Je-sus is looking, Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?
Run to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am com-ing, coming to-day.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood. By per.

No. 223. Almost Persuaded.

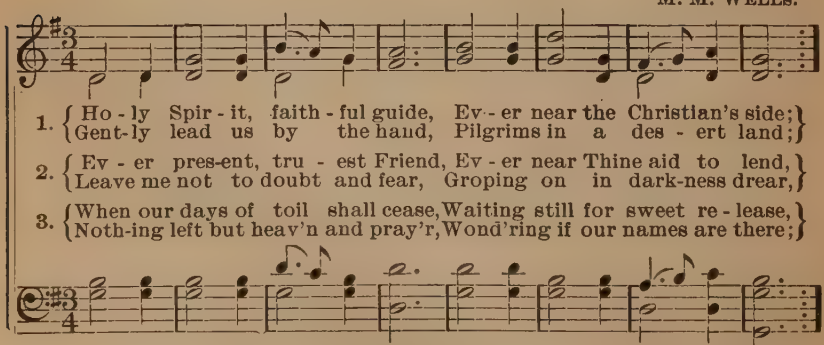
"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling-'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear: Oh, wand'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

The John Church Co., owner of copyright. By per.

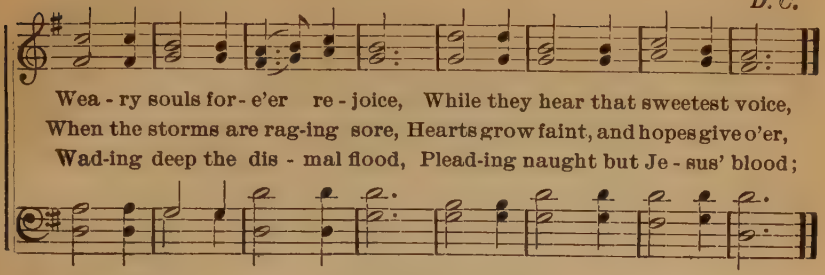
No. 224. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. Wells.


1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
{ Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land;
2. { Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
{ Leave me not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark-ness drear,
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease,
{ Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there;

D. S.—Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.

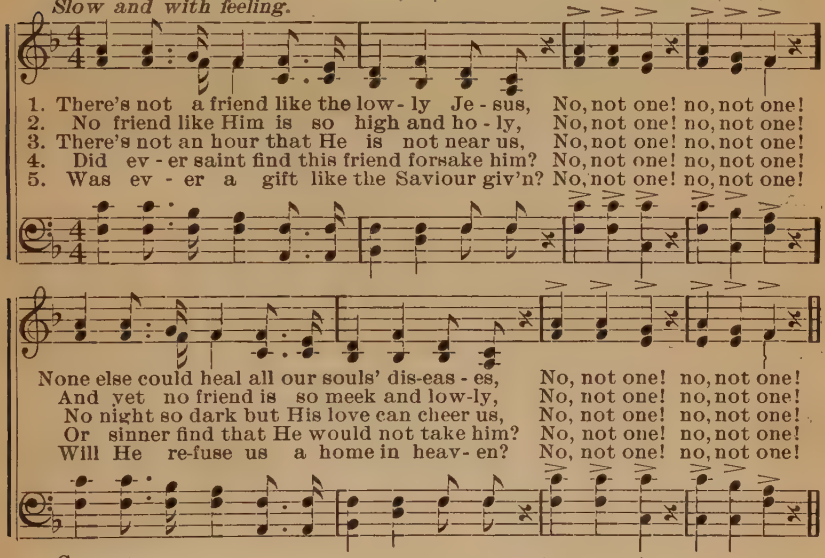
D. C.


Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad-ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

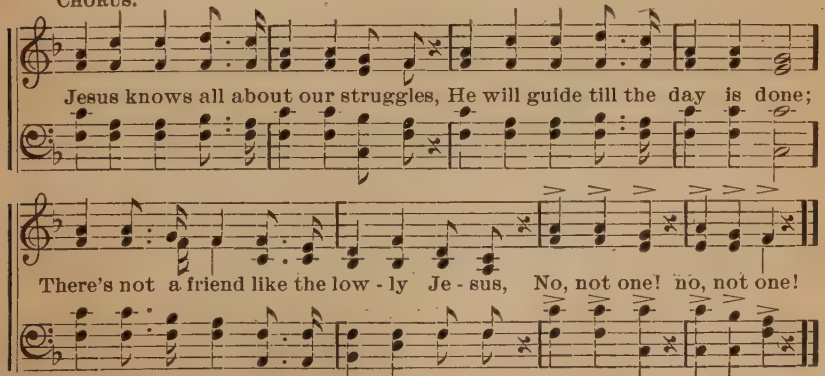
No. 225. No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

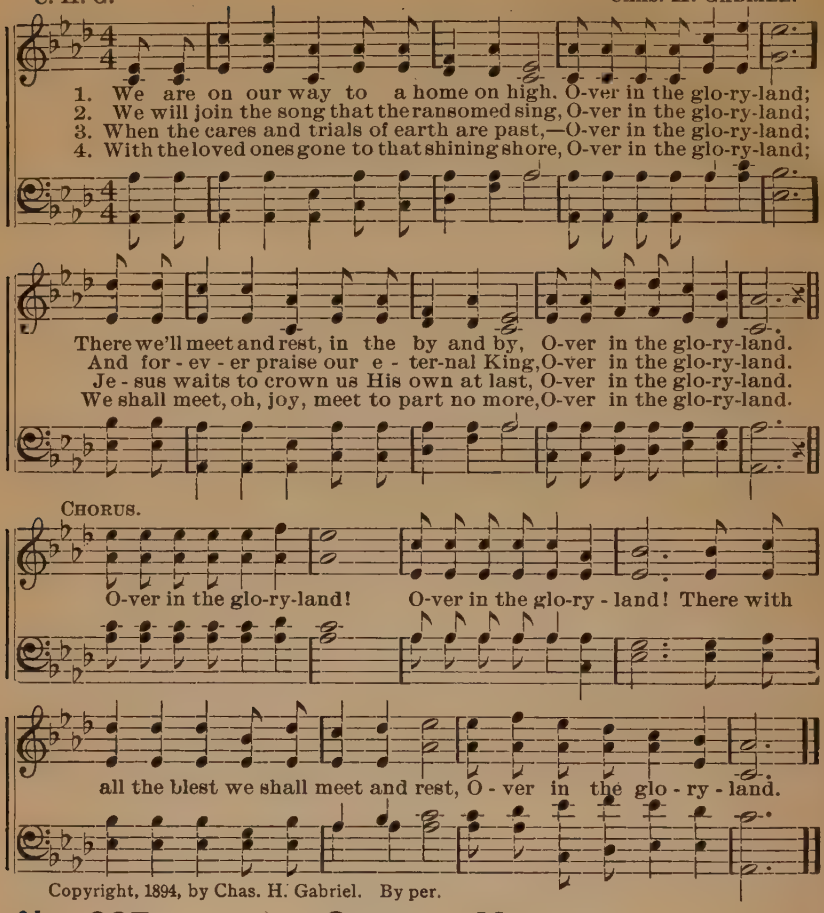

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was ev - er a gift like the Saviour giv'n? No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' dis-eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.


Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

No. 226. Over in the Glory-land.

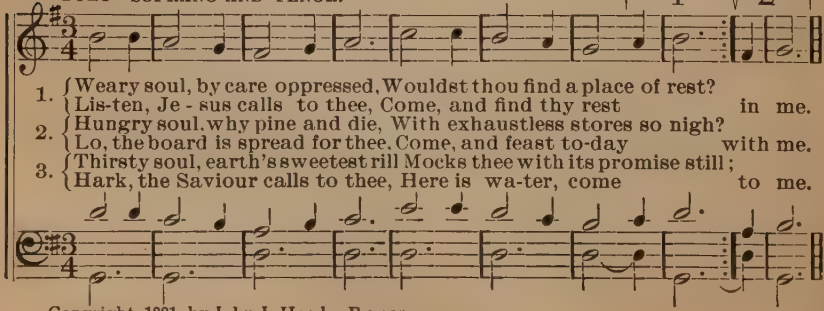
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are on our way to a home on high. O-ver in the glo-ry-land;
2. We will join the song that the ransomed sing, O-ver in the glo-ry-land;
3. When the cares and trials of earth are past,—O-ver in the glo-ry-land;
4. With the loved ones gone to that shining shore, O-ver in the glo-ry-land;
There we'll meet and rest, in the by and by, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
And for - ev - er praise our e - ter-nal King, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
Je - sus waits to crown us His own at last, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
We shall meet, oh, joy, meet to part no more, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
CHORUS.
O-ver in the glo-ry-land! O-ver in the glo-ry - land! There with
all the blest we shall meet and rest, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.

Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.

No. 227. Come to Me.

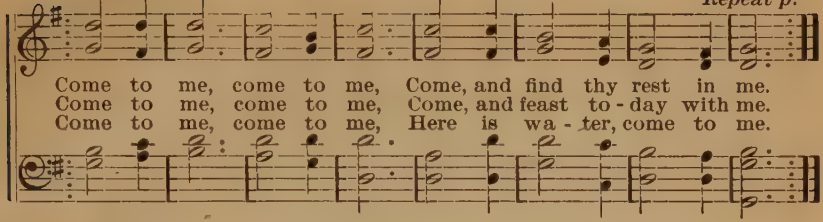
MRS. J. C. YULE. E. O. EXCELL.

DUET—SOPRANO AND TENOR.


1 2
1. Weary soul, by care oppressed, Wouldst thou find a place of rest?
Lis-ten, Je - sus calls to thee, Come, and find thy rest in me.
2. Hungry soul, why pine and die, With exhaustless stores so nigh?
Lo, the board is spread for thee. Come, and feast to-day with me.
3. Thirsty soul, earth's sweetest rill Mocks thee with its promise still;
Hark, the Saviour calls to thee, Here is wa-ter, come to me.

Copyright 1881, by John J. Hood. By per.

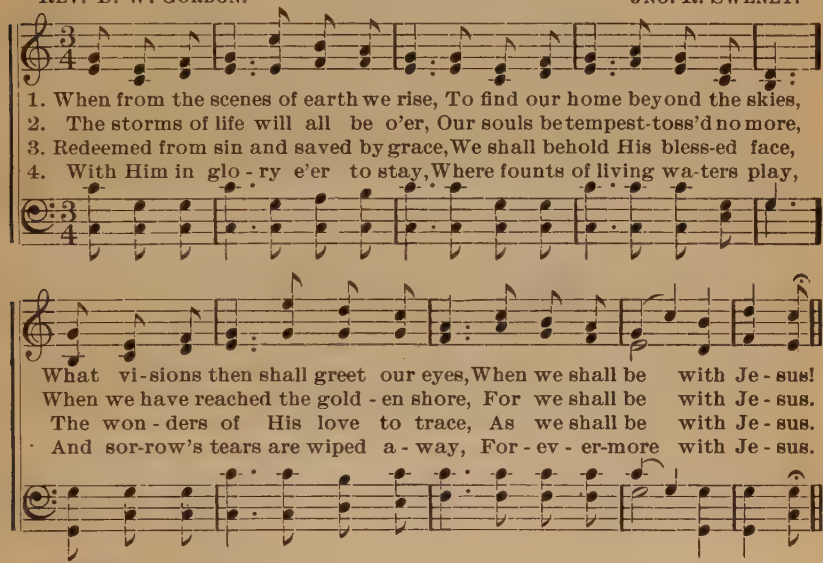
Come to Me. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Repeat p.*

Come to me, come to me, Come, and find thy rest in me.
Come to me, come to me, Come, and feast to-day with me.
Come to me, come to me, Here is wa-ter, come to me.

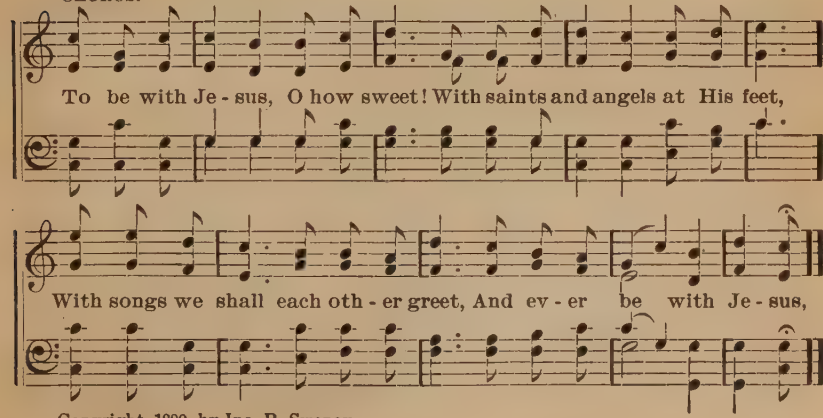
No. 228. With Jesus.

This is Mr. Sweney's last song.

REV. D. W. GORDON. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When from the scenes of earth we rise, To find our home beyond the skies,
2. The storms of life will all be o'er, Our souls be tempest-toss'd no more,
3. Redeemed from sin and saved by grace, We shall behold His bless-ed face,
4. With Him in glo-ry e'er to stay, Where founts of living wa-ters play,
What vi-sions then shall greet our eyes, When we shall be with Je-sus!
When we have reached the gold-en shore, For we shall be with Je-sus.
The won-ders of His love to trace, As we shall be with Je-sus.
And sor-row's tears are wiped a-way, For-ev-er-more with Je-sus.

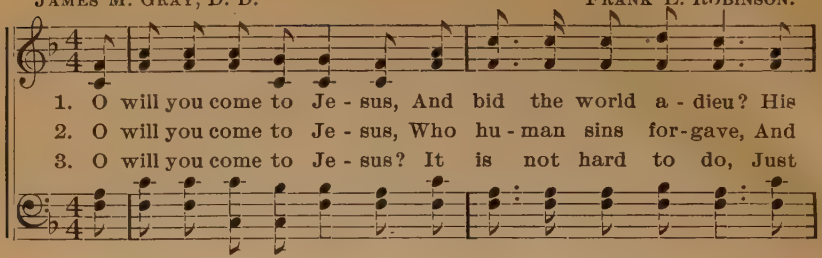
CHORUS.

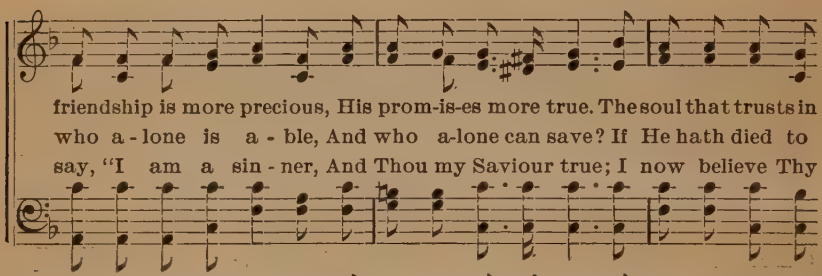


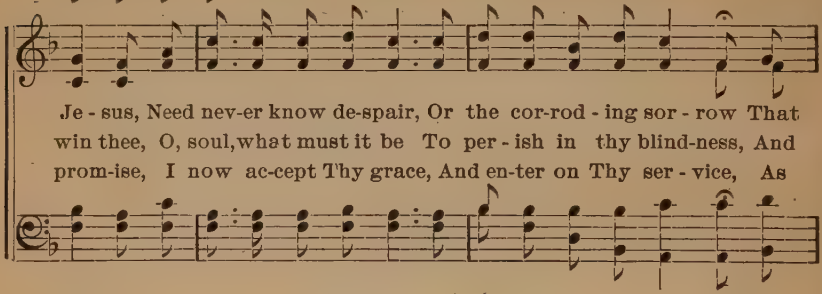
Copyright, 1899, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 229. Will You Come?

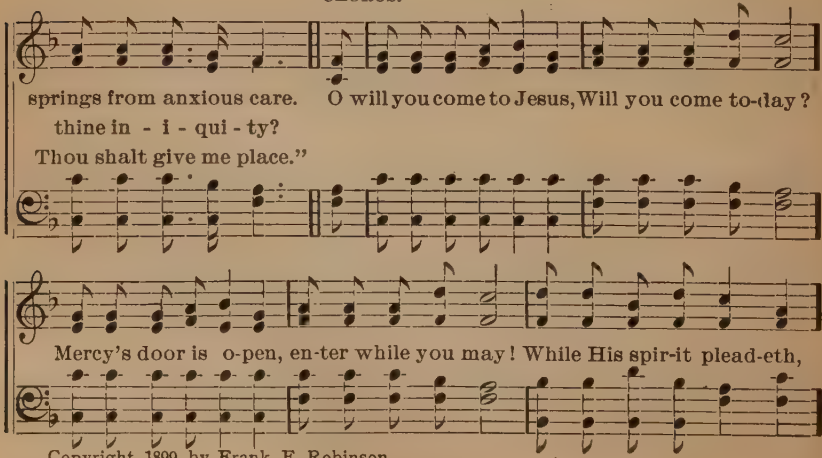
JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. FRANK E. ROBINSON.


1. O will you come to Je - sus, And bid the world a - dieu? His
2. O will you come to Je - sus, Who hu - man sins for-gave, And
3. O will you come to Je - sus? It is not hard to do, Just


friendship is more precious, His prom-is-es more true. The soul that trusts in
who a - lone is a - ble, And who a-lone can save? If He hath died to
say, "I am a sin - ner, And Thou my Saviour true; I now believe Thy

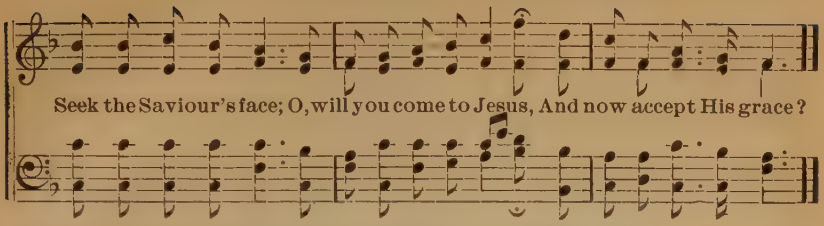

Je - sus, Need nev-er know de-spair, Or the cor-rod - ing sor - row That
win thee, O, soul, what must it be To per - ish in thy blind-ness, And
prom-ise, I now ac-cept Thy grace, And en-ter on Thy ser - vice, As

CHORUS.


springs from anxious care. O will you come to Jesus, Will you come to-day?
thine in - i - qui - ty?
Thou shalt give me place."
Mercy's door is o-pen, en-ter while you may! While His spir-it plead-eth,

Copyright, 1899, by Frank E. Robinson.

Will You Come? Concluded.

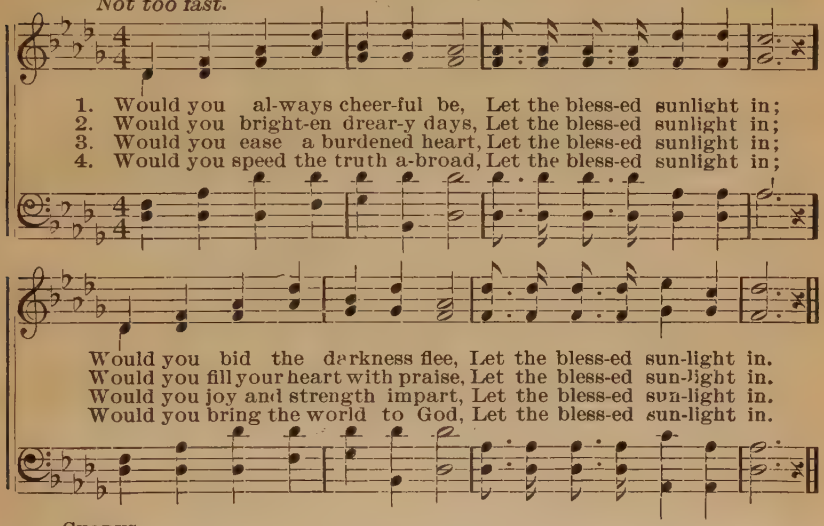


No. 230. Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

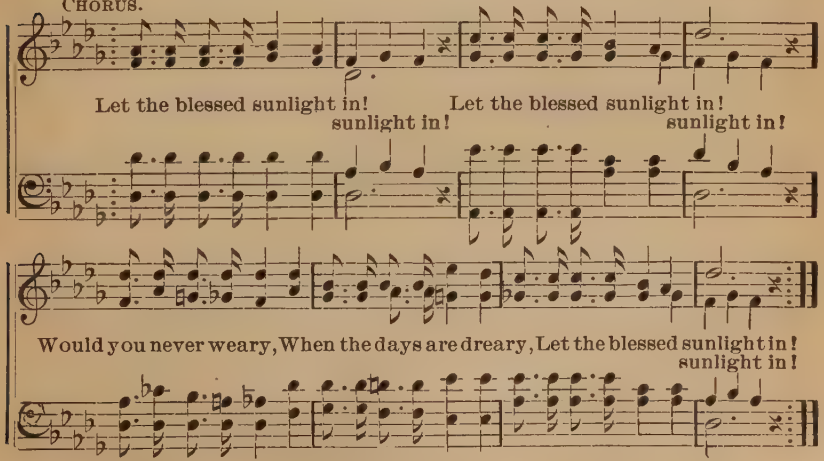
God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.—I. John 1: 5.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.


1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the bless-ed sunlight in;
2. Would you bright-en drear-y days, Let the bless-ed sunlight in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the bless-ed sunlight in;
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the bless-ed sunlight in;
Would you bid the darkness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.

CHORUS.


Let the blessed sunlight in! Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in! sunlight in!
Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

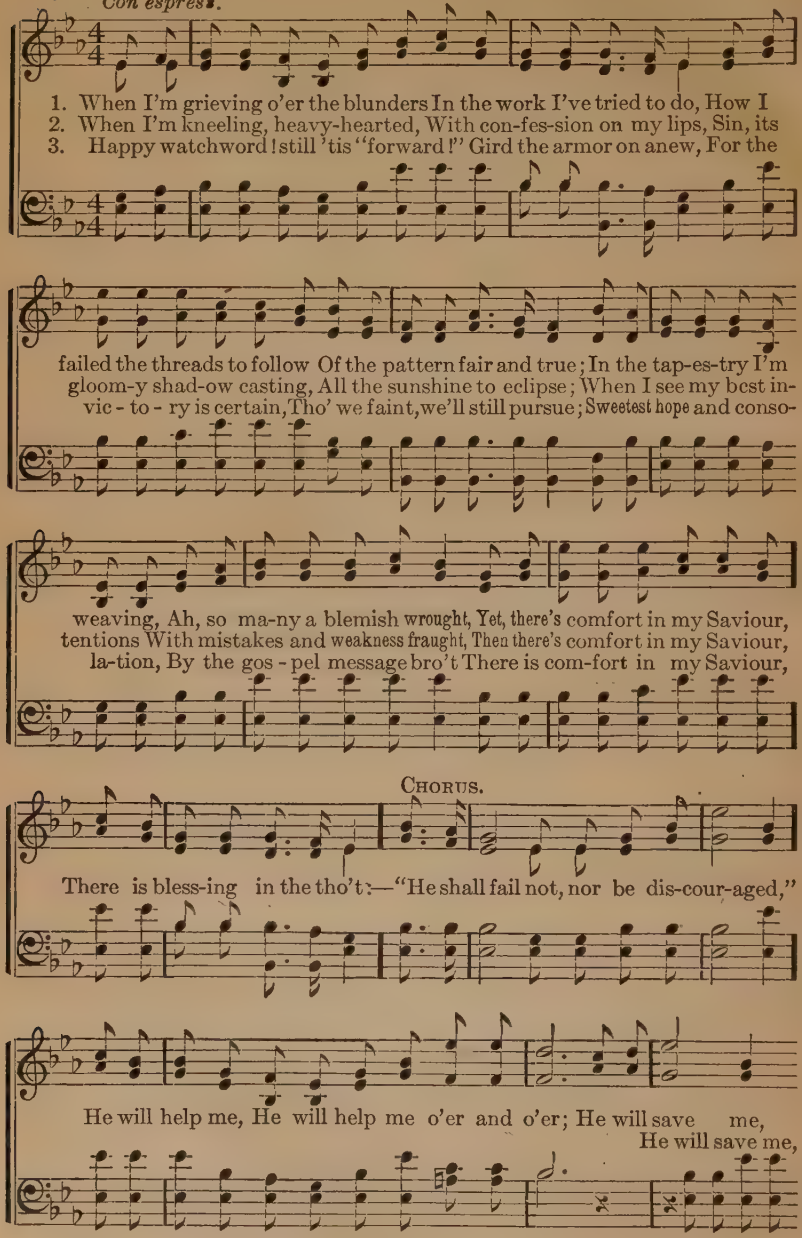
Copyright, 1897, by A. F. Myers, Toledo, O. By per.

No. 231. There is Comfort in the Saviour.

"He shall fail not, nor be discouraged."—Isa. xlii: 4.

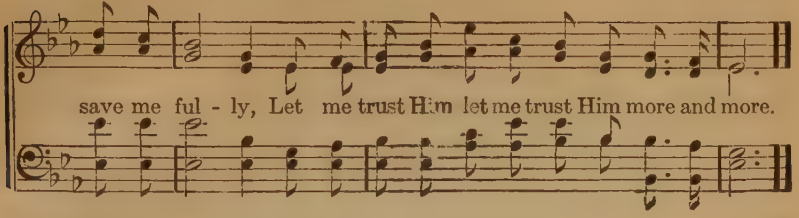
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

Con espress.


1. When I'm grieving o'er the blunders In the work I've tried to do, How I
2. When I'm kneeling, heavy-hearted, With con-fes-sion on my lips, Sin, its
3. Happy watchword! still 'tis "forward!" Gird the armor on anew, For the
failed the threads to follow Of the pattern fair and true; In the tap-es-try I'm
gloom-y shad-ow casting, All the sunshine to eclipse; When I see my best in-
vic - to - ry is certain, Tho' we faint, we'll still pursue; Sweetest hope and conso-
weaving, Ah, so ma-ny a blemish wrought, Yet, there's comfort in my Saviour,
tentions With mistakes and weakness fraught, Then there's comfort in my Saviour,
la-tion, By the gos - pel message bro't There is com-fort in my Saviour,
Chorus.
There is bless-ing in the tho't:—"He shall fail not, nor be dis-cour-aged,"
He will help me, He will help me o'er and o'er; He will save me,
He will save me,

Copyright, 1900, by Lizzie E. Sweney. By per.

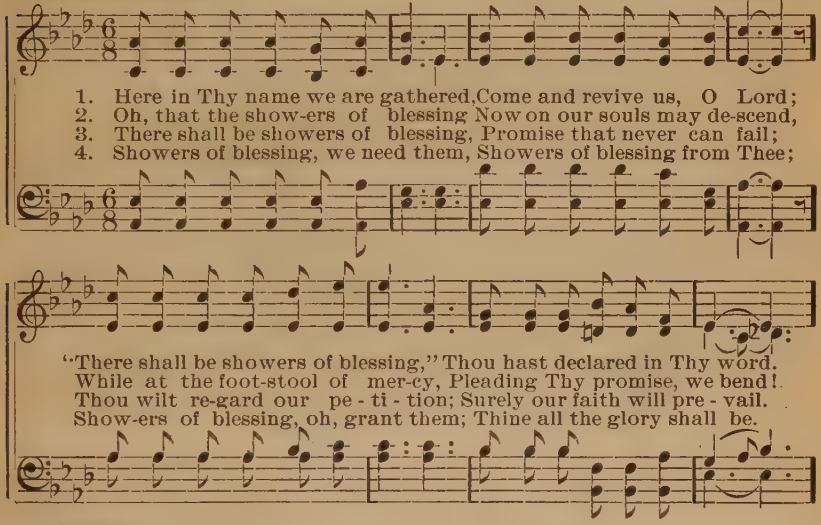
There is Comfort in the Saviour. Concluded.



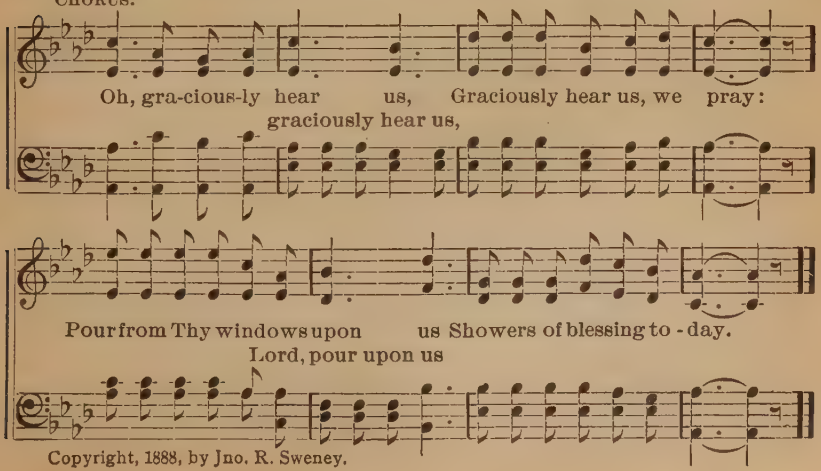
No. 232. Showers of Blessings.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."—Ezekiel 34: 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Here in Thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. Oh, that the show-ers of blessing Now on our souls may de-scend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing, Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing, we need them, Showers of blessing from Thee;
"There shall be showers of blessing," Thou hast declared in Thy word.
While at the foot-stool of mer-cy, Pleading Thy promise, we bend!
Thou wilt re-gard our pe - ti - tion; Surely our faith will pre - vail.
Show-ers of blessing, oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

CHORUS.

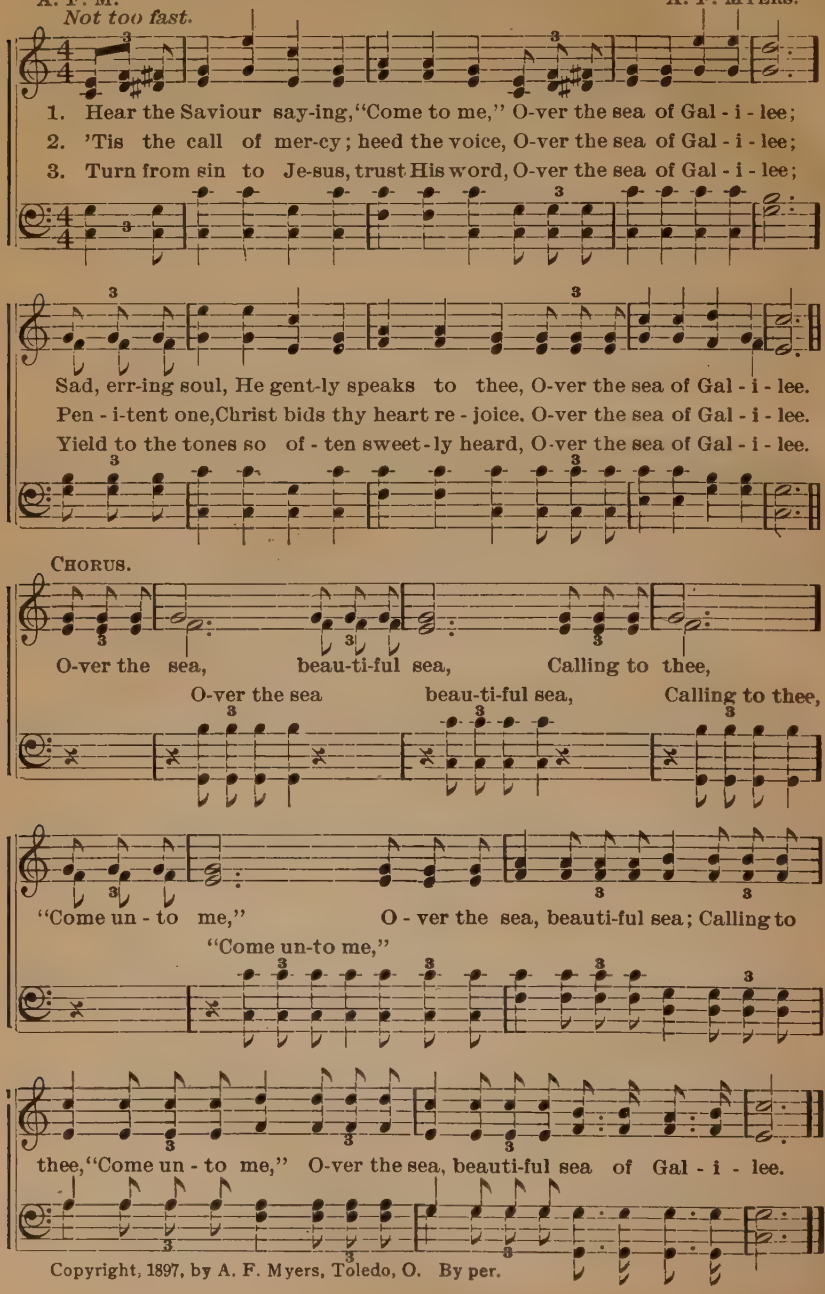

Oh, gra-cious-ly hear us, Graciously hear us, we pray:
graciously hear us,
Pour from Thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to - day.
Lord, pour upon us

Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 233. Over the Sea.

And He saith unto them "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. 5: 19.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Hear the Saviour say-ing, "Come to me," O-ver the sea of Gal - i - lee;
2. 'Tis the call of mer-cy; heed the voice, O-ver the sea of Gal - i - lee;
3. Turn from sin to Je-sus, trust His word, O-ver the sea of Gal - i - lee;
Sad, err-ing soul, He gent-ly speaks to thee, O-ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
Pen - i-tent one, Christ bids thy heart re - joice. O-ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
Yield to the tones so of - ten sweet-ly heard, O-ver the sea of Gal - i - lee.
CHORUS.
O-ver the sea, beau-ti-ful sea, Calling to thee,
O-ver the sea beau-ti-ful sea, Calling to thee,
"Come un - to me," O - ver the sea, beauti-ful sea; Calling to
"Come un-to me,"
thee, "Come un - to me," O-ver the sea, beauti-ful sea of Gal - i - lee.

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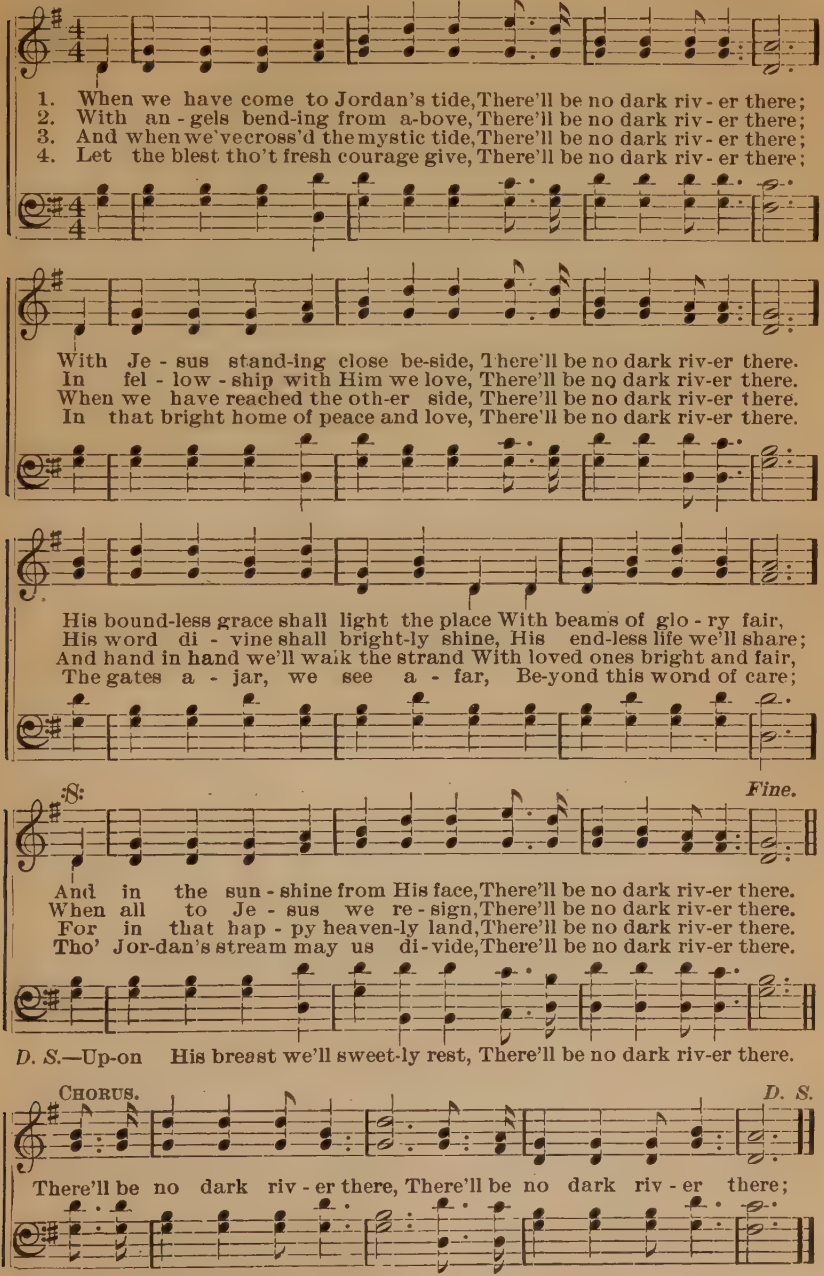
No. 234. There'll be no Dark River There.

E. C. MACARTNEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When we have come to Jordan's tide, There'll be no dark riv - er there;
2. With an - gels bend-ing from a-bove, There'll be no dark riv - er there;
3. And when we've cross'd the mystic tide, There'll be no dark riv - er there;
4. Let the blest tho't fresh courage give, There'll be no dark riv - er there;
With Je - sus stand-ing close be-side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In fel - low - ship with Him we love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When we have reached the oth-er side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In that bright home of peace and love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
His bound-less grace shall light the place With beams of glo - ry fair,
His word di - vine shall bright-ly shine, His end-less life we'll share;
And hand in hand we'll walk the strand With loved ones bright and fair,
The gates a - jar, we see a - far, Be-yond this wornd of care;
:S:
Fine.
And in the sun - shine from His face, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When all to Je - sus we re - sign, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
For in that hap - py heaven-ly land, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
Tho' Jor-dan's stream may us di-vide, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
D. S.—Up-on His breast we'll sweet-ly rest, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
CHORUS.
D. S.
There'll be no dark riv - er there, There'll be no dark riv - er there;

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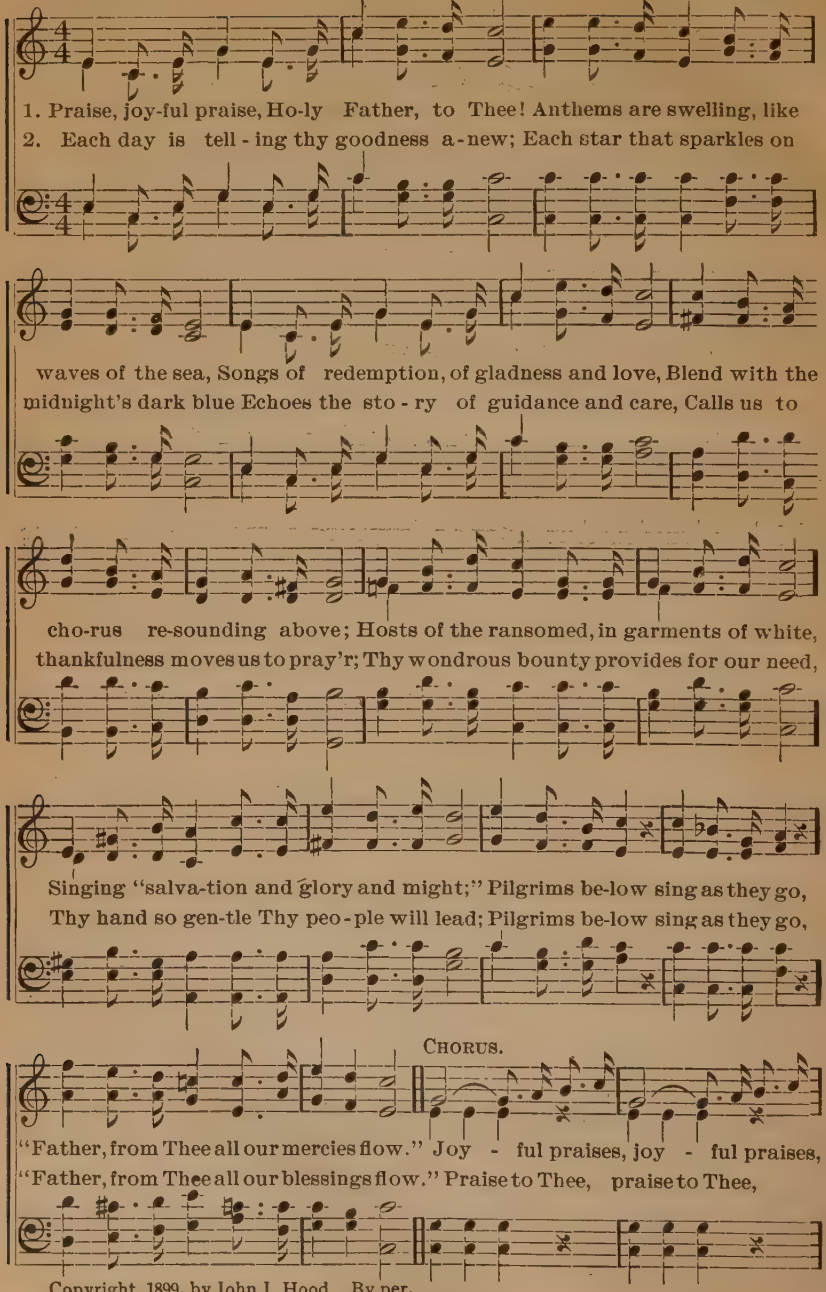
No. 235. Joyful Praises.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Praise, joy-ful praise, Ho-ly Father, to Thee! Anthems are swelling, like
2. Each day is tell - ing thy goodness a - new; Each star that sparkles on
waves of the sea, Songs of redemption, of gladness and love, Blend with the
midnight's dark blue Echoes the sto - ry of guidance and care, Calls us to
cho-rus re-sounding above; Hosts of the ransomed, in garments of white,
thankfulness moves us to pray'r; Thy wondrous bounty provides for our need,
Singing "salva-tion and glory and might;" Pilgrims be-low sing as they go,
Thy hand so gen-tle Thy peo - ple will lead; Pilgrims be-low sing as they go,
CHORUS.
"Father, from Thee all our mercies flow." Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises,
"Father, from Thee all our blessings flow." Praise to Thee, praise to Thee,

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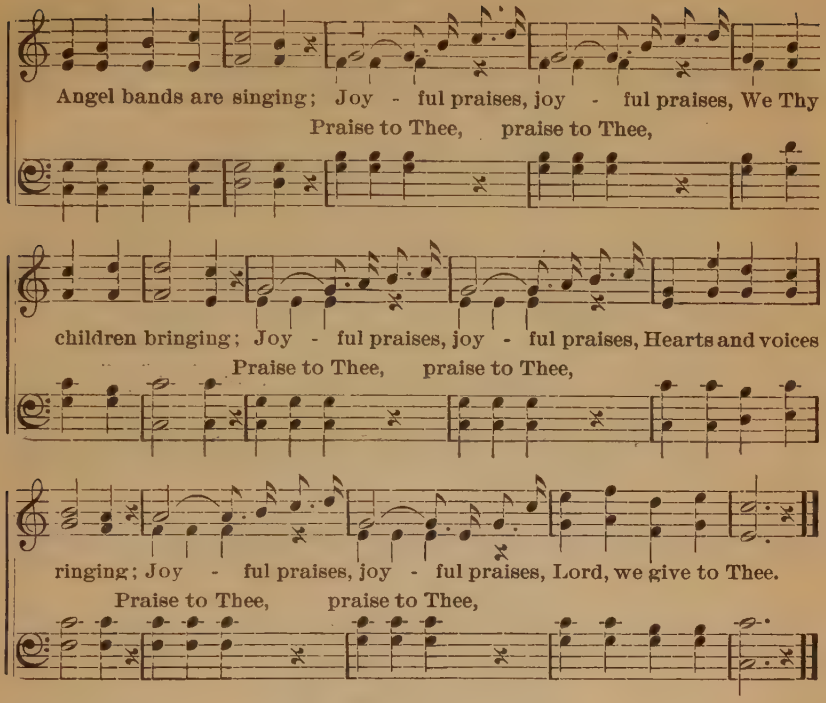
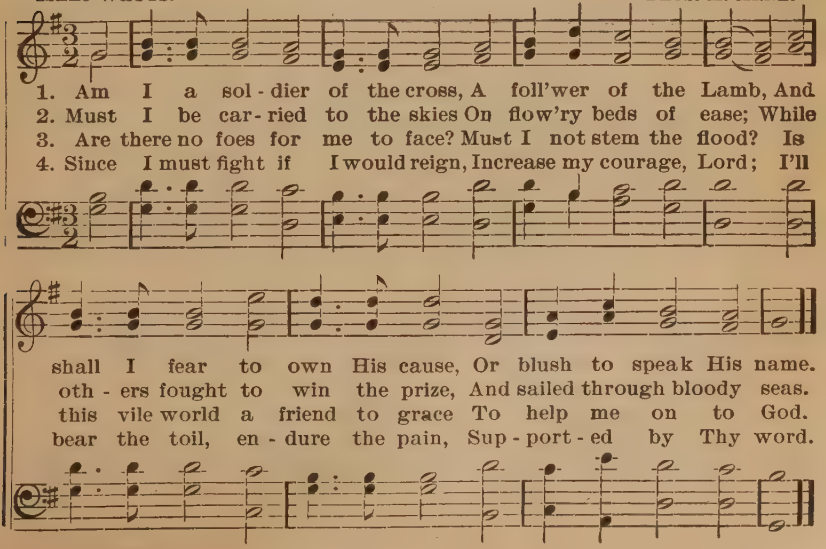

Angel bands are singing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, We Thy
Praise to Thee, praise to Thee,
children bringing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, Hearts and voices
Praise to Thee, praise to Thee,
ringing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, Lord, we give to Thee.
Praise to Thee, praise to Thee,

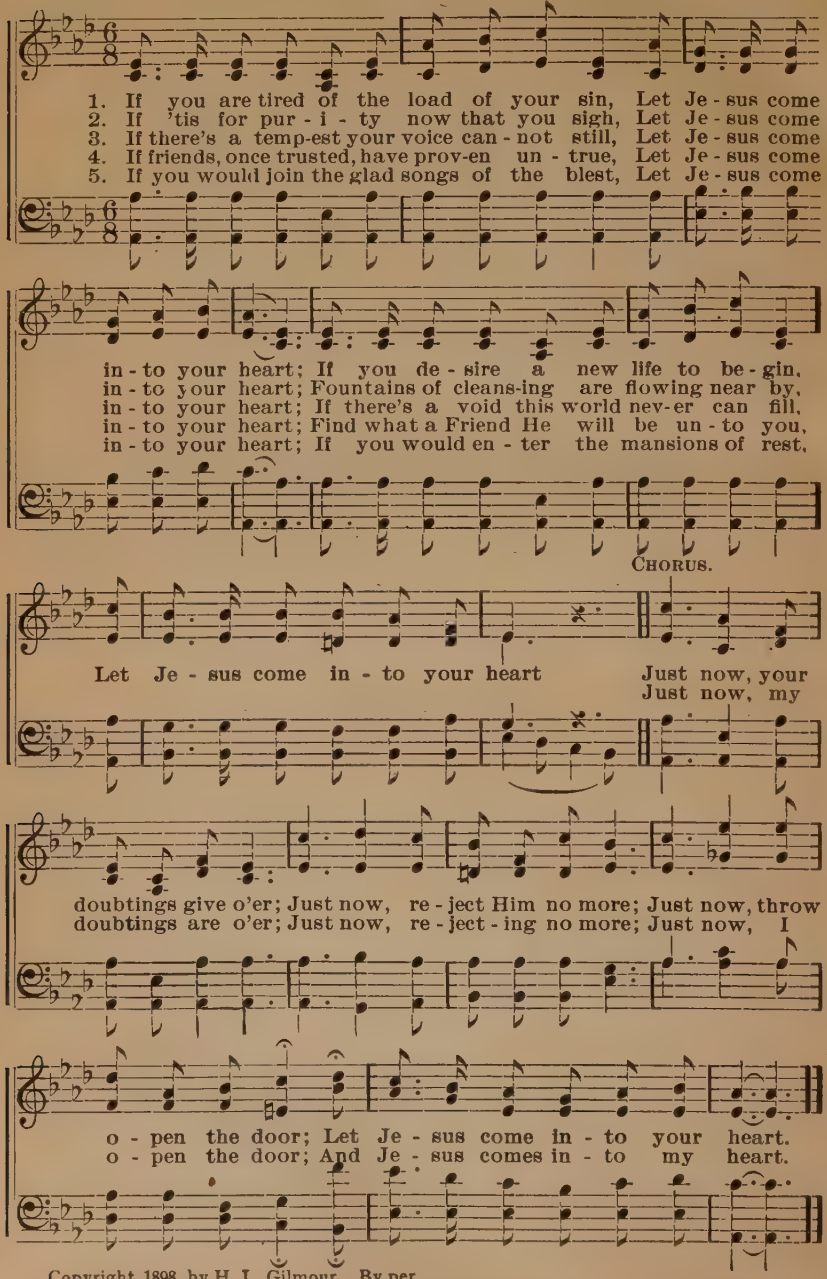
No. 236. Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease; While
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord; I'll
shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name.
oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas.
this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God.
bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 237. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

Rev. 3: 20.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains of cleans-ing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a temp-est your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If friends, once trusted, have prov-en un - true, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart Just now, your
Just now, my
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now, I
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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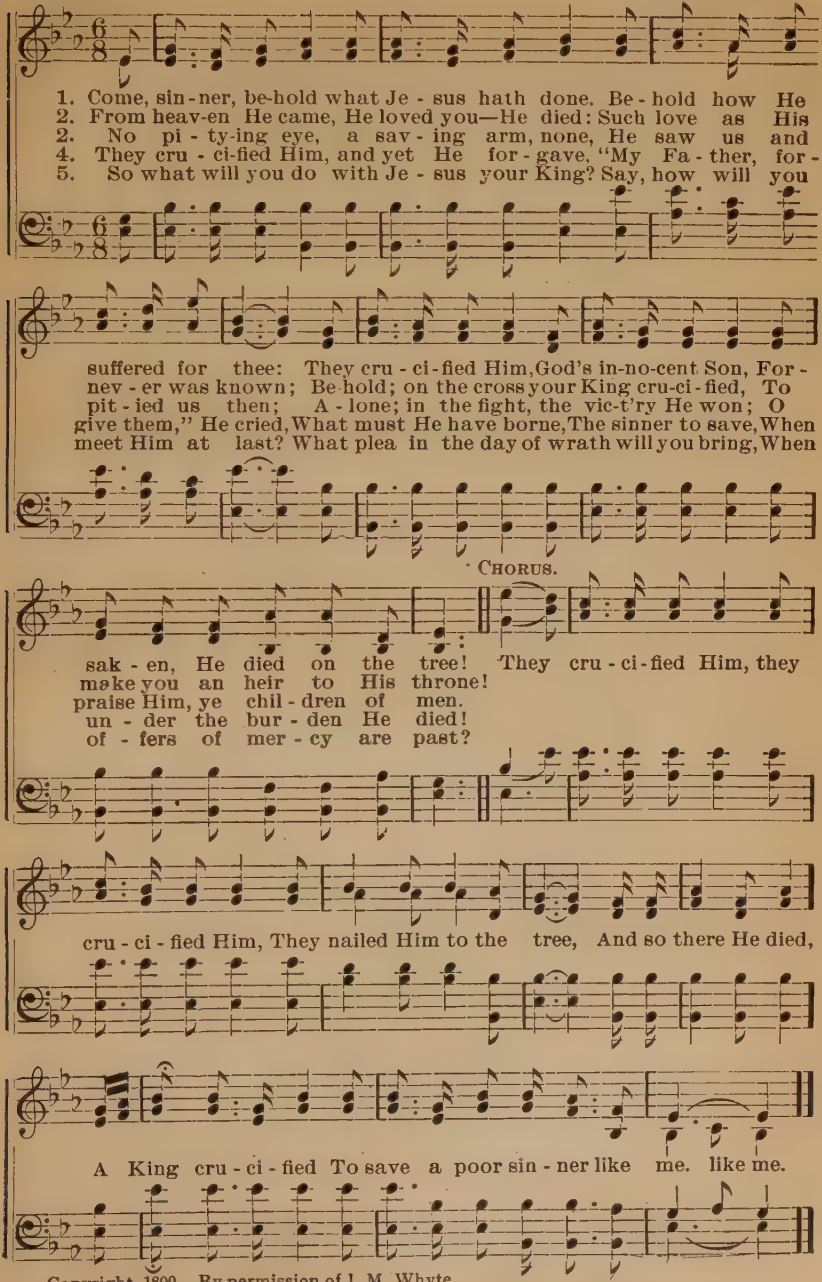
No. 238. They Crucified Him.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. Come, sin-ner, be-hold what Je-sus hath done. Be-hold how He
2. From heav-en He came, He loved you—He died: Such love as His
2. No pi-ty-ing eye, a sav-ing arm, none, He saw us and
4. They cru-ci-fied Him, and yet He for-gave. "My Fa-ther, for-
5. So what will you do with Je-sus your King? Say, how will you
suffered for thee: They cru-ci-fied Him, God's in-no-cent Son, For-
nev-er was known; Be-hold; on the cross your King cru-ci-fied, To
pit-ied us then; A-lone; in the fight, the vic-t'ry He won; O
give them," He cried, What must He have borne, The sinner to save, When
meet Him at last? What plea in the day of wrath will you bring, When
CHORUS.
sak-en, He died on the tree! They cru-ci-fied Him, they
make you an heir to His throne!
praise Him, ye chil-dren of men.
un-der the bur-den He died!
of-fers of mer-cy are past?
cru-ci-fied Him, They nailed Him to the tree, And so there He died,
A King cru-ci-fied To save a poor sin-ner like me. like me.

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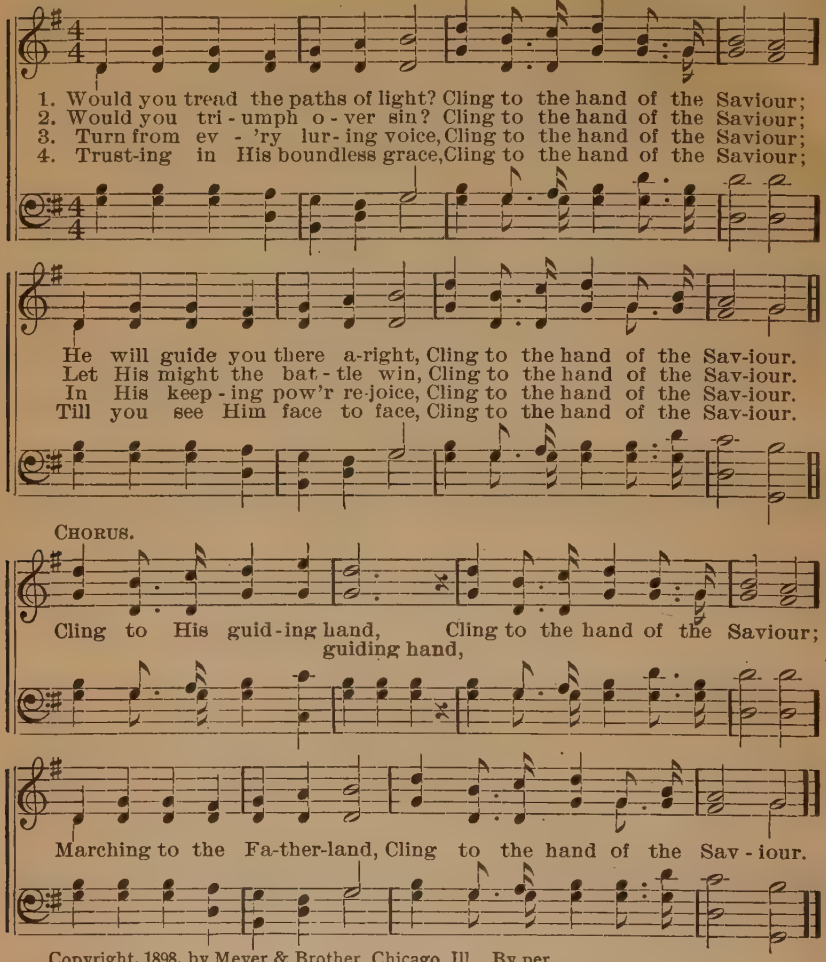
No. 239. Cling to the Hand of the Saviour.

"No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." John 10: 29.

E. E. HEWITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. Would you tread the paths of light? Cling to the hand of the Saviour;
2. Would you tri - umph o - ver sin? Cling to the hand of the Saviour;
3. Turn from ev - 'ry lur - ing voice, Cling to the hand of the Saviour;
4. Trust-ing in His boundless grace, Cling to the hand of the Saviour;
He will guide you there a-right, Cling to the hand of the Sav-iour.
Let His might the bat - tle win, Cling to the hand of the Sav-iour.
In His keep - ing pow'r re-joice, Cling to the hand of the Sav-iour.
Till you see Him face to face, Cling to the hand of the Sav-iour.
CHORUS.
Cling to His guid-ing hand, Cling to the hand of the Saviour;
guiding hand,
Marching to the Fa-ther-land, Cling to the hand of the Sav - iour.

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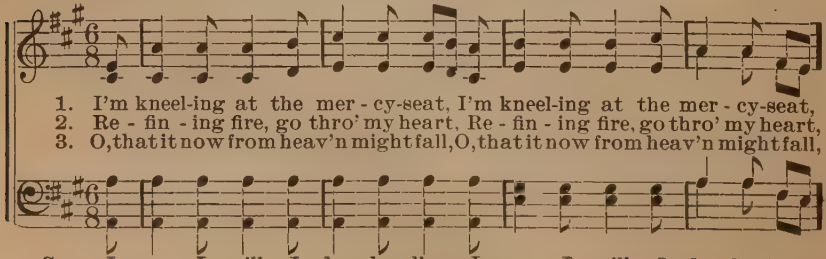
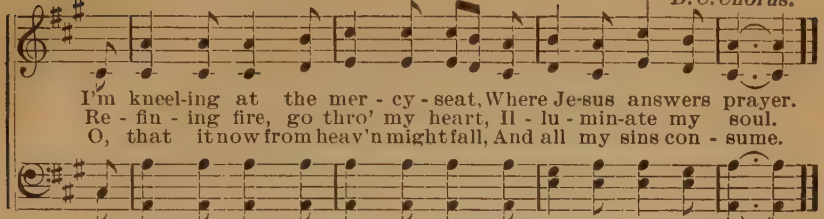
No. 240. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

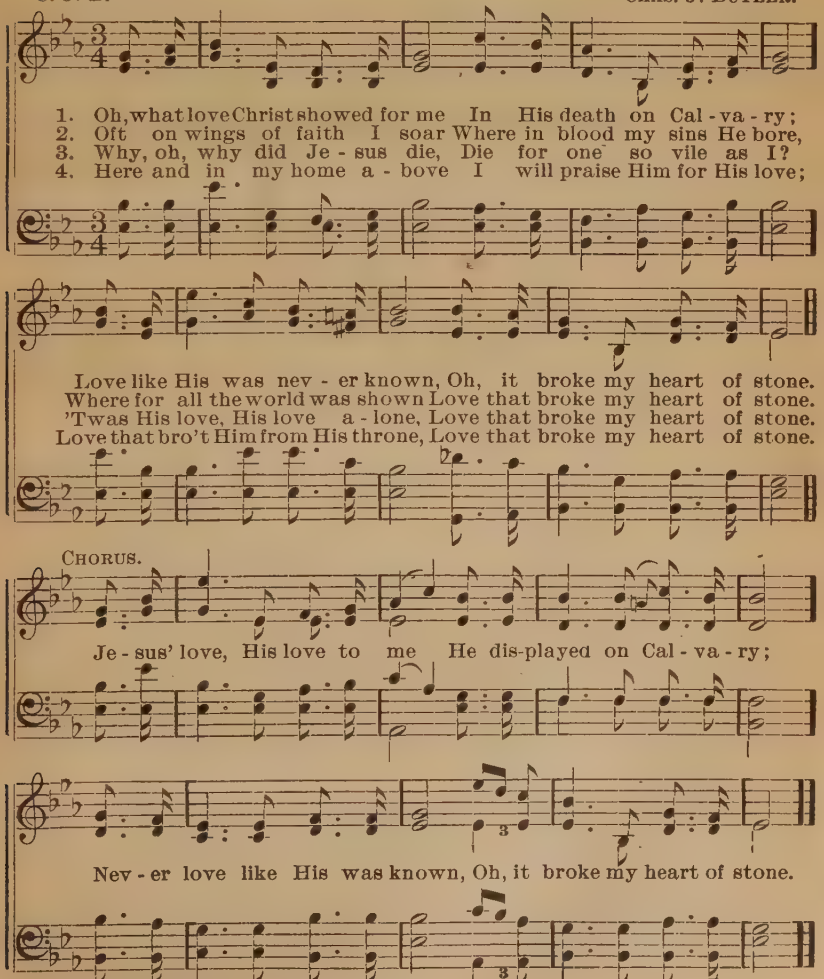

1. I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat,
2. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart,
3. O, that it now from heav'n might fall, O, that it now from heav'n might fall,
CHO.—I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

I Can, I Will, I Do Believe. Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.


I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je-sus answers prayer.
Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - min-ate my soul.
O, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.
I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 241. It Broke My Heart of Stone.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Oh, what love Christ showed for me In His death on Cal - va - ry;
2. Oft on wings of faith I soar Where in blood my sins He bore,
3. Why, oh, why did Je - sus die, Die for one so vile as I?
4. Here and in my home a - bove I will praise Him for His love;
Love like His was nev - er known, Oh, it broke my heart of stone.
Where for all the world was shown Love that broke my heart of stone.
'Twas His love, His love a - lone, Love that broke my heart of stone.
Love that bro't Him from His throne, Love that broke my heart of stone.
CHORUS.
Je - sus' love, His love to me He dis-played on Cal - va - ry;
Nev - er love like His was known, Oh, it broke my heart of stone.

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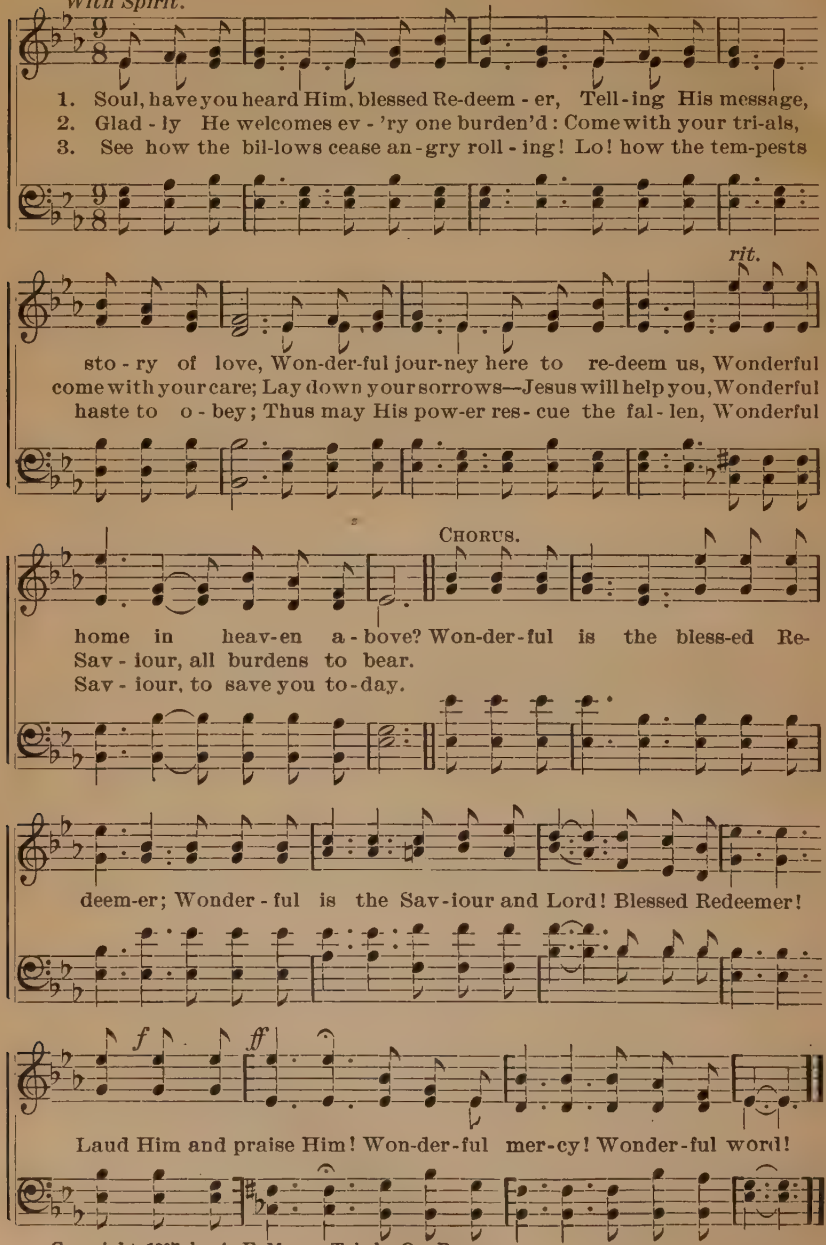
No. 242. Laud Him and Praise Him.

Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles; and laud Him, all ye people. Rom. 15. 11.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

With Spirit.

1. Soul, have you heard Him, blessed Re-deem - er, Tell-ing His message,
2. Glad - ly He welcomes ev - 'ry one burden'd: Come with your tri-als,
3. See how the bil-lows cease an - gry roll - ing! Lo! how the tem-pests
rit.
sto - ry of love, Won-der-ful jour-ney here to re-deem us, Wonderful
come with your care; Lay down your sorrows—Jesus will help you, Wonderful
haste to o - bey; Thus may His pow-er res - cue the fal - len, Wonderful
CHORUS.
home in heav-en a - bove? Won-der-ful is the bless-ed Re-
Sav - iour, all burdens to bear.
Sav - iour, to save you to-day.
deem-er; Wonder - ful is the Sav-iour and Lord! Blessed Redeemer!
f
ff
Laud Him and praise Him! Won-der-ful mer-cy! Wonder-ful word!

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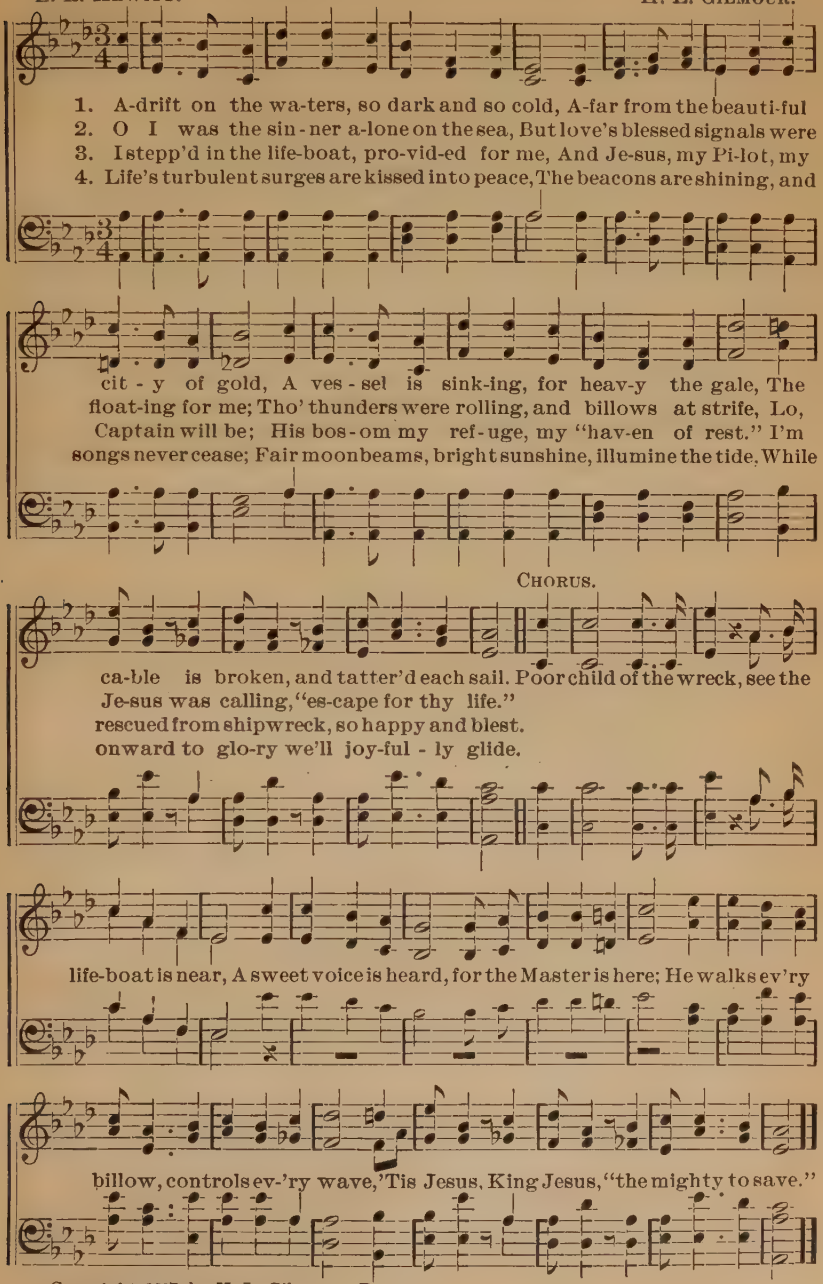
No. 243. Saved From the Wreck.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. A-drift on the wa-ters, so dark and so cold, A-far from the beauti-ful
2. O I was the sin-ner a-lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
3. I stepp'd in the life-boat, pro-vid-ed for me, And Je-sus, my Pi-lot, my
4. Life's turbulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining, and
cit-y of gold, A ves-sel is sink-ing, for heav-y the gale, The
float-ing for me; Tho' thunders were rolling, and billows at strife, Lo,
Captain will be; His bos-om my ref-uge, my "hav-en of rest." I'm
songs never cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While
CHORUS.
ca-ble is broken, and tatter'd each sail. Poor child of the wreck, see the
Je-sus was calling, "es-cape for thy life."
rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.
onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful-ly glide.
life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry
billow, controls ev-'ry wave, 'Tis Jesus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

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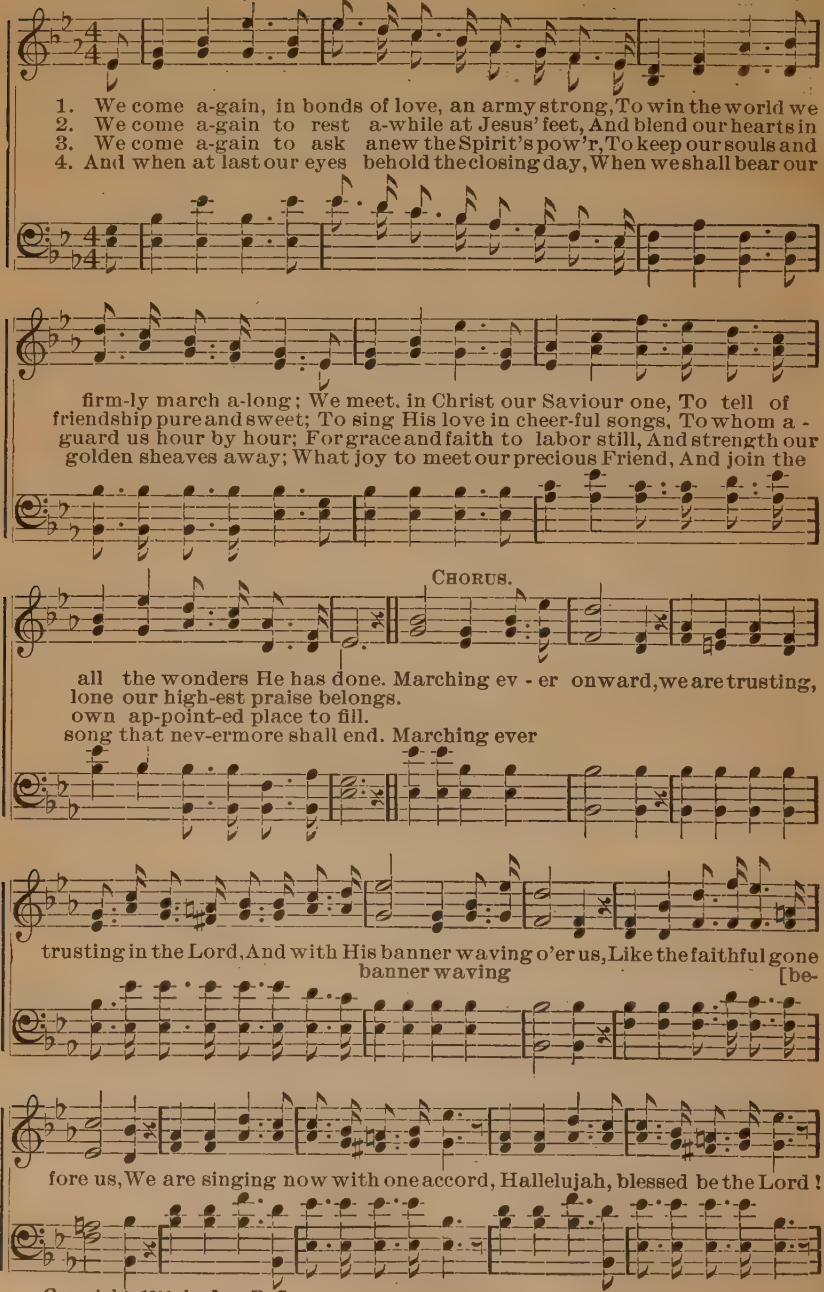
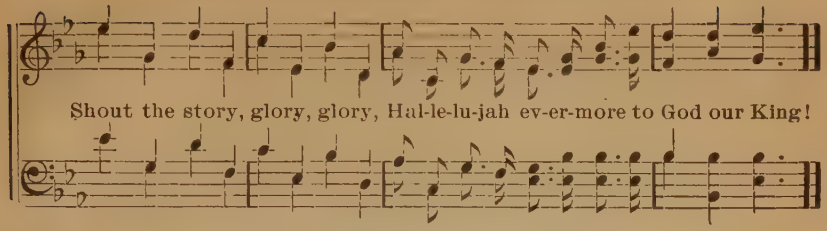
No. 244. We Come Again.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We come a-gain, in bonds of love, an army strong, To win the world we
2. We come a-gain to rest a-while at Jesus' feet, And blend our hearts in
3. We come a-gain to ask anew the Spirit's pow'r, To keep our souls and
4. And when at last our eyes behold the closing day, When we shall bear our
firm-ly march a-long; We meet, in Christ our Saviour one, To tell of
friendship pure and sweet; To sing His love in cheer-ful songs, To whom a -
guard us hour by hour; For grace and faith to labor still, And strength our
golden sheaves away; What joy to meet our precious Friend, And join the
CHORUS.
all the wonders He has done. Marching ev - er onward, we are trusting,
lone our high-est praise belongs.
own ap-point-ed place to fill.
song that nev-ermore shall end. Marching ever
trusting in the Lord, And with His banner waving o'er us, Like the faithful gone
banner waving
[be-
fore us, We are singing now with one accord, Hallelujah, blessed be the Lord!

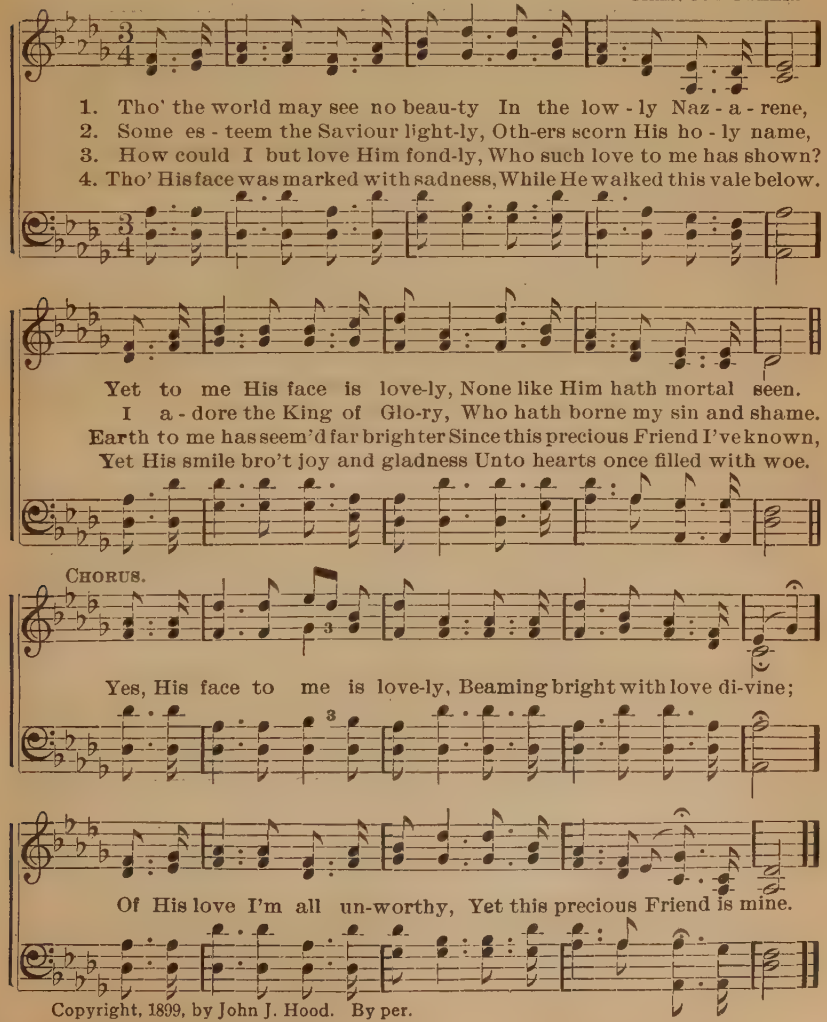
Copyright, 1899, by Jno. R. Sweney.

We Come Again. Concluded.



No. 245. Christ, the Fairest of the Fair.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.


1. Tho' the world may see no beau-ty In the low-ly Naz-a-rene,
2. Some es-teem the Saviour light-ly, Oth-ers scorn His ho-ly name,
3. How could I but love Him fond-ly, Who such love to me has shown?
4. Tho' His face was marked with sadness, While He walked this vale below.
Yet to me His face is love-ly, None like Him hath mortal seen.
I a-dore the King of Glo-ry, Who hath borne my sin and shame.
Earth to me has seem'd far brighter Since this precious Friend I've known,
Yet His smile bro't joy and gladness Unto hearts once filled with woe.
CHORUS.
Yes, His face to me is love-ly, Beaming bright with love di-vine;
Of His love I'm all un-worthy, Yet this precious Friend is mine.

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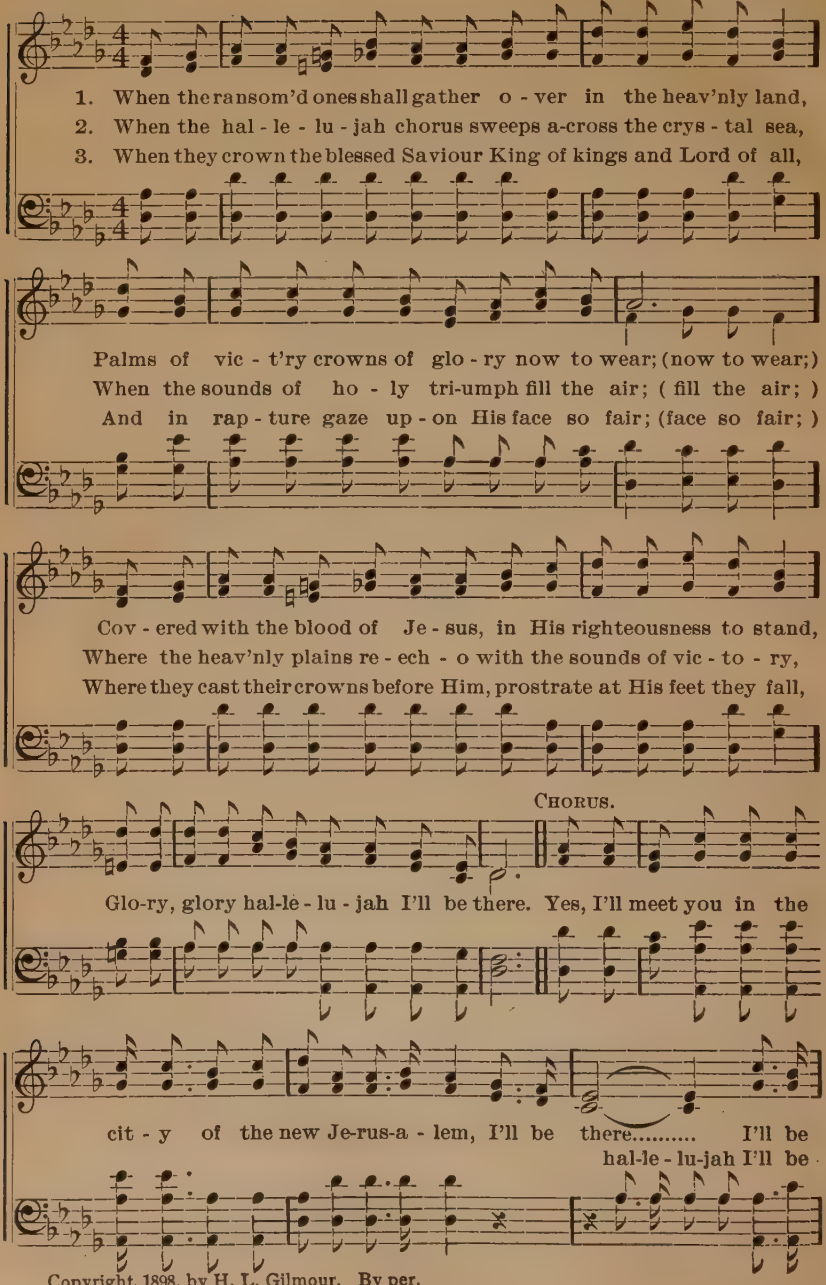
No. 246. Hallelujah I'll be There.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. When the ransom'd ones shall gather o - ver in the heav'nly land,
2. When the hal - le - lu - jah chorus sweeps a-cross the crys - tal sea,
3. When they crown the blessed Saviour King of kings and Lord of all,
Palms of vic - t'ry crowns of glo - ry now to wear; (now to wear;)
When the sounds of ho - ly tri-umph fill the air; (fill the air;)
And in rap - ture gaze up - on His face so fair; (face so fair;)
Cov - ered with the blood of Je - sus, in His righteousness to stand,
Where the heav'nly plains re - ech - o with the sounds of vic - to - ry,
Where they cast their crowns before Him, prostrate at His feet they fall,
CHORUS.
Glo-ry, glory hal-le - lu - jah I'll be there. Yes, I'll meet you in the
cit - y of the new Je-rus-a - lem, I'll be there..... I'll be
hal-le - lu-jah I'll be

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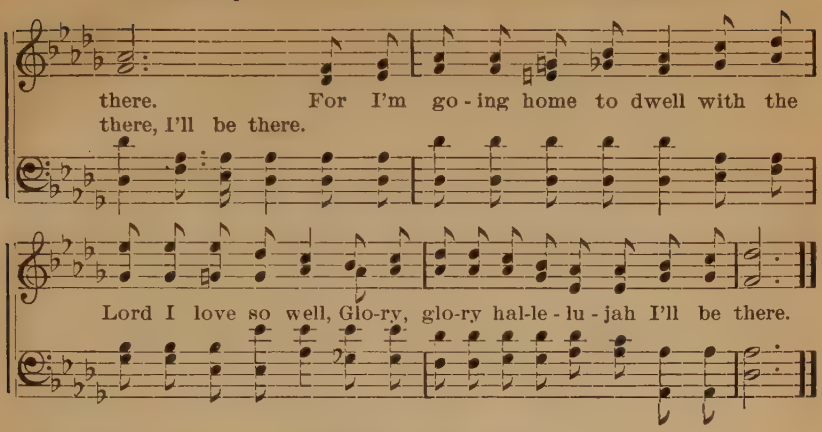
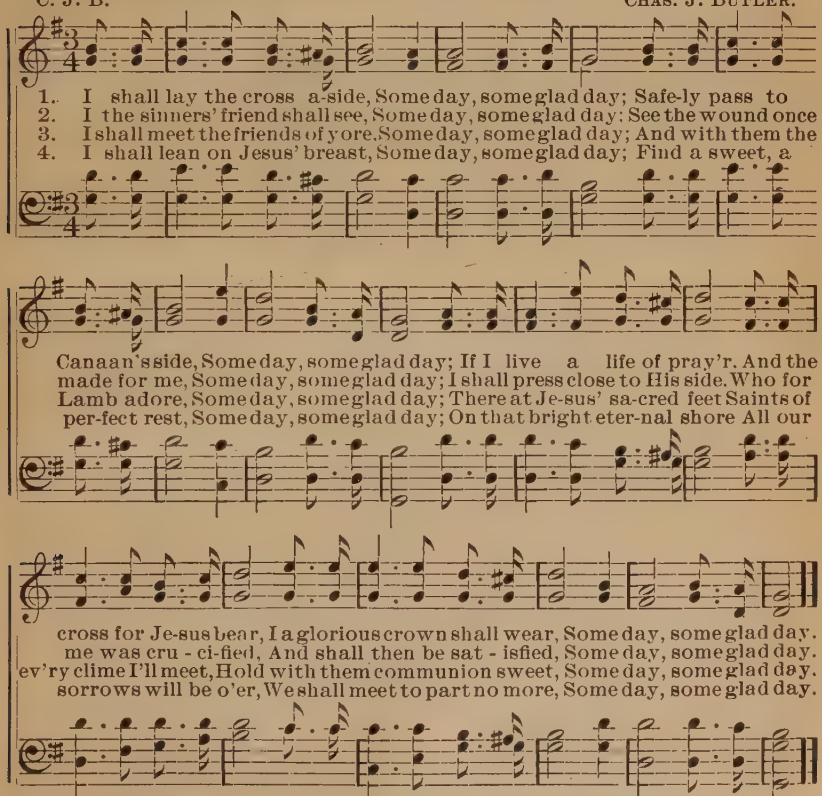


No. 247. Some Glad Day.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I shall lay the cross a-side, Some day, some glad day; Safe-ly pass to
2. I the sinners' friend shall see, Some day, some glad day: See the wound once
3. I shall meet the friends of yore. Some day, some glad day; And with them the
4. I shall lean on Jesus' breast, Some day, some glad day; Find a sweet, a
Canaan's side, Some day, some glad day; If I live a life of pray'r. And the
made for me, Some day, some glad day; I shall press close to His side. Who for
Lamb adore, Some day, some glad day; There at Je-sus' sa-cred feet Saints of
per-fect rest, Some day, some glad day; On that bright eter-nal shore All our
cross for Je-sus bear, I a glorious crown shall wear, Some day, some glad day.
me was cru - ci-fied, And shall then be sat - isfied, Some day, some glad day.
ev'ry clime I'll meet, Hold with them communion sweet, Some day, some glad day.
sorrows will be o'er, We shall meet to part no more, Some day, some glad day.

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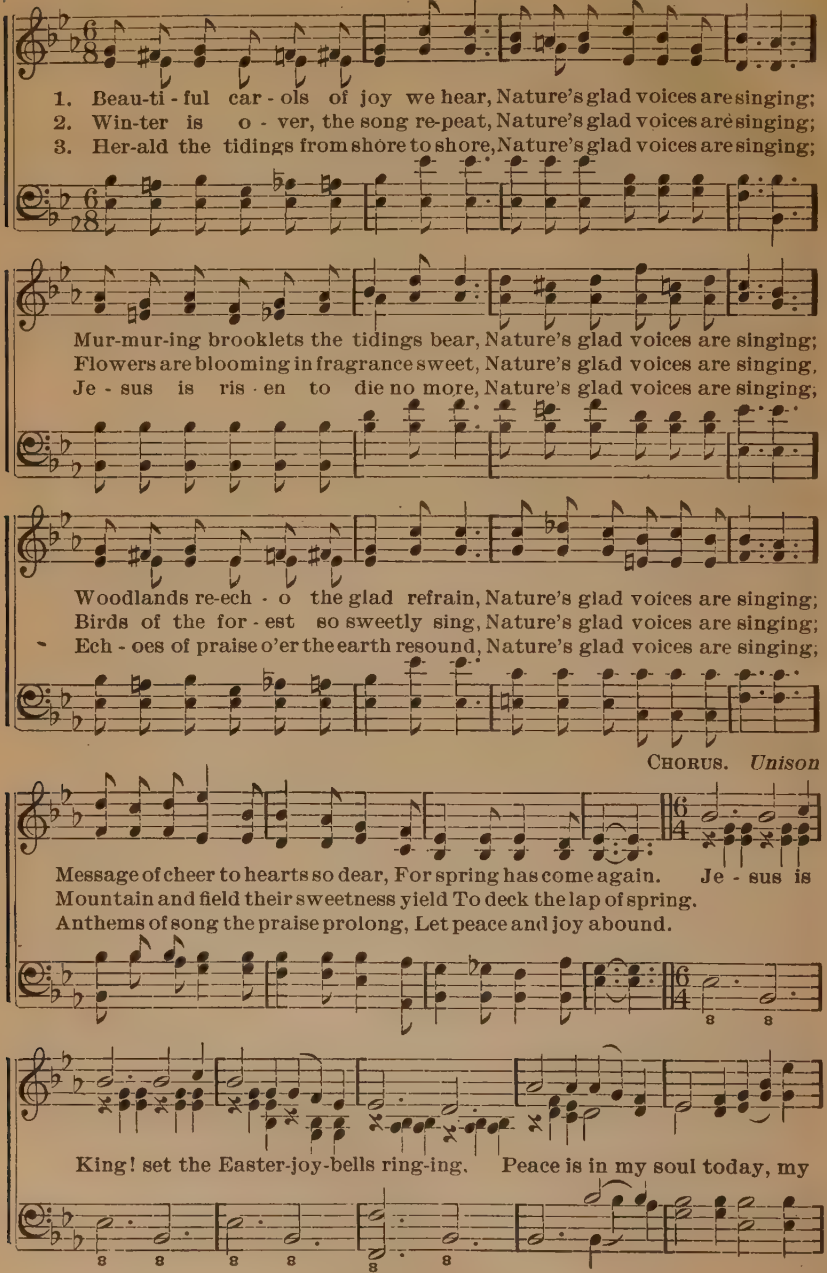
No. 248. Nature's Glad Voices are Singing.

J. H. E. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. Beau-ti - ful car - ols of joy we hear, Nature's glad voices are singing;
2. Win-ter is o - ver, the song re-peat, Nature's glad voices are singing;
3. Her-ald the tidings from shore to shore, Nature's glad voices are singing;
Mur-mur-ing brooklets the tidings bear, Nature's glad voices are singing;
Flowers are blooming in fragrance sweet, Nature's glad voices are singing,
Je - sus is ris - en to die no more, Nature's glad voices are singing;
Woodlands re-ech - o the glad refrain, Nature's glad voices are singing;
Birds of the for - est so sweetly sing, Nature's glad voices are singing;
Ech - oes of praise o'er the earth resound, Nature's glad voices are singing;
Chorus. Unison
Message of cheer to hearts so dear, For spring has come again. Je - sus is
Mountain and field their sweetness yield To deck the lap of spring.
Anthems of song the praise prolong, Let peace and joy abound.
King! set the Easter-joy-bells ring-ing. Peace is in my soul today, my

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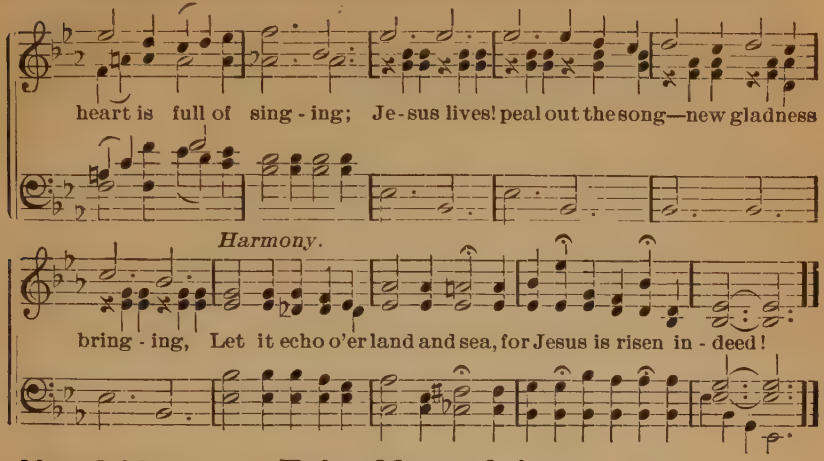
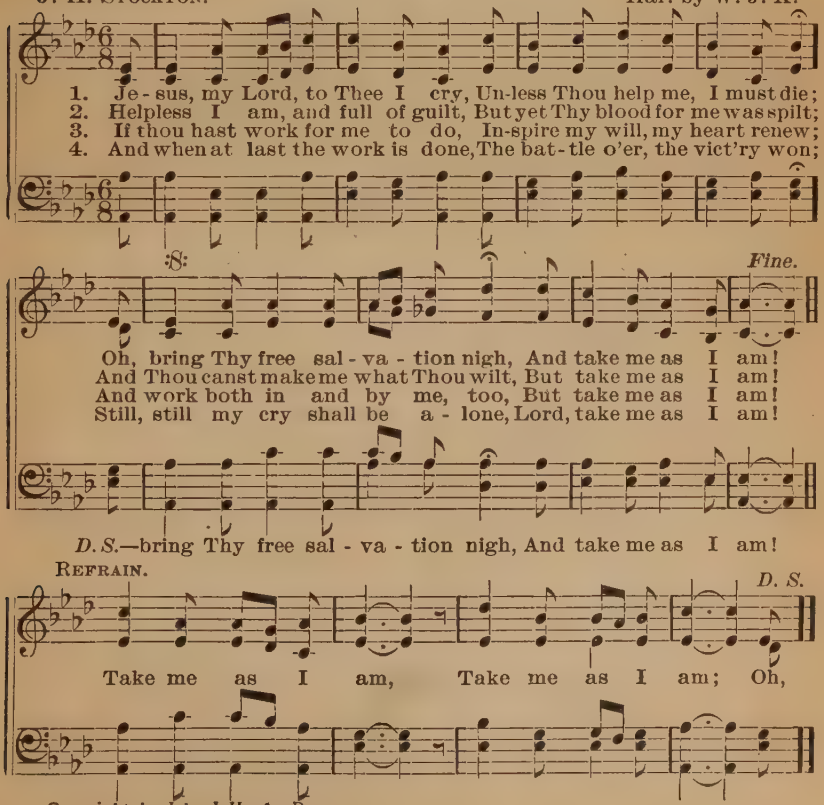

heart is full of sing - ing; Je - sus lives! peal out the song—new gladness
Harmony.
bring - ing, Let it echo o'er land and sea, for Jesus is risen in - deed!

No. 249. Take Me as I Am.

J. H. Stockton. Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
3. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart renew;
4. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vict'ry won;
:8:
Fine.
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!
D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
Refrain.
D. S.
Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

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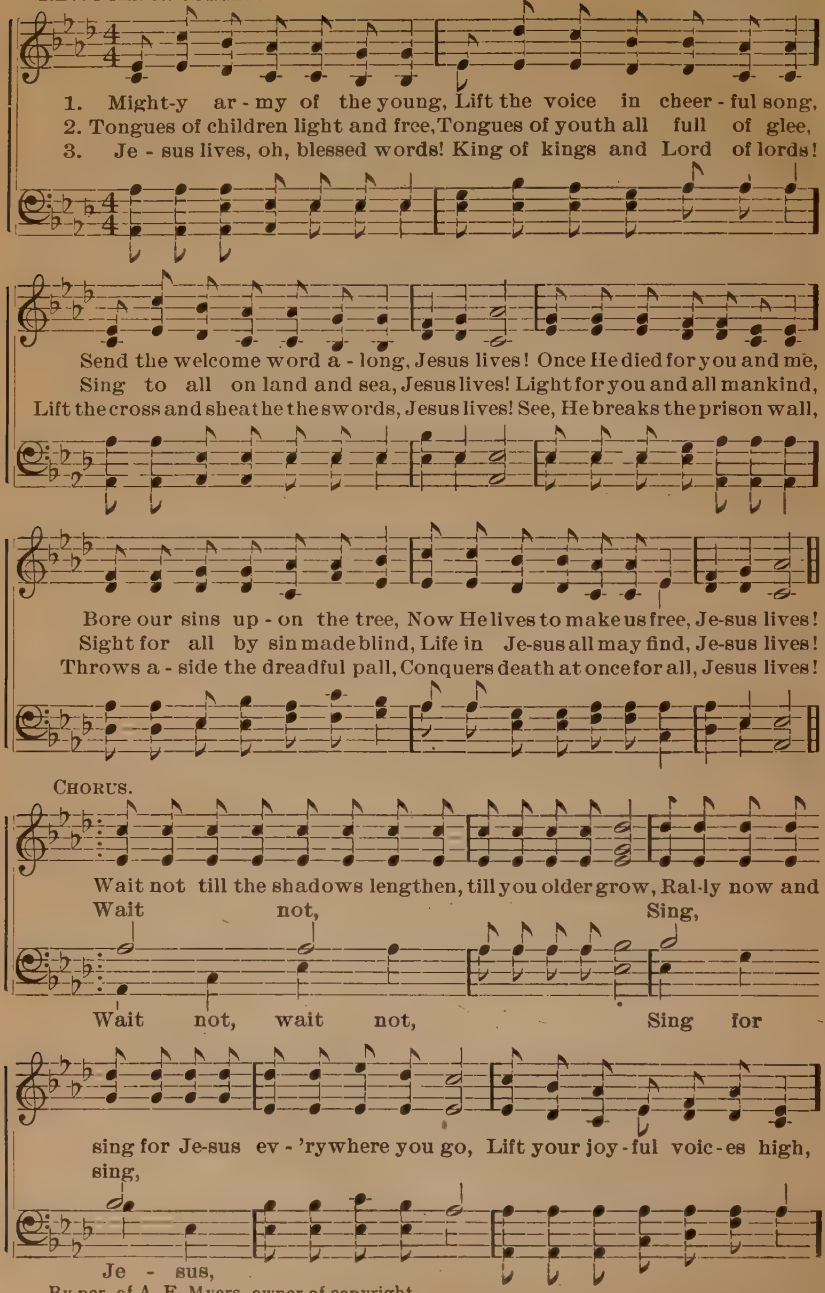
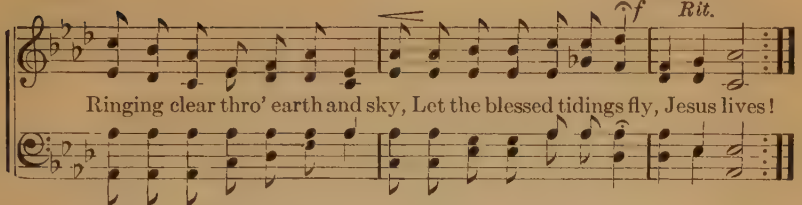
No. 250. Jesus Lives!

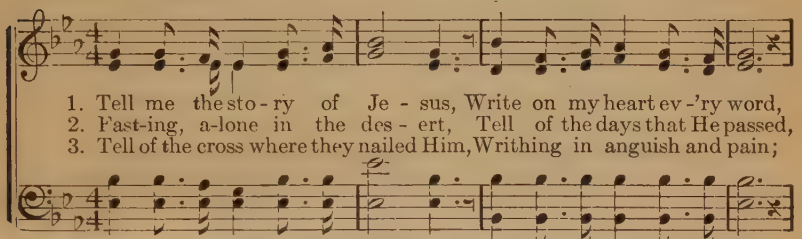
REV. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

1. Might-y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer - ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, oh, blessed words! King of kings and Lord of lords!
Send the welcome word a - long, Jesus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,
Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Throws a - side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!
CHORUS.
Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Ral-ly now and
Wait not, Sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for
sing for Je-sus ev - 'rywhere you go, Lift your joy - ful voic - es high,
sing,
Je - sus,

By per. of A. F. Myers, owner of copyright,

Jesus Lives! Concluded.

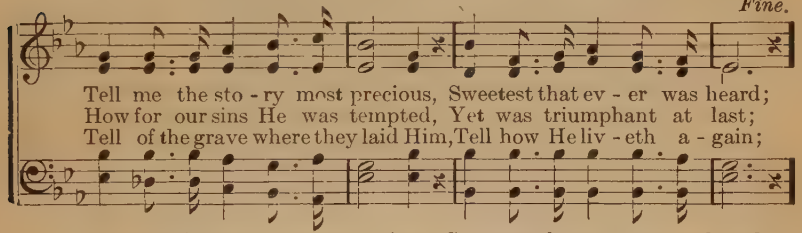
Repeat Chorus pp.

No. 251 Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

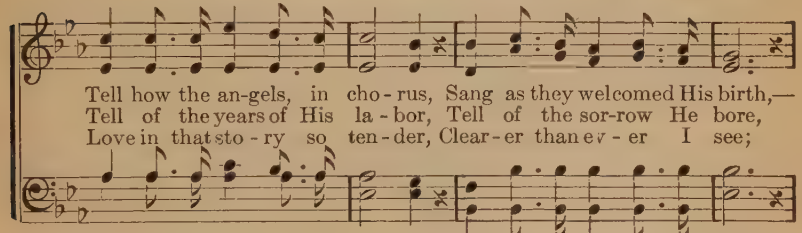

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev -'ry word,
2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in anguish and pain;

Cho.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev -'ry word,

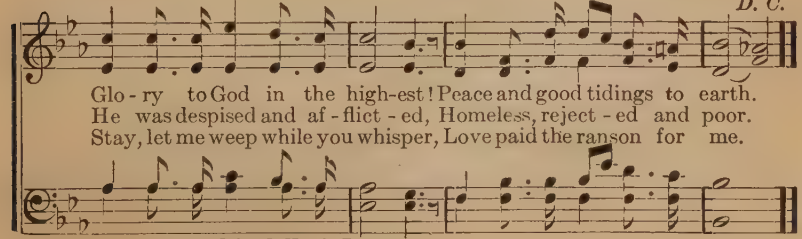
Fine.


Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.


Tell how the an-gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,—
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor-row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

D. C.


Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, reject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ranson for me.

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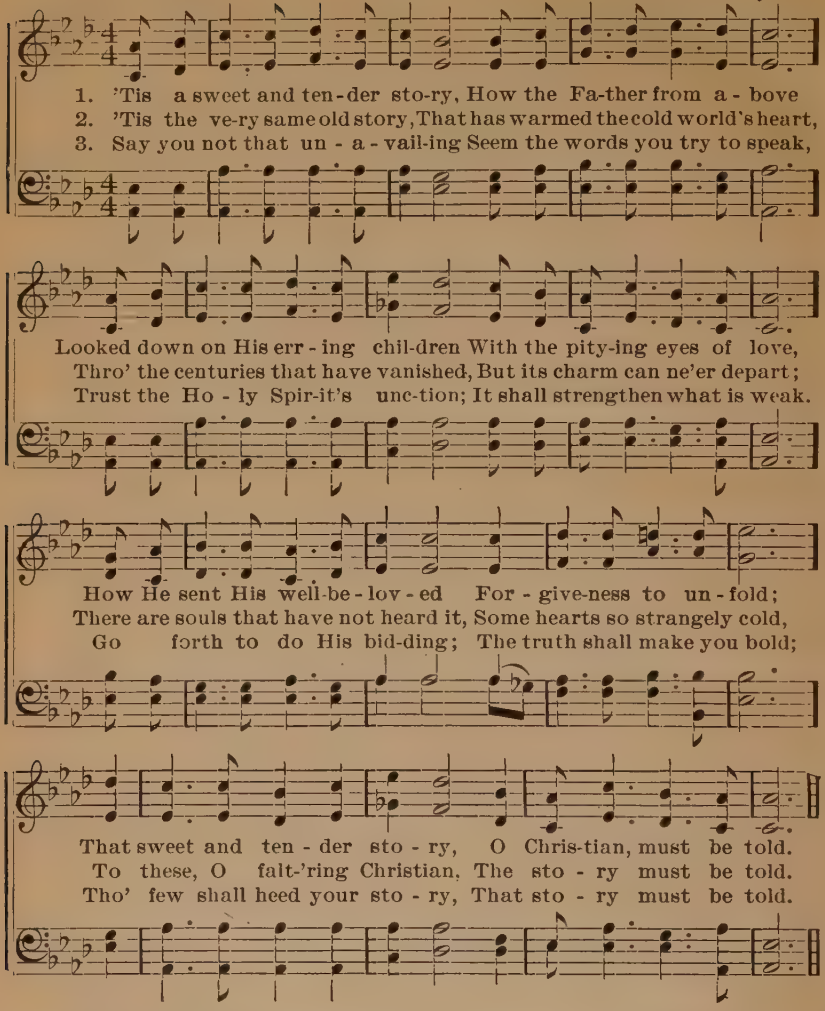
No. 252. It Must be Told.

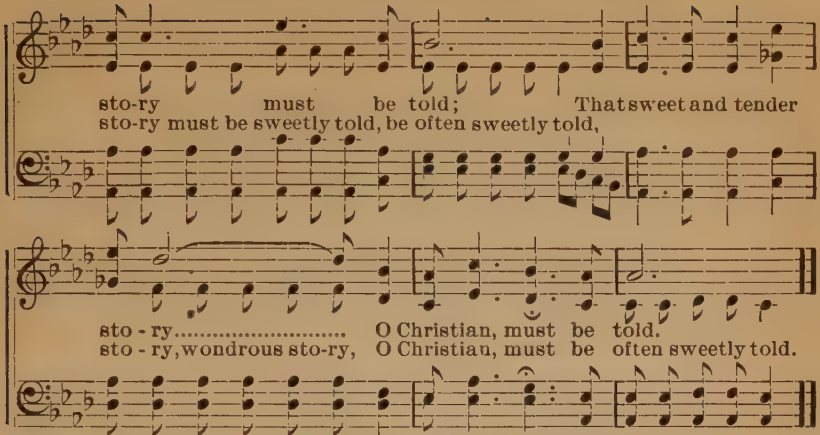
Esther 4: 14.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

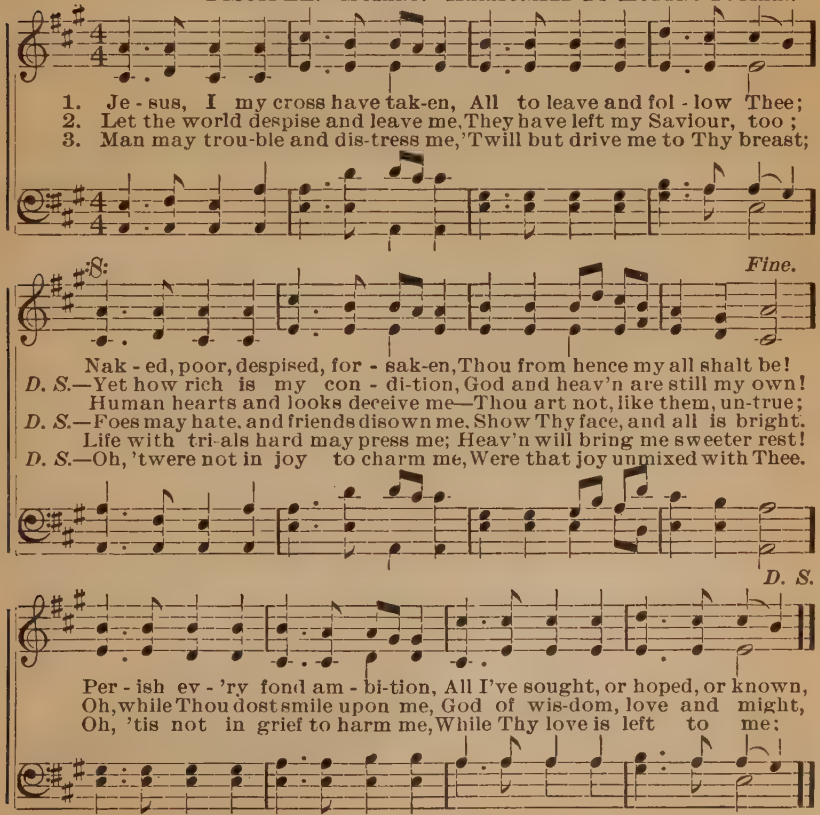

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto-ry, How the Fa-ther from a-bove
Looked down on His err-ing chil-dren With the pity-ing eyes of love,
How He sent His well-be-lov-ed For-give-ness to un-fold;
That sweet and ten-der sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
CHORUS.
It must be told, It must be told, The
2. 'Tis the ve-ry same old story, That has warmed the cold world's heart,
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er depart;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold,
To these, O falt-'ring Christian, The sto-ry must be told.
It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, The
3. Say you not that un-a-vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak,
Trust the Ho-ly Spir-it's unc-tion; It shall strengthen what is weak.
Go forth to do His bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;
Tho' few shall heed your sto-ry, That sto-ry must be told.

Copyright, 1893, by Robt. C. Marquis. By per.

It Must be Told. Concluded.


sto-ry must be told; That sweet and tender
sto-ry must be sweetly told, be often sweetly told,
sto - ry..... O Christian, must be told.
sto - ry, wondrous sto-ry, O Christian, must be often sweetly told.

No. 253. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

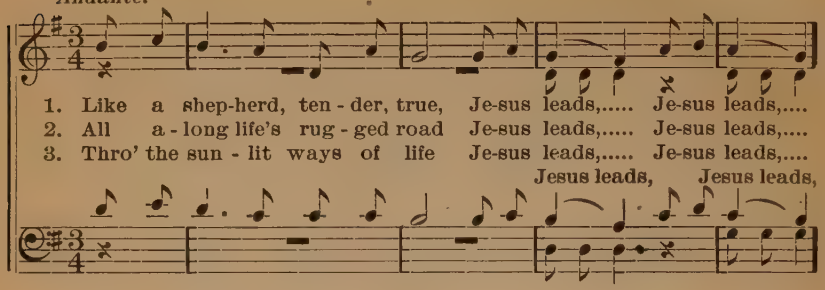
DISCIPLE.—MOZART. HARMONIZED BY HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Man may trou-ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
8:
Fine.
Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be!
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
D. S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me. Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Life with tri-als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest!
D. S.—Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
D. S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love and might,
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me:

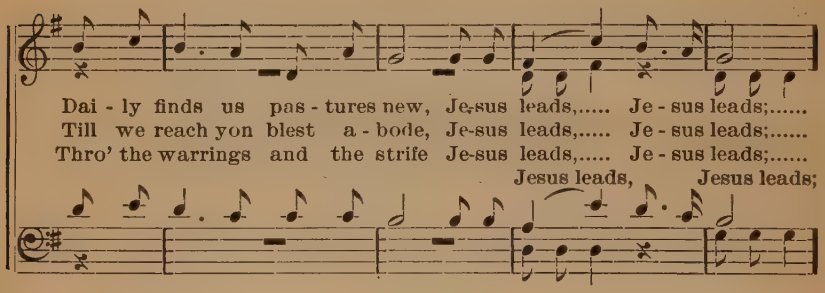
No. 254. Jesus Leads.

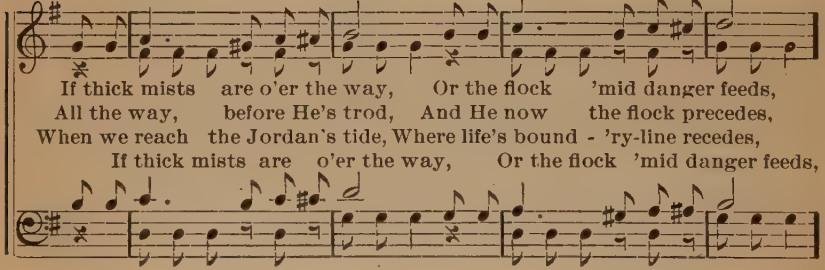
"And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him: for they know His voice."—John 10: 4.

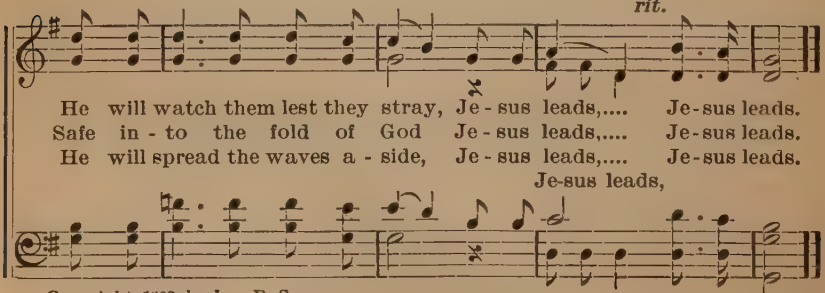
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.


1. Like a shep-herd, ten - der, true, Je-sus leads,..... Je-sus leads,....
2. All a - long life's rug - ged road Je-sus leads,..... Je-sus leads,....
3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je-sus leads,..... Je-sus leads,....
Jesus leads, Jesus leads,


Dai - ly finds us pas - tures new, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....
Thro' the warrings and the strife Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....
Jesus leads, Jesus leads;


If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, before He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound - 'ry-line recedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,


rit.
He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads,.... Je-sus leads.
Safe in - to the fold of God Je - sus leads,.... Je-sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads,.... Je-sus leads.
Je-sus leads,

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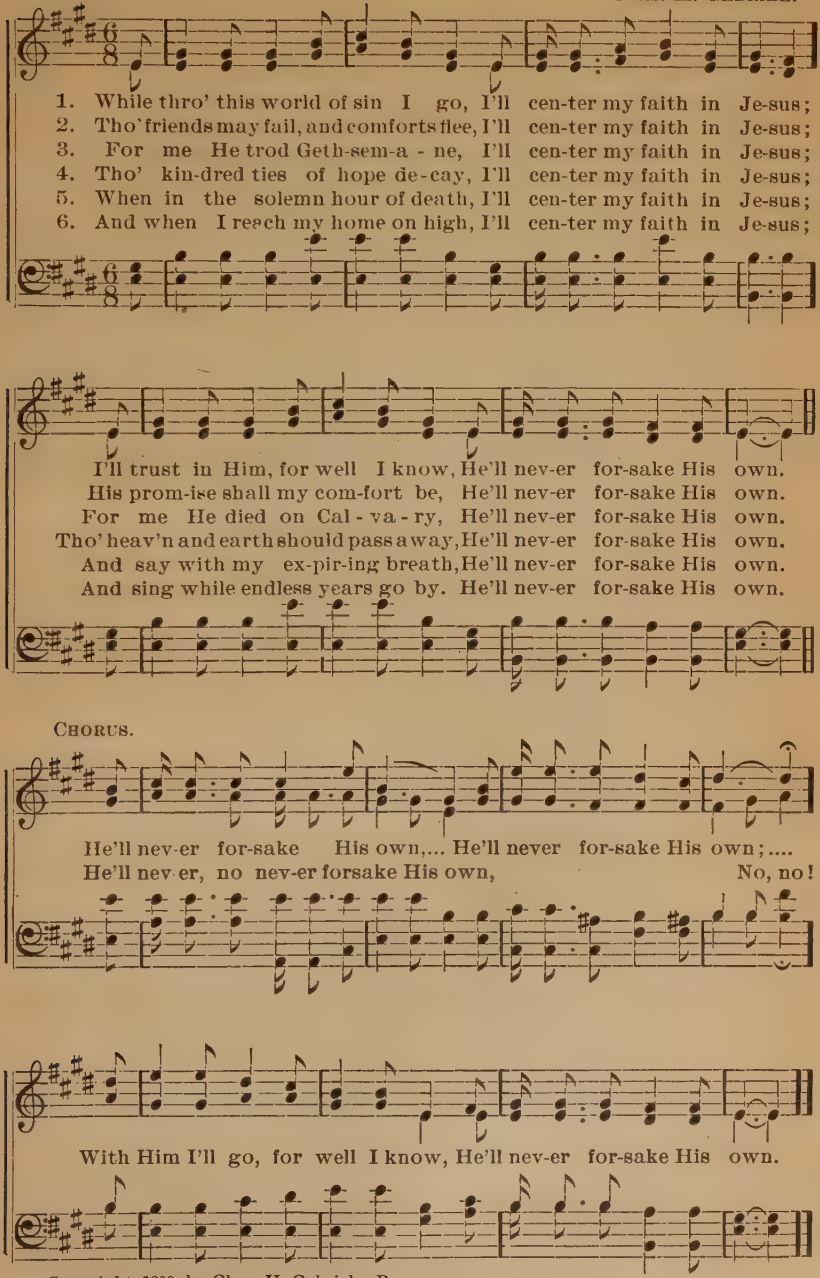
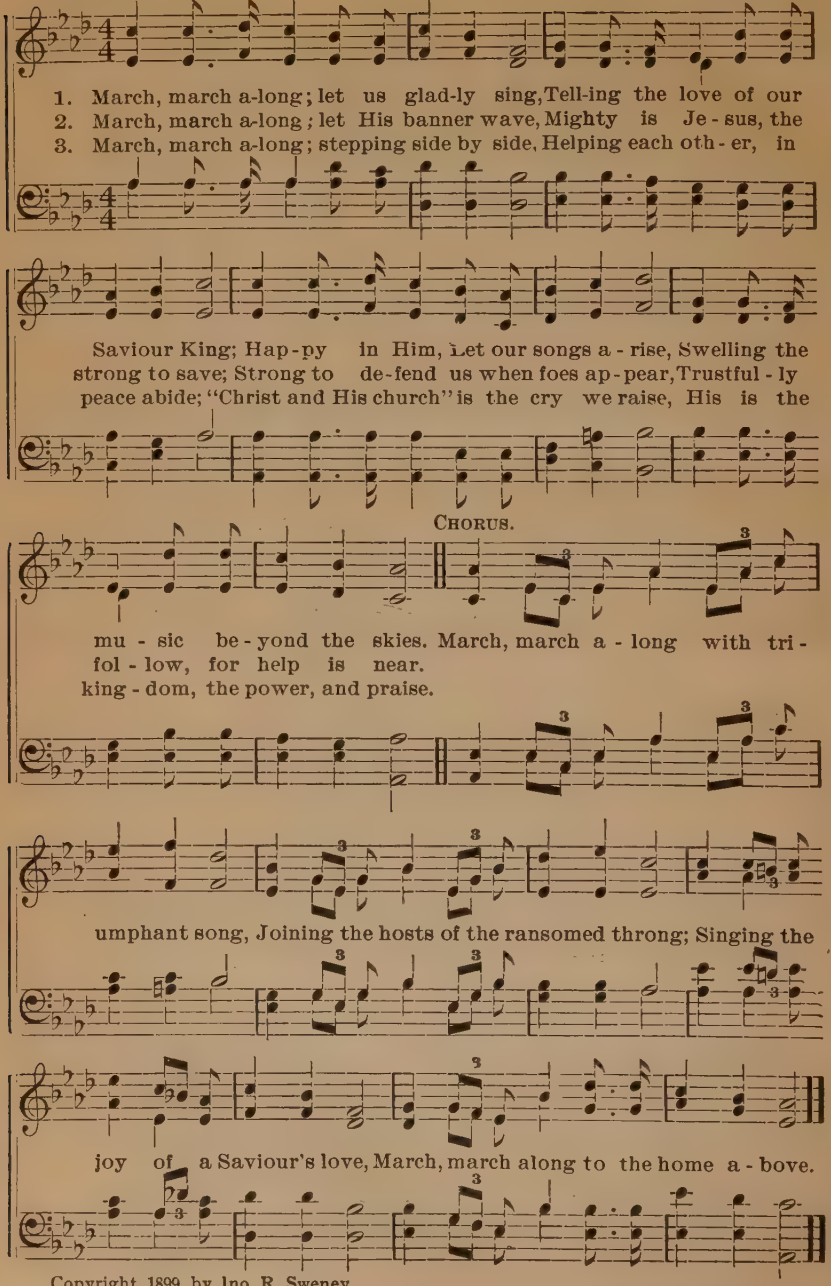
No. 255. He'll Never Forsake His Own.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. While thro' this world of sin I go, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je-sus;
2. Tho' friends may fail, and comforts flee, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je-sus;
3. For me He trod Geth-sem-a - ne, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je-sus;
4. Tho' kin-dred ties of hope de-cay, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je-sus;
5. When in the solemn hour of death, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je-sus;
6. And when I reach my home on high, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je-sus;
I'll trust in Him, for well I know, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
His prom-ise shall my com-fort be, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
For me He died on Cal - va - ry, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
Tho' heav'n and earth should pass a way, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
And say with my ex-pir-ing breath, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
And sing while endless years go by. He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
CHORUS.
He'll nev-er for-sake His own,... He'll never for-sake His own;....
He'll nev-er, no nev-er forsake His own, No, no!
With Him I'll go, for well I know, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.

Copyright, 1899, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.

No. 256. March, March Along.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. March, march a-long; let us glad-ly sing, Tell-ing the love of our
2. March, march a-long; let His banner wave, Mighty is Je - sus, the
3. March, march a-long; stepping side by side, Helping each oth - er, in
Saviour King; Hap-py in Him, Let our songs a - rise, Swelling the
strong to save; Strong to de-fend us when foes ap-pear, Trustful - ly
peace abide; "Christ and His church" is the cry we raise, His is the
CHORUS.
mu - sic be - yond the skies. March, march a - long with tri -
fol - low, for help is near.
king - dom, the power, and praise.
umphant song, Joining the hosts of the ransomed throng; Singing the
joy of a Saviour's love, March, march along to the home a - bove.

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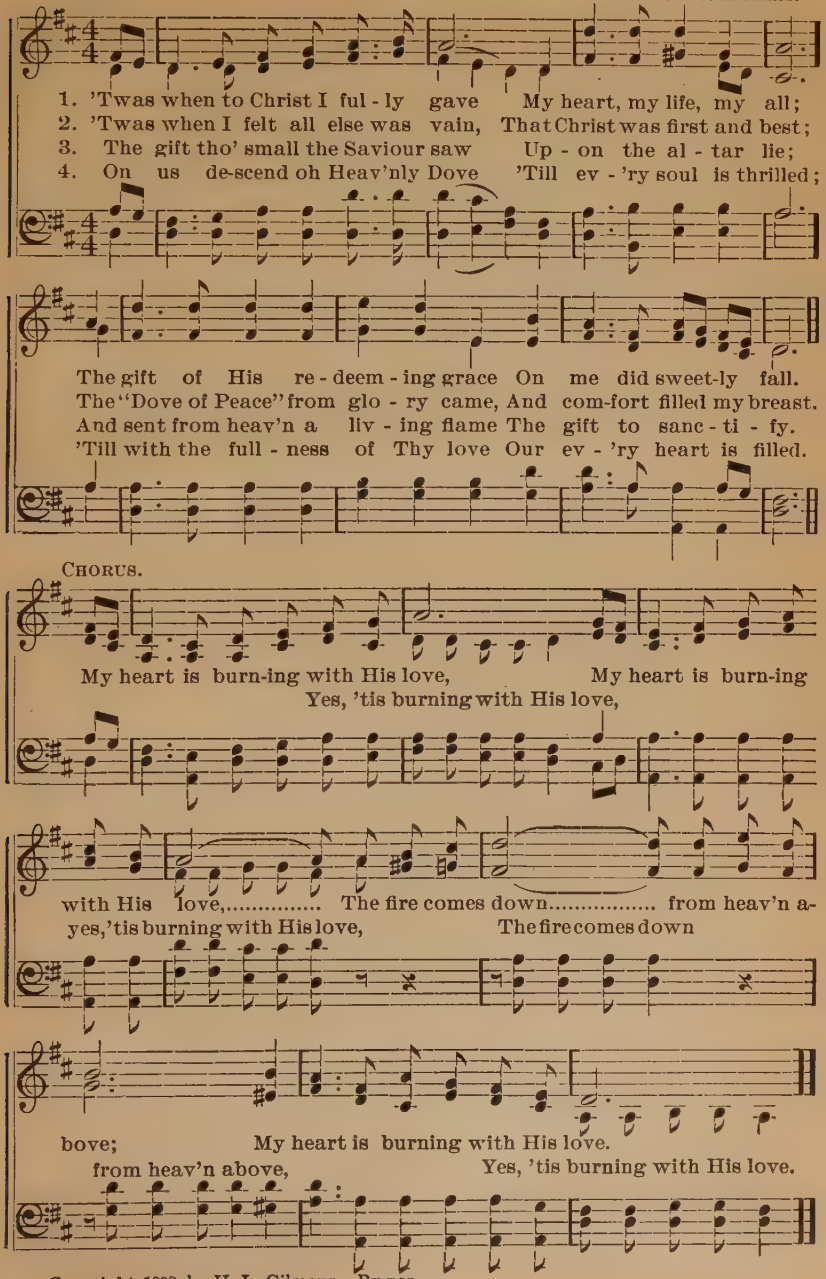
No. 257. My Heart is Burning With His Love.

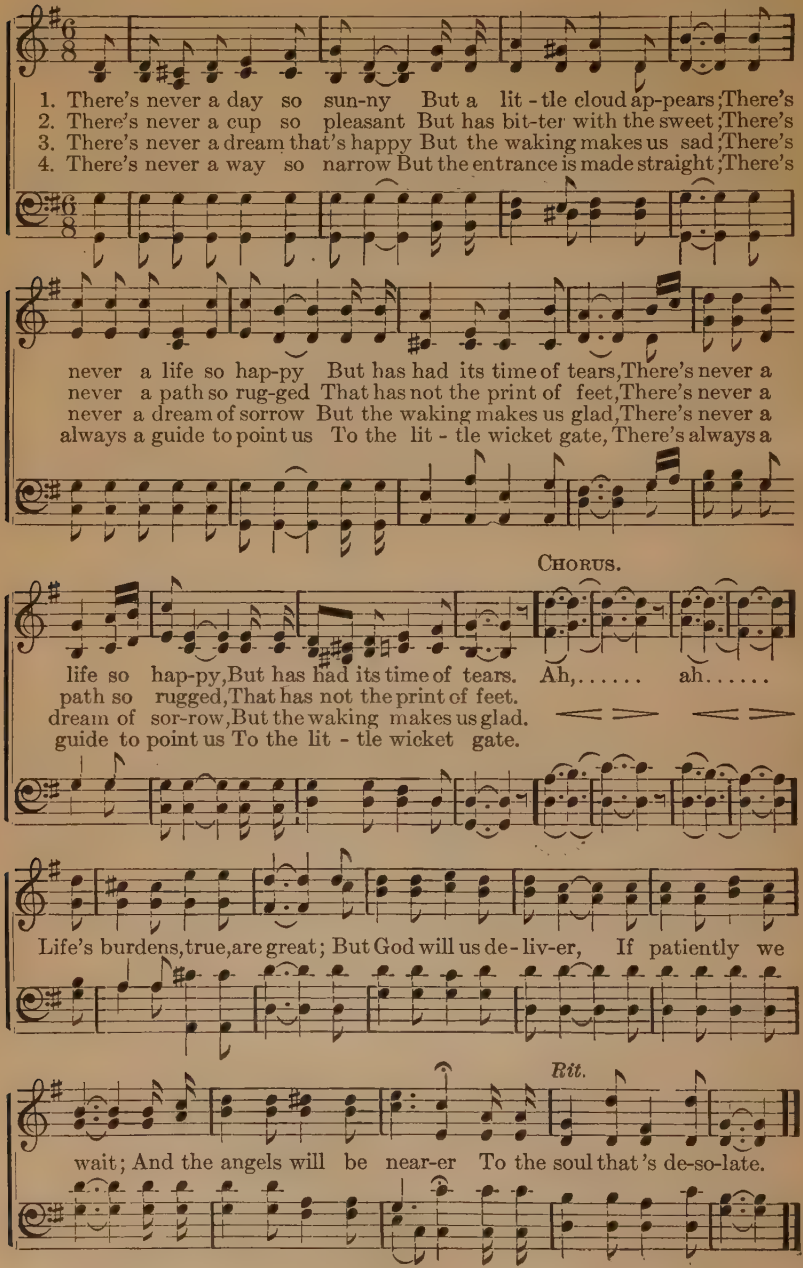
C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. 'Twas when to Christ I ful - ly gave My heart, my life, my all;
2. 'Twas when I felt all else was vain, That Christ was first and best;
3. The gift tho' small the Saviour saw Up - on the al - tar lie;
4. On us de-scend oh Heav'nly Dove 'Till ev - 'ry soul is thrilled;
The gift of His re - deem - ing grace On me did sweet-ly fall.
The "Dove of Peace" from glo - ry came, And com-fort filled my breast.
And sent from heav'n a liv - ing flame The gift to sanc - ti - fy.
'Till with the full - ness of Thy love Our ev - 'ry heart is filled.
CHORUS.
My heart is burn-ing with His love, My heart is burn-ing
Yes, 'tis burning with His love,
with His love,..... The fire comes down..... from heav'n a-
yes, 'tis burning with His love, The fire comes down
bove; My heart is burning with His love.
from heav'n above, Yes, 'tis burning with His love.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

No. 258. Never a Day so Sunny.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.


1. There's never a day so sun-ny But a lit-tle cloud ap-pears; There's
2. There's never a cup so pleasant But has bit-ter with the sweet; There's
3. There's never a dream that's happy But the waking makes us sad; There's
4. There's never a way so narrow But the entrance is made straight; There's
never a life so hap-py But has had its time of tears, There's never a
never a path so rug-ged That has not the print of feet, There's never a
never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad, There's never a
always a guide to point us To the lit-tle wicket gate, There's always a
Chorus.
life so hap-py, But has had its time of tears. Ah,..... ah.....
path so rugged, That has not the print of feet.
dream of sor-row, But the waking makes us glad.
guide to point us To the lit-tle wicket gate.
Life's burdens, true, are great; But God will us de-liv-er, If patiently we
Rit.
wait; And the angels will be near-er To the soul that's de-so-late.

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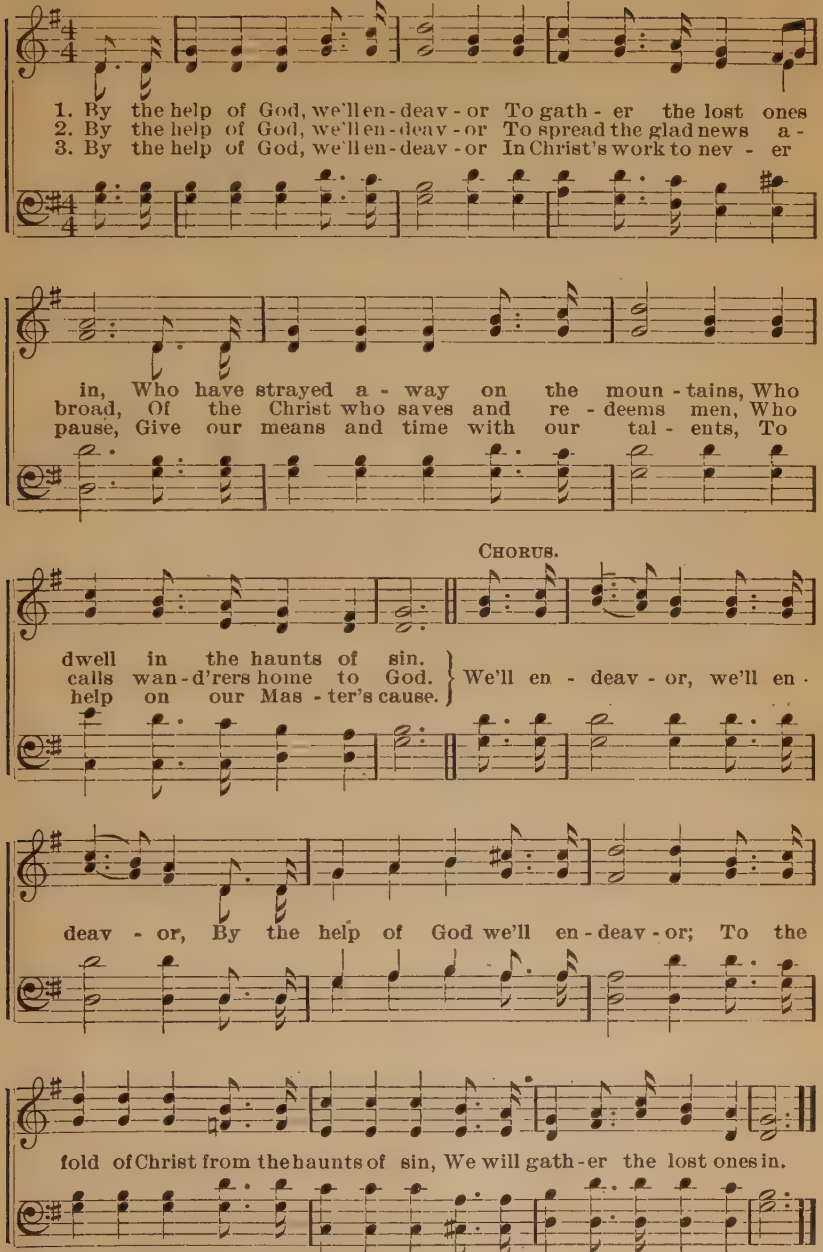
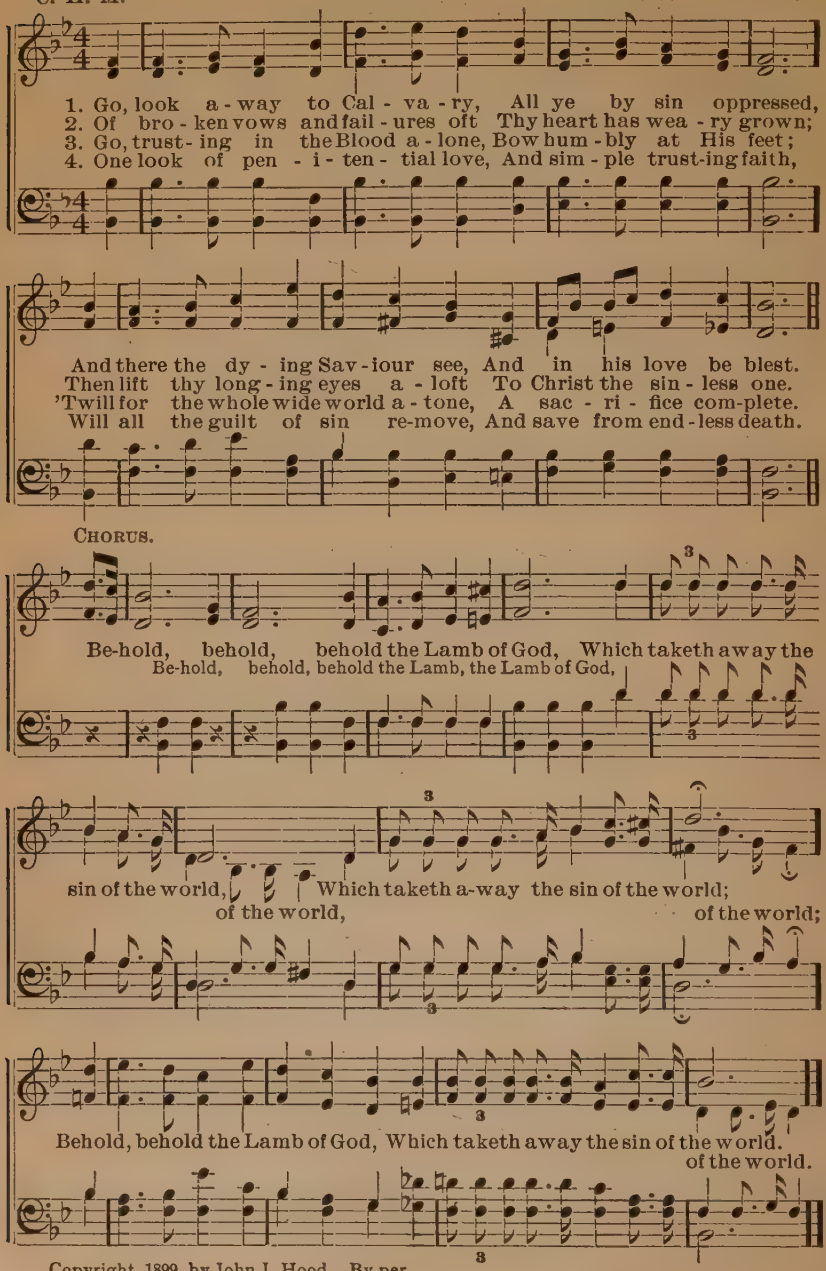
No. 259. We'll Endeavor.

F. M. D. F. M. Davis.

1. By the help of God, we'll en-deav-or To gath-er the lost ones in, Who have strayed a-way on the moun-tains, Who
2. By the help of God, we'll en-deav-or To spread the glad news a-broad, Of the Christ who saves and re-deems men, Who
3. By the help of God, we'll en-deav-or In Christ's work to nev-er pause, Give our means and time with our tal-ents, To
Chorus.
dwell in the haunts of sin.
calls wan-d'rers home to God.
help on our Mas-ter's cause.
We'll en-deav-or, we'll en-deav-or, By the help of God we'll en-deav-or; To the fold of Christ from the haunts of sin, We will gath-er the lost ones in.

Copyright, 1894, by Henry Date. By per.

No. 260. Behold the Lamb of God.

John i: 29.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Go, look a - way to Cal - va - ry, All ye by sin oppressed,
2. Of bro - ken vows and fail - ures oft Thy heart has wea - ry grown;
3. Go, trust - ing in the Blood a - lone, Bow hum - bly at His feet;
4. One look of pen - i - ten - tial love, And sim - ple trust-ing faith,
And there the dy - ing Sav - iour see, And in his love be blest.
Then lift thy long - ing eyes a - loft To Christ the sin - less one.
'Twill for the whole wide world a - tone, A sac - ri - fice com-plete.
Will all the guilt of sin re-move, And save from end - less death.
CHORUS.
Be-hold, behold, behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the
Be-hold, behold, behold the Lamb, the Lamb of God,
sin of the world,
of the world,
Which taketh a-way the sin of the world;
of the world;
Behold, behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world.
of the world.

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